

# Several Sins

## The Birthday Party

This is a dead letter tale  
If I could make this prints talk  
You made a deep mark, a deep mark on me  
And only saints say such things as theseI slid under the floor  
Under the oak and the iron  
With you under oak and iron  
Under the thick and under the thin  
Where only fire growsI forgot to tell you several things, Ma  
I forgot to tell you several things, Ma  
I forgot to tell you several things, Ma  
I forgot to tell you 'bout the 7 sinsAnd I spat dead letter words  
And all the breath that I own  
Imprinted one word in red, I read  
And only saints say such things as theseAbout the marks on your throat  
Under the oak and the iron  
Under the fat and the thick and the thin  
And all of that, and a few 100 more  
And only fire grows, I heard the fire grow alone in theI forgot to tell you several things, Ma  
I forgot to tell you several things, Ma  
I forgot to tell you several things, Ma  
I forgot to tell you 'bout the 7 sinsI forgot to tell you several things  
I forgot to tell you several things  
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I forgot to tell you 'bout the 7 sins, MaI forgot to tell you several things, Ma  
I forgot to tell you several things, Ma  
I forgot

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