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
I forgot to tell you several things
I forgot to tell you 'bout the 7 sinsI 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 sins, MaI forgot to tell you several things, Ma
I forgot to tell you several things, Ma
I forgot

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