Ode To Sad Disco

Mark Lanegan

The suns tolling bell
subterranean eyes
a thousand to one
the factory line
stars outside the window flicker and shine
the hollow headed morning isnt blind
a mountain of nails burn in your hands
here i give all i amgloria
i get down on my knees
further from my owna tower of stones
sympathys shade
ride a white horse
the drowned on parade
a diamond headed serpent climbs a vine
see all the lonely children lose their minds
a mountain of dust burns in your mouth
here theres no north, just southgloria
i get down on my knees
further from my ownthirst swollen tongue
an arcadian twist
the sleepwalk is done
yet the notion persists
cars outside the window careening by
the hollow headed morning is unkind
gloria
i get down on my knees
further from my own
under a cliff
darkness denied
here i have seen the lighthere i have seen the light

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