Loss

Merchandise

From my body, out my eyes
Leaving my insides like the bed of ache
Forgotten was the story, was the language
Never to breathe again, or so it seems
The surface of the earth felt like a fable
After she drank up all the sea
Bury my father out in a church yard
I have no one left to remember my name

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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