

# Graves

## ALP

Pack your rations, pack a watch  
Change of clothes and a face cloth  
Meet me where your mother lies  
We'll dig graves on both her sides  
And lay ourselves inside  
And a thousand suns will set and rise  
Our hair tangled up in hers  
Fingernails beneath the dirt  
Sharing all her blackened brains  
Our blood running through her veins  
Leaving as we came

Our bodies are one and the same  
'Cause you're trading me for the lump sum  
You try but I'll never be a gentleman  
You're trading me for the lump sum  
You try but you only ever treat the symptoms  
'Cause you're trading me for the lump sum  
You try but I'll never be a gentleman  
You're trading me for the lump sum  
You try but you only ever treat the symptoms

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