

# The Next Day

## Thrice

Look into my eyes he tells her  
Im gonna say goodbye he says yea  
Do not cry she begs of him goodbye yea  
All that day she thinks of his love yea They whip him through the streets and alleys there  
The gormless and the baying crowd right there  
They cant get enough of that doomsday song  
They cant get enough of it all Listen Listen to the whores he tells her  
He fashions paper sculptures of them  
Then drags them to the rivers bank in the cart  
Their soggy paper bodies wash ashore in the dark  
And the priest stiff in hate now demanding fun begin  
Of his women dressed as men for the pleasure of that priest Here I am  
Not quite dying  
My body left to rot in a hollow tree  
Its branches throwing shadows  
On the gallows for me  
And the next day  
And the next  
And another day Ignoring the pain of their particular diseases  
They chase him through the alleys chase him down the steps  
They haul him through the mud and they chant for his death  
And drag him to the feet of the purple headed priest First they give you everything that you want  
Then they take back everything that you have  
They live upon their feet and they die upon their knees  
They can work with satan while they dress like the saints  
They know god exists for the devil told them so  
They scream my name aloud down into the well below Here I am  
Not quite dying  
My body left to rot in a hollow tree  
Its branches throwing shadows  
On the gallows for me  
And the next day  
And the next  
And another day

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