Dead Body Moving

The Devil Makes Three

I sing a ragged and crooked song
The sun is setting and it won't be long
My body's weak but this soul is strong
I am shadow dressed up in these skin and bonesWe weave our story in a worthless yarn
Trying to escape with all these tricks and charms
It's far too late to ring the alarm
We are just babies falling into the spider's armsI am a dead body moving, I've got lightning in my hand
I won't be here for long so you got to understand
You can dance with the demon, look him dead into the eyes
I've already been where we go when we dieWe are dancing on the graves of the past
The clock is running and the spell is cast
Nothing before our eyes will last
We walk forever in circles on this well-worn path
So many songs to sing before they blow those horns
Will it be harvest or a killing storm
No time to bury and no time to mourn
This race started on the day I was born
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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