

She Withers

Geggy Tah

Out of the way there is a quiet place
Where there is no skin to scar and there's no time to waste
Full of emptiness, I can't touch the bottom
Lines on her face falling in her autumn
With her while she withers away
In a mangelwurze for the cattle
Washing for the battle hymn to hurry up and hold on
Slaughter is to you a manicure her nails on impaled palms
Springing out of this flesh stirs a life at the bottom
With her while she withers away
With her while she withers away, away
Away, away
Away

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