

# A Dead Person Breathed On Me!

## Forgive Durden

I've got shovels for my hands  
Anchors for my legs  
Wings jut out my shoulder blades  
I can go anywhere  
I can't go anywhere  
I'm trapped in a mirror  
And you're certainly no hammer  
Like the fiery sun

Whose touch nothing outruns  
But the craters of the arctic moon  
My burning eyes are after you  
So add another notch  
In your painted town I'll rot  
As another nameless block  
What's learned won't quickly be forgot

Lyrics provided by

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