The Next Day

DJ Kryptonite

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 yeaThey 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 allListenListen 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 priestHere 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 dayIgnoring 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 priestFirst 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 belowHere 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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