

Dead Passengers

Sondre Lerche

When there is light from up above
Then there will come a sacred dove
To the basement, to the basement When there is fear you won't have to cry
Napkins are here, they'll dry your eyes
And blind them, and blind them They will come to your home
And when they are here
Faces down When there is greed taking control
Moving the bricks and starving the
Older people, oh, people If you seek shelter from your past
They'll come to point their fingers where
You cast your shadow, you cast your shadow They will come to your home
And when they are here
Faces down But you have been fooled
You knew the rules by heart
There is no guarantee
Against infamy out there So when there is trouble on the road
Dead passengers will guide you home
They will lead you if they can just feed you But they will come to your home
And when they are here
Faces down Faces down
Faces down
Faces down
Faces down
Faces down

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