



The Choice Of Song Seven/Graveyard Baby

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The dancer in the midnight ruin(ed)
Confessed, depressed, and dead too soon
We weep distressed
Still less confessed
We'll give our best this afternoon

*In rows we walk, as white as chalk
At two o'clock, but locked our hearts
In rose- red, blood- black holes of war
Your heart a graveyard baby*

And so let's pray as sais the priest
And said and led to worthless earth
Poor Christians eye
As loved- ones die
Encaged, garaged, 30 years leased

**For thou we pray, oh sinner sun
For thou, oh suicidal son
For both of thou
In rows we go
In burning heat
We dig, thou grow**

*In rows we walk, as white as chalk
At two and five, we are alive
And dive in blood- black holes of war
Our hearts a graveyard baby*

The mother cries, and flies arise
In swarms, in warmth, in lies live's prised
We kiss your skin
Chitin within
The sewn grin leaves us paralysed

*In rows we walk, as white as chalk
At half past three, corpse's party
And filled are blood- black holes of war
Our heart a graveyard baby*

...

*In groups we walk, in groups we talk
We ate our woe, and home we go*



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*And won't return, and will forget
Our little graveyard baby*

**For thou we pray, oh sinner sun
For thou, oh suicidal son
For both of thou
In rows we go
In burning heat
We dig, thou grow**

**For thou we pray, oh sinner sun
For thou, oh suicidal son**

And thrown away
In mud you lay
Newspaper's mind's unholy one

**As thy sin comes undone
As thou art gone, undone**

Lesen Sie [hier](#) die komplette Diskussion zu diesem Text ([PDF](#)).