

Lerche Sondre

"Dead Passengers"

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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
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
cast your shadow
They will come to your home
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

When there is trouble on the road

dead passengers will guide you home

they will lead you

if they can just feed you

They will come to your home

When they are here

faces down

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