

Assembly of Dust "Paul Henry"

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Counting hours in a place that doesn't have a name
There were thousands who were laid to waste
But no one who could take his place

The Ohio River bank was soft beneath her weight
As she walked from it her body sank
No ones ever coming back

They came a great distance in the driving snow
And the last thing he heard was a trumpet blow
Then the sky collapsed and the earth turned gray
Paul Henry died today.

In Kentucky there's a town that doesn't have a name
They all remember how it all went down
The way their shoulders touched the ground.

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