

## Cex "Dead Bodies"

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explosions are over the moment they happen  
the slow burn is better, though half as dramatic  
do'nt act as if you've lit the places i've traveled  
i've seen your dynamite it's more like scented candles  
clear clear clear  
here agaisnt your chest i'm listening  
clear clear clear  
finding no signs that a rhythm ever lived here  
a cavity of cob webs  
still mouthing the language while i'm closing your  
eyelids  
another house burned to ash  
another tennent packed the attic  
with news of days passed  
oily rags they couldn't part with

explosions are over and everyone is older

ryan is driving and had a couple cold ones  
i memorized the roads, i do it eyes closed  
i'm taking you home  
clear clear clear  
you're finally seeing  
clear clear clear  
in the ambulance ceiling

you win, though they suck of the feeling  
till they know your hands are off the wheel  
i'm so sick of dead bodies  
who want to be backseat drivers  
get back in the crowd

who wants to live  
who wants to shake  
who won't survive  
who wants a drive-by  
we won't forgive  
we'll drag the lake  
we'll drain the sky  
(we're sorry)

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