

Comadre

"Cold Rain"

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She said, with the cancer-curing voice of an angel,
That "I bet the rain is colder when you're standing next
to me."

And the ten ten reasons why I'm still alive,
Could fill the backseat of your girlfriend's ride.

Enter the Void of our simple minds,
And he will lead you through December
With his hands tied behind his back,
He will leave his comfort in your hands,
To keep his comfort and conscious from ever coming
back

Never. Never. Never.

So still. A plague on both your houses
A scale to keep still.
This plague will "Burn Your Bones"
And this cold, cold city is his home,
And there he stands, supreme, supreme, supreme.

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