

## **Dead And Divine "Josephine, The Singer"**

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I hope you never read this,  
Because hurt comes early this year.  
And I'll die if you stay here.  
And you're screaming,  
And only in you I confide.  
I admire you.  
I admire the sound.  
I admire the strength you lack in your heart to pull  
through.  
When the stars,  
Have all burned out,  
So will you.  
We watched it explode before us,  
Along with the people and places we took for granted.

So long love,  
We'll crash and burn.  
Murder this world,  
Before this world murders you.  
I've spent too much time letting you get away with  
derailing trains,  
Like bombs to planes,  
You are the reason for all this.  
Murder she wrote,  
Murder she sang,  
Murder was all she could speak.  
Sing your heart out.

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