

## Marc Almond

# "Death's Diary (Demo Version)"

Visit "[Death's Diary \(Demo Version\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

=====  
Marc Almond - Death's Diary  
=====

(Almond)

On Monday I took a flower  
Dried it in my hand  
Covered it in poison  
And I threw it on the land  
On wasted ground it tried to root  
But chiked upon the sand

Chorus

And there's room in my diary for you, my friend  
And there's room in my diary for you

On Tuesday I took a bird  
Such pain to hear it sing  
I blackened it with petrol  
And oiled its little wings  
I tainted the breeze  
As I threw it to the wind

Repeat chorus

On Wednesday I took a man  
He begged please help me die  
For he lay in pain and suffering  
It made his loved ones cry  
I can be terrible and gentle  
In the blinking of an eye

Repeat chorus

On Thursday I took a woman  
Heavy with a child  
My old friend Rape had paid a visit  
Had stayed a little while  
In a back street I touched her  
With a wire and a smile

Repeat chorus

On Friday I took a city  
Cursed it with a plague  
Powdered crystals, smoking pipes  
To crush and to enslave  
And a row of dirty needles  
Lines the route onto the grave

Repeat chorus

On Saturday I took a country  
Praying for the rain  
Parched throats and swollen lips  
Without a harvest grain  
And I wiped out generations  
And I'll do it all again

Repeat chorus

On Sunday I took the world  
A bomb I did employ  
Seven days to create life  
And one day to destroy  
Every woman every man  
Every girl and boy

Repeat chorus

Now as I close my diary  
And I've made my final date  
I blow away the ashes  
And I stoke the smoking grate  
I've no distinction between pain and joy  
No line twixt love and hate

There's no room in my diary for you, my friend  
There's no room in my diary for you

Visit [Marc Almond](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.