

Dead Youth

"Misadventures Of Dope"

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There was a rythm to the beating wings it was brilliant
Can't you hear it?
There was terror in the heart of your silent
Don't feel it?

We were speaking clearly
Counting backwards into darkness from infinity
Can't you hear me?

??
It was misadventures of dope
13 knots on a hangmans rope
Get it down and count it
It was bloodless and hungry for hope
It was the misadventures of dope

?? dead bird making out with this fool
?? Yes she does
??

Given enough time all things are possible
They're astronomical
Can't you hear me?

??
It was Misadventures of dope
13 miles on a ??
??
It was bloodless hungry for hope
It was the misadventures of dope

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