

The Drones

"Words From The Executioner To Alexander Pearce"

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Tell me how are you coping
Now that it's time to go
Can you see the chariots
Swinging low
Up over the huon pine and out to the snow
How much treachery
Can you possibly know

Well your chaplain loves these
Death row boys
More than he loves me
As though I have the choice
You pour in from the trees
You say an Irish boy should never
Wear the hood
But I wear it for you
And you are here for me

Tell me how are you coping
Now that it's time to leave
How can you burn more
You've been burning for years
They assumed when you fled
You were good as dead
Was their indifference crueler
Than your nothing to eat

How much of the venom
Can a tiger snake eat
There are no whores in heaven
No boys at your feet
And tell me how do we taste
It's a curious place, a mountain
To resort to customs of the sea

Well your chaplain loves your
Death row boys
More than he loves me
He abandons you to prayer
Turns so he won't see
You standing alone

As you were all along
To descend fear first
Abscond from the earth
Alone

We were meant to meet
Your exile is reached
You're home

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