

The Chromatics

"Back From the Grave"

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In a white room
Where the grass root grow
And the music was soot
All the pleasure and pain washed away with the wind
And babies are born
And monsters are born
Memories fade
Like a thief in the night they try to put out the light
When I look at the sky
Well I wish I was gone
Because mother you're gone and father you're gone
Lover you're gone and other you're gone

Mother, father, lover
Hero, pleasure, other
Mother, father, lover
Hero, pleasure, other

Mothers are born
Fathers are born
Lovers are born
Others are born

But the thief in the night
They try to put out the light
Memories fade
And I wish I was gone
Because mother you're gone and father you're gone
Lover you're gone and other you're gone
Mother you're gone and father you're gone
Lover you're gone and other you're gone

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