

Marika Hackman

"Here I Lie"

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I have no head
The forest floor is my bed
The leaves that fall I use as a blanket
For my bones are as cold as lead

The ways of old
Those hungry mouths
The things they say

I have no eyes
The forest floor I despise
But I will not be gone in the morning
I will lie still here
I will lie

Said to me to the edge of the trees
On a Monday afternoon
I waited till noon

Lay on your hotbed
Breathe it in
Sickly sweet to my rotting skin
But you follow the road
And it was just a dust

Lay on your hotbed
Breathe it in
Sickly sweet of my rotting skin
But you follow the road
And it was just a dust

Standing there in the frosty air
And you are time I've come
You follow the road
And it was just a dust
Just a dust
Just a dust

{Instrumental Solo}

I feel no pain
The blood is frozen in my veins

And although you were here in the morning
My skin was cold before you came
My skin was cold before you came

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