

BVB

"The Morticians Daughter"

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I open my lungs dear,
I sing these songs at funerals,
No rush,
These lyrics heard a thousand times,
Just plush,
A baby boy you've held so tightly,
This pain it visits almost nightly,
Missing hotel beds I feel your touch,

I will await dear,
A patient of eternity,
My crush,
A universal still,
No rust,
No dust will ever grow on this frame,
One million years I will say your name,
I love you more than I can ever scream,

We booked our flights those years ago,
I said I love you as I left you,
Regrets still haunt my hollow head,
But I promised you I will see you again,
Again,

I sit here and smile dear,
I smile because I think of you,
I blush,
These bleeding hollow dials,
This fuss,
This fuss is made of miles and travels,
When roadways are but stones and gravel,
A bleeding heart and conquer ever crutch,

We booked our flights those years ago,
You said you loved me as you left me,
Regrets still haunt your saddened head,
But I promised you I will see you,
We booked those flights those years ago,
I said I loved you,
And I left you,
Regrets no longer in my head,
I promised you,

And now I'm home again,
Again,
Again,
Again,
Again

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