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The Pretty Things "Death"

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As your loved ones they place Heavy stones on your face Your sonnets of life They are filling the case High windows inside me Look down on your face.

Changing white fingers For men in the sand Burning bright spears

That you hold in your hand Grey children you've spawned They just won't understand

As the slow pulse of sobbing Dries-from the sky My grief in red circles Surrounding an eye Grey child stands looking And passes on by.

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