

Showbread "The Death"

Visit "[The Death](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When I was a baby I could close the world
Up in fleshy pink mitts
Now the world flays the infant palms
And the bones drip out in its spit

When I was small I reached up so high
And grasped at the morning star
Now the wormwood topples down on me
And smashes all my parts

When I was a child my bones spread out
Like peacock feathers alive
Now the feathers wilt like cancerous boils
Leaving sagging pores in my hide

When I was of age I saw a gate so wide
And a path so broad for the taking
But the road to everything led to a cliff
Where I sprawled out naked and aching

Now that I'm old I see the light
And I see it was never there
Everything leads to nothing
Nowhere and I don't even care

I don't even care
I don't even care
I don't even care
I don't

Visit [Showbread](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.