

Andrew E

"All The Dead Kids"

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I can't tell you why your children are dying,
But I can offer you my sympathy.
And I can't show you where your children are buried,
'Cause they're not.
They're not buried anymore.

You can shout it from the roof-tops,
You'll be preaching to the choir.
And you better get started on this funeral pyre.

And I wish I could cry tears of blood but I can't,
My body just isn't built that way.
And I hope all this suffering amounts to one good
fucking thing,
But it won't, because we can't see that far.

You can shout it from the roof-tops,
You'll be preaching to the choir.
And you better get started on this funeral pyre,
And one day I will truly set myself on fire
So you can see how dim my light is.
So you can see how dim is my light.

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