

Troop

"And That's Where They Found My Body"

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Those Are the Dead stars Those Are the Dead stars You
said you'd drown in my words Pushed by the ink of my
pen Those Are the dead stars He climbs to the highest
branch of the tree He won't come down; you need to
cut him down And now your shadows will know Why
your flowers won't grow Thos branches are denser than
blood Shoot him shoot him shoot him shoot Electric ink
on a feather Cleaned by the salt of the sea I'll pas it on
to the insects So they can document me Those Are the
dead stars He climbs to the highest branch of the tree
He won't come down; you need to cut him down And
now your shadows will know Why your flowers won't
grow We bludgeon the cut To open the scab We burn
off our roots And pretend that we're sad Repeat Until
we believe That this is the life that we lead This is the
life that we'll lead This is the light that you'll keep So
John, get the gun If this is the road We'll have us some
fun We'll stay up all night And say our goodbyes These
are the dead stars that march by your eyes Razors
listen We grind our teeth Dig our plots Ten feet deep
That way No one has any reason to complain Caught by
the spine We complain Those Are the dead

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