

## **Trophy Scars**

### **"..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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