

# When the Paint Grows Darker Still

Frank Black

I am just a weary singer  
Moving through this world of ills  
Hark the choir of predecessors  
When the paint grows darker still  
Once I found a golden trumpet  
In the mash of an old landfill  
Now I play for the spirits  
When the paint grows darker still  
Winter waited in my garden  
When the sun did refuse to shine  
Honeybees all in a slumber  
Skies filled up the sea  
Falling down on me  
Winter waited in my garden  
When the sun did refuse to shine  
Honeybees are in a slumber  
Skies filled up the sea  
Falling down on me  
See his eyes turn to stained glass  
Head to toe in a black roadkill  
Here I am for your judgment  
When the paint grows darker still  
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