

# What Death Leaves Behind

Los Campesinos!

I was the first match struck at the first cremation,  
You are my shallow grave, I'll tend you as a sexton  
If you're the casket door that's being slammed upon me,  
I'll be a plague cross painted on your naked body  
Well summer sighed and summoned up hail.  
Dirty in dish rack drips the holy grail  
May be heart slob but I want 'em to know,  
Cut and shut us like a portmanteau  
We sit around just spit-balling,  
All the witches cackle round my cauldron  
Recognize the lies from my poker tongue (is it true?)

They say you and me are tautology  
What grows from the seeds,  
can you quite believe?  
through cracks come the weeds,  
Long time listener, first time caller,  
no need to remind me  
What death leaves behind me

Why must I lie awake, from dusk until the morning,  
Through fear of being impaled upon errant mattress spring?  
Within a waking dream I finally made my heel turn,  
Lived life as Super 8 when you were promised Hilton  
Propose me as a pardon for sins, led on barbecue I'm burnt offerings  
I proof-  
read the Book of Job for the Lord: edit one, League Cup 2004  
We, delicate as a filigree, cleared a place for us in the chichery  
Colosseum blood will dry in the sun (is it true?)

We tread it carefully, we feel around in kid-gloves  
What death is leaving behind, death leaves behind love  
We will flower again, I have surely seen it  
WE WILL FLOWER AGAIN