

No Easy Action

Mark Lanegan

When all is done and turned to dust
And insects nest inside my bones, I see
I stagger in a daze outside my tent
No time for being alone to bleed

The hopeless singing of a round
That much we know to do
Before we go back underground
No easy action

Sparks fill the air some nights
Crows look for food behind my skin
Beneath, try our best to dig it in
And keep the cold away, I see

That the sky is a vanishing place
And then there's nothing to miss
No time to get out of the ice
No easy action

Although all else may turn to dust
And insects nest inside my bones, I see
I stagger in a daze to find what you meant
Where it's good to be alone, bleed

The hopeless singing of a round
Before that vanishing place
Before we're back underground
No easy action