

## Pillars Of Salt

### Murder by Death

Our fingers are missing  
They litter the ground  
Grass will never grow near this town again

The frames on the walls  
Are crooked and empty  
These shoulders bend low towards the dirt

I made a deal  
To get us out of this place  
But I am falling apart  
With each step I take  
And as the pieces fall  
I count them all.