

## Dead Passengers

Sondre Lerche

When there is light from up above  
Then there will come a sacred dove  
To the basement, to the basement

When there is fear you won't have to cry  
Napkins are here, they'll dry your eyes  
And blind them, and blind them

They will come to your home  
And when they are here  
Faces down

When there is greed taking control  
Moving the bricks and starving the  
Older people, oh, people

If you seek shelter from your past  
They'll come to point their fingers where  
You cast your shadow, you cast your shadow

They will come to your home  
And when they are here  
Faces down

But you have been fooled  
You knew the rules by heart  
There is no guarantee  
Against infamy out there

So when there is trouble on the road  
Dead passengers will guide you home  
They will lead you if they can just feed you

But they will come to your home  
And when they are here  
Faces down

Faces down  
Faces down  
Faces down  
Faces down  
Faces down