

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