

Suicide

The Black Heart Procession

As my bones creak and my veins scream
While my spirit breaks I hear you calling me

As my heart aches and my hands shake
While my mind fades from these dark days

In the valley where I come from
Everybody watches the blood run
No one will lend you a knife or a gun

But they'll cut your wrists
And hang you by the neck
I like your suicide
You show up in the middle of the night
Blood drippin from your wrists
Pills on your tongue and a gun in your hand
A rope around your neck
I hope god is your friend
I like your suicide