

## Come Back and Visit

The Saints

Remember in a voiceless sob  
Come back and visit  
Iron town call it ox blood red  
Snowfall you can bury your hands in  
And the past lies dead  
Put your hands straight through it  
Make a feast of desire  
It's always hungry  
Snow falls against the light  
Put the memory of your face  
In a place it cannot be  
In a chair opposite me  
Then let the dead desire  
Lay your hands on me...

And if you find a better place  
Leave a mark I'll find it  
Count the ways  
Counting one two three  
Shade your eyes in metal  
Then comes the senseless echo  
Let the dead desire  
Lay your hands on me