

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