

# Black Dresses in the Dirt

## The Spill Canvas

In muddy grass we stand side by side  
With our knuckles interlocked  
Black dresses flood the cemetery  
In this cliché tragedy

Just do as you're instructed and....  
Take this razor and cut your palms  
I'll do the same until a river of crimson begins to flow  
Now drip your ruby red over the casket  
A funeral for my once loved youth

My secret is fatally gorgeous  
I'd die for you  
But in this Bonnie and Clyde kind of romance  
Tell me what would you do?  
My secret is fatally gorgeous  
I'd die for you  
But when your precious life is at stake  
Tell me would you die for me too?

The quivering liquids in your stomach  
Will eat away at the bad habits that have made you  
A real character in the story of your now distant life  
Goodnight and goodbye, quickly

In gentle greens we stand side by side  
With your head buried in my chest  
Black veils send me shivering  
The fear that part of me is dying

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Goodbyes are said and roses thrown  
And the crowd starts to weep  
But the irony of the story is when I fell to my knees  
And began clawing at the dirt in front of the tombstone  
Of my bashful childhood  
With you by my side, you're screaming at the  
Top of your lungs, "let it go"

And I'm screaming at the top of my lungs  
"The ceremony was not proper, there was not enough people,  
And who picked the music?  
Those melodies almost made me physically sick"

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