

Dead Souls

The Tiger Lillies

A thousand candles burning, far as the eye can see
A hundred figures stooped to light them endlessly
The wind like the Grim-reaper, blows the flames away
Just like our lives are blown out every moment
Dead souls day

The old lady, in plot 43
The pimps and politicians all drowned now in death sea
And the mourners come with their memories
And candles in their pockets to be blown out endlessly
Dead Souls Day
Dead Souls Day

Well, the organ grinds and grinds
He grinds away, and we are his monkeys
His monkeys as he plays
He grinds and grinds and grinds away
Till our own
Dead Souls Day
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