

Bodies On The Avenue

Tragic Black

A fast hand and a car crash
in every piece that was smashed.
They smoked off the sidewalk,
carcinogen and crisscrossed.

(Chorus)

Add it up, do the math.
It is all a blood bath.
Knocking you right off your feet.
They drop dead on the street.
Colliding through all the blue bodies on the avenue.

Coming closer behind the wheel,
they didn't think he would kill.
Bodies on the avenue
moved as it was of use.
Tires squeal and you turn the wheel fast.
Glass breaks as they collapse.
Schizophrenia consumes.
We didn't know what to do.
Say a verse solemnly true,
a paradise lost for you.