

# Underground

Voltaire

Six feet of earth above my head  
Keeps me safe from what she said  
Six walls of wood to keep them out  
Their smart remarks  
The screams, the shouts  
They scream, they shout  
There's only one way to drown them out

I hear your voice  
I hit the ground  
You looked for me  
But I'm not around  
In that small cafe  
There I wrote it down  
I looked for you  
You were not around  
You're the burning lie that killed my child  
He's gone underground  
I've gone underground  
I've gone underground  
I've gone underground

Some come to pay their last respects  
Or beckon me to come around  
They leave dried flowers in the air  
Or place their feelings on the doorstep  
At best they try to understand  
And offer plans  
Most futile plans  
And here in this darkness, I can see  
Your skin's the closest thing to grace  
It dances like ghosts upon my fingers  
And feelings fly  
They're still alive  
There's only one way to drown them out

I hear your voice  
I hit the ground  
You looked for me  
But I'm not around  
In that small cafe  
There I wrote it down  
I looked for you  
You were not around  
You're the burning lie that killed my child  
She's gone underground  
I've gone underground  
I've gone underground  
I've gone underground  
I've gone underground  
I've gone underground

Underground

Six feet of earth above my head  
Don't keep me safe from what she said  
Six walls of wood don't keep them out

These frightful screams come from inside  
They lay with me here through the night