

Siphon

Zola Jesus

You write a note, we write a eulogy
You drain it out, we clean it up for free
Anything you need, we're at the door
Just call our name and we're at the floor
Waiting for the call

'Cause we'd rather clean the blood of a living man
We'd rather lean over, hold your warm, warm hand
We'd love to clean the blood of a living man
We'd hate to see you give into those cold, dark nights inside y
our head

Was it a lie or did I see the light in your eyes across the tab
le?
Or did you play the part of the listening?
We just want to save you
Pull you from those dark nights
We just want to show you there's more to life

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Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out
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our head, inside your head, inside your head

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