

Little Grave

Chelsea Wolfe

When I was a little one
I'd follow you into the sun
I held your hand
You held me then
I went outside
You never saw me again

Sunrise, sunset
Sunrise, sunset

Sunrise, sunset
Sunrise, sunset

Touch not ye my little grave
For mama is now far away
They lay me there
And there I lay
You can't fight guns with guns
We'll all perish that way

Sunrise, sunset
Sunrise, sunset

Sunrise, sunset
Sunrise, sunset

And the blue dreams keep on calling me
And the blue dreams keep on calling me
And the blue dreams keep on calling me
And the blue dreams keep on calling me
And the blue dreams keep on calling me
And the blue dreams keep on calling me
And the blue dreams keep on calling me

Sunrise, sunset
Sunrise, sunset

Sunrise, sunset
Sunrise, sunset