

The Killing Season

Mark Lanegan

The killing season it's beginning
I feel your hands around my throat
You either lose, or come up winning
I wear my old grey overcoat
Now paint it mary, paint it black
Tonight they hang Jerry
Tonight they hang Jack
When this killing season's over
I'll never say your name again

And if I smell the perfume of, the perfume of your blood
I know it's just the incense, incense of my drug
Do you hear the children speaking backwards?
Their bodies float above the bed
Who sings a song that isn't sung
My soul's in traction
Cops and criminals, and all that crawl get into action

Smelling the incense of, the perfume of your blood
Smelling the incense of, the perfume of my drug

The brick and mortar start to pound
A powder in the air like anthrax
Brought six white horses down
When this cold dark night is over
There ain't nobody left around

Now paint it mary, paint it black
Tonight they hang Jerry
Tonight they hang Jack
And when this fever dream has ended
I'll never come this way again

And if I smell the perfume of, the perfume of your blood
I know it's just the incense, incense of my drug
The killing season, it's beginning
Skeletal hands are on my throat
Somebody will lose somebody's winnings
I wear my old grey overcoat
I wear my old grey overcoat