

Shaking The Dead

My Passion

Head, in your spinning head
Is a day made for hiding
Red, your cheeks are red
The strain of the sliding

The dog's at the door
He wants to know what you're waiting for
The shade's on the floor
Demands a price and one day you will pay

Take the joy that lingers
Slip the note between your fingers
Skip the open space between us
Scared for me and I'm scared for you
Live for little pleasures
Grab these unexpected treasures
We will dig the dirt together
Shake with me and I'll shake with you

Dread, all the words you said
I'd rather have lying
Dead, your eyes are dead
The hurt of dividing

She runs to the shore
Don't even know what we're fighting for
If there's nothing more
Sit on the edge and wait here for the fall

Hold the hand that shivers
Listen to the voice that quivers
We will take what life will give us
Scared for me and I'm scared for you
Cover this side cover this side cover this
Cover this side cover this side cover this
Cover this side cover this side
Scared for me and I'm scared for you
Waking the dead again
Waking the dead again
Shaking the dead again
Shaking the dead