

Dirge

Perfume Genius

Boys that held him dear
Do your weeping now
All you loved of him lies here
Do your weeping now

Brought to the earth
The arrogant brow
And the withering tongue
Do your weeping now

Sing whatever songs are sung
Wind whatever wreath
For a playmate perished young
For a spirit who's spent in death

Boys that held him dear
Do your weeping now
All you loved of him lies here
Do your weeping now
Do