

May Seem Macabre

Peter Bjorn and John

We're both swept up in white
Through misty eyes they say
the fabric's nice
Your eyes shut peacefully
Your hair's combed straight
and we are both washed clean
We're pale and cold and dry
They've done their best
to make us go in style
May seem macabre, but it's beautiful
If the body hosts our souls
They're homeless now
and circle over us
Can still inherit a sense of belonging
when they're seeing us as two sculptures
lying entangled
I never felt as home as
when I'm next to you
May seem macabre, but it's beautiful
You're white from powder
Our mothers talk
as if they were best friends
May seem macabre,
but to have you there
Makes leaving seem fair

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