

[SARAH DUPUIS, "NEW SONG IN CALCULUS"]

WOMAN:

(SINGING) Your son's still when we met

But you've got nothing left

Cards for a coroner's belt

And I wait around

You heard it like a curse

You could be the first

I touched your face [INAUDIBLE] with burning mouth

Feeling something you can manifest

Because you're just too far along the [? left ?] [? side ?]

It's more like orchestrating a symphony than a suicide

It's more or less a murder

It's another chance to stay alive

Well, that stupid girl

Pulling thorns out of your side

She let the knife come

She let it go

[INAUDIBLE]

She battled and the maggots take control

[GUITAR MUSIC]

Moths fly into the light

Records spin round right

You come upstairs tonight and say

I'm going to fly and back to Illinois

Where you share my joy

I'll [? bury ?] yours, boy

[GUITAR MUSIC]

And you're feeling something you can manifest

But you're just too [? far ?] [? along ?] the [? left ?] [? side ?]

It's more like orchestrating a symphony than a suicide

More or less a murder

It's another way to stay alive

That stupid girl

Pulling thorns out of your side

You let the knife come

She let go

She battled and the maggots take control

[GUITAR MUSIC]

Kissed me

Eyes

The face

And [INAUDIBLE] have [INAUDIBLE] the place

I hunger for a taste of what I gave up

[INAUDIBLE] it's more like orchestrating a symphony than a suicide

It's more or less a murder

[INAUDIBLE]

It's another way to stay alive

That stupid girl

Pulling thorns out of your side

You let the knife come

[INTERPOSING VOICES]

You're battling and the maggots take control