

# Death's Song

City and Colour

What becomes of me  
When you stop listening?  
Do I disappear into the silence?  
Or return from the void with brand new life?

Will I find a resting place?  
Somewhere to wash my hands and face  
Gathering the harvest for all I need  
Collapsing into this place of ease

I'm singing my death song  
Singing my death song  
Singing my death song  
This is my death song

Singing my death song  
Singing my death song  
Singing my death song  
Singing my death song

Singing my death song  
Singing my death song  
Singing my death song  
This is my death song