

Dead End Road, He Walked

Lunarsea

Road going up hill under our feet
Following six men, he see a coffin on their shoulders
The first of the long row in this tiresome afternoon
From the pulpit a few voice, one by one they come up
Through older pages, distressed painting on every wall, behind
every bench
Growing numb of nobody, things are still worsening
After mass he takes hundred of coundolice's kiss
Road to cemetery he walks in a little rainy day of cold
Where is the grave to put down soil? where is the map of this s
ad place?
He is carrying dreary afternoon under his arms
Marches to sacred field are beginnings
He's remembering days gone by almost evening time, 2 hours coun
ted in half life
The bigger pilgrim was closed in the bathroom
Thinking how to go there as barefoot penitent
He wanna eat a white disk...
His sudden impulse of faith never tested before
Growing numb of nobody things are still worsening
Tomorrow sufferings are over. where we are... where we are...