

Song for the Dead

Carach Angren

I sing a to the dead
From my heart, profoundly sad
Forlorn I cling to everything that is them
By betraying their peace
I keep death in asylum

Song for the dead

I touch their eyes, harvest their rheum
And rub it in mine, to try to see them
I can't let them go, they stay in decay
"Till death do us part?" That's what they all say...

Song for the dead

I wear their clothes, so warm and tight
You think it's wrong, I know I'm right!
Cause even their hair, so soft and fine
Once draping their skull, now looks good on mine
Looks good... on mine...

Song for the dead

All good things must come to an end
Empty words, when Death is your friend
I'm living this endless lucid dream
In the land of the dead I'm King Libertine
Never buried neither forgotten
I dance and laugh amongst the rotten
And when my kingdom meets its maker
One song will silence the u