

## 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