

Under the newborn tree, oh
we left your body in a box.
I've waited for your ghost to
haunt this home and keep us warm.
I hope you've finally found your way.

Don't you worry,
death will keep you company.
I've been worried for you.

Abide the ancient words.
Your body turns to soil without a fight.
And I can finally hear your ghost tonight,
but what's the point?
I hope you're too ashamed to speak.

Don't you worry,
death will keep you company.
I've been worried for you.