

Ill Of The Dead

Dead Moon

The old ones take their money to the grave
That's what they say
Youth is wasted on the young, I don't think so
But wait you'll see
Don't, don't, don't, don't speak ill of the dead

So many times I thought I'd end it all
Take the fall and slip away
Some of my friends have done the main

I never had that much pain
So don't speak ill of the dead

Some of my friends are gone forever
Paled into the light
Things I wish I could have said
As they passed into the night
I miss you
Don't speak ill of the dead