

(Cadence Of) The Dirge

Exhorder

Onto the street proceed
The hearse and limousine
Laying in the casket, the
Corpse of inner joy
Questioning time
All hope for loving died

Greying haze of the
Autumn skies
Stone cold hearts retract
Amongst the knives
Within a dream that
Commits itself to grief
Resurrected by a black
Wreath...

Why?
Where?
How?

Heaving sob-seizures
Roused by the view
Of true love embalmed in a
Box
Grovel, beg, plead for a
Sign, but never mind
'cause bliss is now a word
Left far behind

Bliss buried in a sepulchre
Customized
By the hand of rage
The birth of a violent age
Reminds all that
Abstinence makes the
Heart grow floundering

Perish the memory
Scream in agony
Love is late, love is late

A sorrow-raising surge
Lies in the cadence of the
Dirge