

## (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