Watch Me Die

Grave Digger

The pipes are calling and roses start falling From town to town and down the mountain side Follow the sight and find the place where I'm lying The winter has come I have to bite

The grave diggers guide me Through the shattered dreams The ravens start crying Without any screams

I rest in peace til you come to me Please touch my soul my heart will be free Deep in the grave I hear voices above me Watch me die under the black cherry tree

I follow my coffin my bones become dust My glen sings the dutch for a life full of trust The kiss of death concludes all my sorrow Procession moves on and there's no tomorrow

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