

Funeral for Yesterday

Kittie

You're growing cold The end is near
I know it's sad Its true my dear
What's one more blow to seal this fate
And what's one more nail
It's getting late
So check our pulse
Keep our hearts from breaking
Beating still six feet deep
A funeral for all the love we've lost
We'll bury yesterday Things I've never said before
Always six feet deep Buried alive I soon grow weak
One last embrace
Then never speak
Death warrant signed
Lying in state
This coffin is lined
It's never too late to check our pulse
Ooh You're growing cold Ooh you're growing cold