

## 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