

## Dead End Road, He Walked

Lunarsea

Road going up hill under our feet  
Following six men, he see a coffin on their shoulders  
The first of the long row in this tiresome afternoon  
From the pulpit a few voice, one by one they come up  
Through older pages, distressed painting on every wall, behind  
every bench  
Growing numb of nobody, things are still worsening  
After mass he takes hundred of coundolice's kiss  
Road to cemetery he walks in a little rainy day of cold  
Where is the grave to put down soil? where is the map of this s  
ad place?  
He is carrying dreary afternoon under his arms  
Marches to sacred field are beginnings  
He's remembering days gone by almost evening time, 2 hours coun  
ted in half life  
The bigger pilgrim was closed in the bathroom  
Thinking how to go there as barefoot penitent  
He wanna eat a white disk...  
His sudden impulse of faith never tested before  
Growing numb of nobody things are still worsening  
Tomorrow sufferings are over. where we are... where we are...