

## A Slow March To The Burial

### Mournful Congregation

Black painted hearse idles slowly,  
Procession follows at a morbid pace,  
The pallbearers steady in their march,  
Befitting this most sacred ceremony

Ornate brass handles clasped  
By solemn faced black clad men  
Shining black casket lid  
Inlaid in crimson silk

In there lies your father, son

A father to a son and a son to a father  
Now claimed by the coldest hand of death

Faintest scent of fresh cut white rose petal  
Choked by the musty scent of fresh turned earth

Funereal they march..... Funereal they march.....  
Funereal they march..... Funereal they march