

A Debt Owed to the Grave

Revocation

A life extinguished in it's prime
Summoned by the bell's strident chime
A bemoaning family laments
An Obolus the payment for a life that has been spent.

Silent and stiff
In rigor mortis' grip.

The die is cast
How quickly one's time can elapse
The ferryman will take you on your way
The coin's been passed
Empty is your hourglass
In a lightless chamber, the cold slab awaits.

Stained sheets, the darkest shade of crimson
Bloated by the onset of decomposition
No one will mourn over his death
An Obol forced inside your mouth before your final breath.

Silent and stiff
No tears shed for a life now forfeit.

The die is cast
How quickly one's time can elapse
The ferryman will take you on your way
The coin's been passed
Empty is your hourglass
In a lightless chamber, the cold slab awaits.

[Solo: Davidson]

A debt owed to the grave
A debt we all must pay.