

Time Honored Tradition

Stavesacre

The usual mourners attend
eager to pay their last respects
say what they usually say
and hope today
will somehow be different

'We welcome you into our fold
We've been waiting
Always have room for one more
Will you be staying?'

it's a time-honored tradition we hold
we build up and then tear down our own
now I know why I never come home
I get tired of climbing up out of this hole

showering earth like rain
covering
smothering
buried again and again
what can I do
do get through to you?

hello, I'm still breathing down here
I'm not ready
my eyes still see, and I hear
I'm not ready

it's a time-honored tradition we hold
we build up and then tear down our own
now I know why I never come home
I get tired of fighting you
I get tired of climbing up out of this hole

here lies me, resting in peace
under the gray wave of slumber

showering earth like rain
covering
smothering
buried again and again
what can I do
do get through to you?

it's a time-honored tradition we hold
we build up and then tear down our own
now I know why I never come home

I know why I never come home

I get tired of fighting you
I get tired of fighting
I get tired of climbing up out of this hole