

# 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