

Funeral March

T.S.O.L.

Cry above the nameless grave
But all that's there is motionless
Angels sob with vermin's fangs

A funeral dirge drifts slowly by
Puppets they who come and go
And laugh but smile no more

Evil things in robes of sorrow
They are neither man nor woman
Hear the menace of their tones
In the silent watch of the night