

# Funeral

## To Kill a King

Just a box of bones  
Lowered and marked with a stone  
In the north at the mountains feet  
In the north to find some peace  
Sing and dance like we were young  
Scream all the joy in your lungs oh  
Half with a heavy heart  
But not with shocked feet

Oh passion, and oh passion

I must make more friends  
They'll be hanging at my funeral  
Just to make my parents proud  
Just to make my parents smile

Skin under crippled skies  
Tell the stories of most of our lives  
We go alone but the past holds us here  
We go alone but the past holds us here  
Let's sing and dance and talk  
Of all the dumb things I was before  
Half with a heavy heart  
Half to relieve my fault

Coming around, when you coming around?  
Coming around, coming around

I must make more friends  
Just to make my parents smile, make them smile  
Make them laugh