

Red Water (Christmas Mourning)

Type O Negative

Wake up, it's Christmas mourn,
Those loved have long since gone.

The stocking are hung but who cares?
preserved for those no longer there.

six feet beneath me sleep.

Black lights hang from the tree,
accents of dead holly.

Whoa mistletoe
(It's growing cold)
I'm seeing ghost,
(I'm drinking old)
Red water
Red water
(Red water)
Red water chase them away.

My tables been set for but seven,
just last year I dined with eleven.

goddamn ye
merry gentlemen

Whoa mistletoe
(It's growing cold)
I'm seeing ghosts
(I'm drinking old)
Red water
Red water
(Red water)
Red water chase them away.

(Chase them away)
(Don't chase them away)