

The Funeral / Beyond the Grave

Witchfinder General

I've been chosen to visit the Lord's Kingdom,
Surrounded by the shadows of death,
Hand in hand I walk with the preacher,
To meet the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
In this never ending silent valley,
Where my past generations rest in eternal sleep,
Once again I'll kiss the hand of my loved ones,
When I enter the temple of the dead.
To meet my God.
My spirit and soul has left it's carcass,
The corpse has been laid to rest,
My body's destiny has come to the end,
On this path that only points one way,
The solid oak coffin is buried in soil,
In a lonely and dreary grave,
The name on the tombstone is all that reminds you,
Of what I was when I was alive.
So take me God.
Into the darkness the battle with God's realm has been won,
Exploding memories to a sea of thoughts you've already swum,
Your mind can only relive the life you already had,
No chance to undertake emotions whether good or bad.
Generating visions in dreams through a guidance of love,
Respect the peace and rejoice in the Lord above,
Worship his spirit and admire the echoes of his pride,
Believe in faith and continuously we will abide.
Here I rest in this congregation of comfort and calm,
Where time stands still and your remembrance is free from harm,
I've got no remorse, no guilt, sorrow, grief or no pain,
A peaceful adventure is captured within my remains.