

Your Ontario Town Is A Burial Ground

Woods of Ypres

Ever since I was born in a northern town
I've been digging myself out
From a time when I hadn't seen
Anything worth remembering

I would aspire to better life
To feast my eyes and expand my mind
I'd lie awake, I could not wait
To leave this place behind

Your Ontario town is just a burial ground
For old friends
Your Ontario town is just a burial ground

Inspired by hopelessness
From where my discontent once began
I miss the nature and the wilderness
But not the people there

As old stores will close their doors
Other ones may change their names
But old friends still live their lives
Where I would have died of shame

You say you grew up
You say that you tried
I think you took the easy way out
I say you gave up
I say you died

You'll say that you're content
You'll say there's no regrets
But I think you took the easy way out
For if you're not dreaming anymore
You're already dead

What a shame for those who chose
To be wasted in the north
What a shame to know nothing more
Than the town where you were born

Kick over the stone that bares your name
I spit on the snow that covers your grave