

## Cobra Skulls Graveyard

Cobra Skulls

An epitaph is propaganda for a memory  
For people who aren't really worth remembering  
Like people with wealth that save it for themselves  
A casket is a container that's built to bust  
Preventing the inevitable dust to dust  
A shell in vain we save  
So when I die don't put me in a grave

If my soul goes to another place  
Then a grave is a waste of space  
Yes, a grave is a waste of space  
So don't put me in a grave

As if our cities aren't already crowded enough  
We set aside a little green patch in the rough  
A place for the dead to rest their heads  
While the kids of the city have no place to play  
We make sure the dead have a place to stay  
A place to rot away