

Burying Ground

The Lemonheads

Down the road, around the hill
Past the dust and railroad tracks
Where the dark woods whisper
She is gone

Where the water runs unseen
Faded leaves are rustling
The deadfall snapping
She is gone

A carpet of pine needles spreads to the burying ground
Petals scatter, seasons change

She is dust, she is no more
Only the ground remembers
She is dust, she is no more

"This is the Hour of Lead
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow
First Chill then Stupor then the letting go"