

# Loathed in Life - Praised in Death

Abysmal Dawn

Their time has come...

Whores and baying jackals  
Come to pay respects  
Weeping as they mourn their icon  
A saint only in death

Don't try to understand what's going on  
Just know past events will be chanced before too long  
These liars at a funeral will soon feed  
On an open casket and vacant memories

Before the worms can feast  
They're misremembered for what they were  
The crows descend on grief  
And amity that never was

So many souls bereaved  
Look how they carry on  
Why do they feel the need  
To praise the dead they once abhorred?

Once loathed in life  
Now praised in death

I know what they all seek  
A brief connection to this world  
A break from apathy  
To feel the semblance of a soul

You can always count on those  
Ignorant to truths they know  
Such polite hypocrisy  
Can't you see there's something wrong?

Once loathed in life  
Now praised in death  
Besieged by lies  
Once loathed in death  
Fools acquiesce

You know you can't escape it  
So you soon accept it  
As they shun those who oppose them  
The reality sets in  
Scattering like the ashes of the wicked dead  
Cowards crawl to their holes  
With their spines and thoughts bereft

We mute the silent screams  
As our lives are carried on  
Disavowing sickening acts  
Once the horror's laid to rest

And you dare not speak the truth  
Or you will be spat upon  
Rewrite their epitaphs

And preach the good of what they were