

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