

Walking Over My Grave

Blackbriar

There's someone walking over my grave
For a sudden shiver is making its way
Creeping over me, coursing down my spine
And taking over this body of mine
I can feel it in the depths of my being
A chill of the blood, an ominous feeling

There's someone walking over my grave

Or is that you dancing in front of my future headstone?
You will be the death of me, I feel it in my bones

A horde of people are walking over my grave
For these quivers aren't going away
Making my hair stand on end and my teeth chatter
Taking me into chilling rapture
It's a quite persisting presence
As if to forewarn me for something unpleasant

A horde of people are walking over my grave

Or is that you dancing in front of my future headstone?
You will be the death of me, I feel it
Is that you dancing in front of my future headstone?
You will be the death of me, I feel it in my bones

I am fully aware of all the warning signs
Yet I'm serving my heart on a platter and my blood as wine
So I might as well dance along with you
For a piece of me already died

Is that you dancing in front of my future headstone?
You will be the death of me, I feel it in my bones
Is that you dancing in front of my future headstone?
You will be the death of me, I feel it in my bones
I might as well dance along with you
Is that you dancing in front of my future headstone?
You will be the death of me, I feel it in my bones