

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