

# Cemetery Stillness

Crematory

The carnal caress of fading hands - fingers that are vanishing  
Absorbed into the void - lingering for a second just to fade  
A touch of the ghost - cold or sweetly well-known  
A wish for things to pass - from this realm that we're sufferin  
g  
And the earth is left alone - to fend for a life of stillness

The cemetery stillness  
Like gloomy lonely breeze  
The cemetery stillness  
As life runs away and the soul flies free  
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Like gloomy lonely breeze  
The cemetery stillness  
As life runs away and the soul flies free

The concentrated past deeds - the salt and sweat of years  
All set to be released - as the flesh slowly decays  
A touch of the ghost - cold or sweetly well-known  
A wish for things to pass - from this realm that we're sufferin  
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And the earth is left alone - to fend for a life of stillness

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The soul flies free - in a cemetery breeze  
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