

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

The soul flies free - in a cemetery breeze
The soul flies free - in a cemetery breeze
The soul flies free - in a cemetery breeze
The soul flies free - in a cemetery breeze