

There Are No More Tickets to the Funeral

Diamanda Galás

Were you a witness?
Were you a witness?
And on that holy day
And on that bloody day
Were you a witness?
Were you a witness?

And on that holy day
And on that bloody day
And on his dying bed he told me
"Tell all my friends I was fighting, too,
But to all the cowards and voyeurs:

There are no more tickets to the funeral
There are no more tickets to the funeral.

Were you a witness?
Were you a witness?
And on that holy day
And on that bloody day

There are no more tickets to the funeral
There are no more tickets to the funeral
The funeral is crowded!

Were you a witness?
Were you a witness?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord
Were you there when they nailed him to the cross
Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble
Were you there when they crucified my Lord

"Were you a witness? Were you a witness?

"Were you there when they dragged him to the grave"
Were you there when they dragged him to the grave
Sometimes it causes me to wonder, wonder, wonder"
Were you there when they dragged him to the grave?

And on that holy day
And on that bloody Day
Were you a witness?

"Were you there when they laid him in the tomb
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb
Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?"

"Were you a witness? Were you a witness?

SWING SWING
A band of Angels coming after me
coming for to carry me home
Swing swing
A band of Devils coming after me
for to drag me to the grave.

Swing Swing
But I will not go
and I shall not go
I will wake up
and I shall walk from this room into the sun
where the dirty angel doesn't run
Where the dirty angel cannot go
And brothers in this time of pestilence
do know that we meet we hear another sick man sigh
Each time that we meet we hear another has died

And I see angels angels angels devils
Angels angels devils
Angels angels devils
Coming for to drag me to the grave
Angels!

Mr. Sandman makes a filthy bed for me
But I will not rest
And I shall not rest
As a man who has been blinded by the storm
and waits for angels by the road
while the devil waits for me at night
with knives and lies and smiles
and sings the "swing low sweet chariot"
of death knells
one by one
like a sentence of the damned
and one by one
of my brothers die

Unloved, unsung, unwanted
Die, and faster please,
we've got no money for extended visits
says the sandman

But we who have gone before
Do not rest in peace

Remember me?
Unburied
I am screaming in the bloody furnaces of Hell
and only ask for you
to raise your weary eyes into the sun
until the sun has set

For we who have gone before
Do not rest in peace
We who have died
Shall never rest in peace
There is no rest until the fighting's done
And I see Angels Angels
Devils
Angels Angels
Angels Angels Devils
Coming for to drag me to the grave
Angels!