

Epitaph

Nothgard

I am on the way to my favourite destination
I am on my way to the local charnel house
I love the silence, the smell and the prospect

I think I like the company of the dead

Bury myself
Hand in hand with the dead
Searching deep
Inside of me

Confined to wood I dwell below
Asking myself what's gonna last
6 feet under, the last show
And nothing remains but my epitaph

Confined to wood I dwell below
Forget about the world above
I feel no pain I feel no sorrow
And nothing remains but my epitaph

I am on the way to my favourite destination
I am on my way to the local cemetery
I love the silence, the peace and the prospect
And I wonder what will last

Confined to wood I dwell below
Asking myself what's gonna last
6 feet under, the last show
And nothing remains but my epitaph

Confined to wood
Asking myself
I feel no pain I feel no sorrow
And nothing remains but my epitaph

Hand in hand with the dead
Side by side into cold night
Searching deep inside of me
I'm in voiceless company

Nothing remains
But my lonely epitaph.