

## Funeral, Swords and Souls

Old Man's Child

I proclaim the victim's fall  
Now I shudder by the sight of you  
Crucified by my nails  
You hunger by my hammer

Born in pity, so raised in pity  
And grown to be what's weak  
Suffering beneath my blade  
As you bend your knees to the dust

Voices, spirits and smoke  
From the pyre up by the glistering  
Never more was this seen  
In happiness and joy

Memorize the ash

Beyond the shell  
Of souls enfolded in blood  
Raining flat, my hands  
Sacramental juice from stabbed wounds

Born in pity, so raised in pity  
And grown to be what's weak  
Suffering beneath my blade  
As you bend your knees to the dust

Voices spirits and smoke  
From the pyre up by the glistering  
Never more was this seen  
In happiness and joy

Despise it. I do  
The rise of mankind  
Seen by time, all the years that went by  
The rumbling of the night-thunder  
Witnessed the stoning