

## Funeral March

**T.S.O.L.**

Cry above the nameless grave  
But all that's there is motionless  
Angels sob with vermin's fangs

A funeral dirge drifts slowly by  
Puppets they who come and go  
And laugh but smile no more

Evil things in robes of sorrow  
They are neither man nor woman  
Hear the menace of their tones  
In the silent watch of the night