

Cold Death

The Bear Quartet

The dead walk among the living
It happens all the time you know
One of these days it's you, friend
And it's not even in the end

It's a hard fact of life
But it's still just life
It's really dark
And you're stuck inside
No light: forever night

But then daylight reveals itself
And the coffee is right on the money
It's really stupid but I swear it's true
The birds sing especially for you

The dead head for the cities
Where they sit and nod their heads
Annoying the living
With a presence barely felt