

## Burying Ground

The Lemonheads

Down the road, around the hill  
Past the dust and railroad tracks  
Where the dark woods whisper  
She is gone

Where the water runs unseen  
Faded leaves are rustling  
The deadfall snapping  
She is gone

A carpet of pine needles spreads to the burying ground  
Petals scatter, seasons change

She is dust, she is no more  
Only the ground remembers  
She is dust, she is no more

"This is the Hour of Lead  
Remembered, if outlived,  
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow  
First Chill then Stupor then the letting go"