

Dead Trees Reaching

Those Poor Bastards

My church it was condemned
My faith it was destroyed
The forest full of nameless things
My only place to hide

Walking through the woods
Lost, alone and lost
A devil riding on my back
And dead trees reaching down

Trees were reaching
Dead trees reaching
Down for me

I tore them with my teeth
White and razor sharp
My eyes were losing focus now
Drowning in the dark

Never was I found
My soul nor my bones
And every time the branches stir
I tremble in the ground

Trees were reaching
Dead trees reaching
Down for me