

Funeral

To Kill a King

Just a box of bones
Lowered and marked with a stone
In the north at the mountains feet
In the north to find some peace
Sing and dance like we were young
Scream all the joy in your lungs oh
Half with a heavy heart
But not with shocked feet

Oh passion, and oh passion

I must make more friends
They'll be hanging at my funeral
Just to make my parents proud
Just to make my parents smile

Skin under crippled skies
Tell the stories of most of our lives
We go alone but the past holds us here
We go alone but the past holds us here
Let's sing and dance and talk
Of all the dumb things I was before
Half with a heavy heart
Half to relieve my fault

Coming around, when you coming around?
Coming around, coming around

I must make more friends
Just to make my parents smile, make them smile
Make them laugh