

Black Funeral March

Veil of Maya

Cringing at the thought of dealing with your loss
With each new day leading to more devastation
Waiting for the call "I'm sorry...he's gone"
All that seems to be is suffering
Weeping, frustration, maybe denial
Shopping for caskets
Void of real life when you're losing another's
Bow your head and clear your thoughts
This will be a funeral march
Void of real life when losing another's
Victim to a heinous crime
Why him? Torture. Bloodshed.
Why him? People are sick and that wont change
Revolting actions lead to this pain
But to overcome a pain so fierce?
How does one continue on in life?
One just does, simply does
Nothing can pay back the price of a life
This is a black funeral march
This isn't the end