

Aurora Borealis, Slave To The Grave

Mourners gather round
look at the corpse in a casket
teardrops hit the ground
what is this?

Touching the dead
feels so cold

Carrying the body
to the open ground
Final time you see it
it is going down

Mourners gather round once more
look at the closed casket
Mother faints to the floor
What is it?

Preacher say your senseless words
listening its so absurd
this ordeal is nothing new
now the cemetery owns you

You are but a slave to the grave