Lor, The Garden of Happy Dead People

There once was a garden
Where flew around nightmares
But people were happy at all

They were dead, they were broken
Their words were unspoken
But they still were happy at all

They drank blood after dinner
Every victim was a winner
And we will be happy with them

Suicides on the trees,
weapons instead of bees
And I'm sure we'll both like their pain

There grew daisies of fears
Dead cause they had no tears
Cause people were happy at all

Locked in vault of their ills
Ills were for them as pills
So they still were happy at all

There true love was paving
And the pain was a braving
But people were happy for it

I hople we'll soon join them
But God only knows when
And we will be happier a bit