

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