

# Michale Graves, Casket

Empty playgrounds of the living  
Lonely swing sets of the dead  
It must be nice in heaven  
To have an angel  
Help heal the subtle silence in your head

So no more crying tonight  
All there is are bad dreams  
And the yelling from the pain

Silent stories I have told you  
Precious moments never spent  
You've had another bad day  
Up here in heaven  
All the silent spaces in your head

So no more crying tonight  
All there is are bad dreams  
And the yelling from the pain

Everything is gone  
Everything's just fine  
Monkeybars love lighting  
And the slide takes me away  
From evil looks  
And bloodshot eyes  
Empty playgrounds of the living  
Lonely swing sets of the dead