

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