

Tad Morose, The Dead And His Son

Mark my words, I won't care
Never tread where angels dare
Precious few shine like you
Fewer still are aware of the dead and his son

I don't know, where do I start
So many thoughts, I wonder where we all go
and if also memories never die

All empty chairs
There's no one here
I can't believe it's over
This darkest hour, to my dismay, makes me feel alight

I'm Sure he's here
Always so near
like we belong together
Wherever I go, he's there also
Somewhere deep inside

The candle burns once more tonight
I could've sworn I heard your laughter
Forevermore and on and on and on

I call
Forevermore
Beyond the grave
The dead and his son

Oh Father gone
for way too long I lived my life away from you
So when I wake and pray tonight
Make me feel alive

Still empty chairs I know you're here
We belong together
Wherever I go you're there also
Somewhere deep inside