

Assemblage 23, Graverobber

"You think I'm crazy, right? Would that make anything better, if I was crazy? Is that it? Would

Night falls with black wings
He throws at her bed
Gets stressed and takes off
To sing to the dead

Oh graverobber, oh graverobber
Oh graverobber, oh graverobber

In nightmares
His breath stings
He wanders like he's lost

Seven days
He's frozen dry
He rotted in the frost

Flying doves
Watch from afar
As he falls at the ground

Seventeen ring
From the sky
The course he has found

Oh graverobber, oh graverobber
Oh graverobber, oh graverobber

"You think I'm crazy, right? Would that make anything better, if I was crazy? Is that it? Would

Behind him
With his sleeping friends
He lays down his head

Kissing lips
Are tasting the
Souls from the dead

Robber and Thieves
Have no respect
For those he loves

Solemnity knows
Someone else
He falls prey to

Oh graverobber, oh graverobber
Oh graverobber, oh graverobber