

# Grendel, Rotting Garden

Cot deaths emerging  
Accidents and catastrophes  
Houses are burning  
Those loaded guns  
These playful hands  
Their wrists are bleeding  
Onto kitchen floors  
So bring forth all your dying daughters  
So bring forth all your dying sons

Leave your children at the rotting garden  
Hear them scream and hear them play  
Leave your children at the rotting garden  
A monument for all their latter days

## The Rotting Garden

See them placed on benches  
See them collapse and fold  
Dead children floating  
In the waters cold  
See their flesh corroding  
In the summer sun  
So bring forth all your dying daughters  
So bring forth all your dying sons

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## The Rotting Garden

Can you hear them screaming?  
Can you hear them play?  
There is no life round here  
Only tears and remembering  
Cold bones embrace the mud  
Disappearing in the summer sun  
So bring forth all your dying daughters  
So bring forth all your dying sons

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Hear them scream and hear them play  
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A monument for all their latter days