

Koffin Kats, Graveyard Tree Iii

The grass hasn't grown where they laid you to rest
I know it's a sign that you still want me back
Hear you in the night, whisper my name
But they fixed my head and I've since been set free

My old love you're dead to me
I desire flesh that bleeds
I've broken out of your dark hold
But I'm afraid you'll never let go

I close my eyes and see your smiling face
What once was an angel now fallen from grace
Death from above
Striking me down
I'm growing ill in depressive disgrace

Last time around at the old graveyard tree
Surfaced your corpse and you're smiling at me
Soaking your bones with gasoline

Its better for us now to both be at peace