

# Lord Vicar, The Funeral Pyre

I find it hard to carry on  
On this road, in a naked world  
Ashes whirl around the trees  
that still stand

Endless pain hurts my soul  
But no cry can be heard  
Just some whispers escape my teeth  
As I curse this land

I am a man who has nothing  
Without your love I can't go on  
When I laid down your frozen hand  
I let go life

Now the dream is almost over  
Sands of Time are running lower  
Through broken glass

Lord of the trees is the one  
who can make them fall  
I carry the wood to the hills  
to prepare her fire  
Suffering under this burden I have to crawl  
Building her funeral pyre to be lifted higher

I once had a dream  
Of these fluctuating spiral skies  
Where the smoke was fixed with red rain  
that is still running down my sombre face

I'll have to be strong  
To wake up from this red nightmare  
But my head is filled with dull pain  
That feels real to me in so many ways

Now the flames are reaching higher  
And my love has passed through fire  
Through teeth and claw