

Voltaire, Graveyard Picnic

When I find the living a bore
There's a place I go
I answer the call, go over a wall
Where the crosses are all in a row
I mind the trees, get down on my knees
There's a hole in the gate
I look around, that I won't be found
And sit down next to his grave

If you squirm at the Conqueror Worm
This is no place for thee
Or if you fright at the mere sight
Of the corpse of my Annabel Lee
If you fear there's something you hear
A heart beating under the floor
Still your heart, there's no need to start
It's just me having tea with Lenore

Sit here on the ground
Dead leaves in the trees all around you
Come enter this land
Take this book in your hand

If you find the living a bore
There's a place you can go
Answer the call, go over the wall
Where the crosses are all in a row
Mind the trees, get down on your knees
Sneak in just like the breeze
Look around, though you won't be found
It's just you, Edgar Allen and me

Sit here on the ground
Dead leaves in the trees all around you
Come enter this land
Take this book in your hand