

8stops7**"Funeral For A Love"**

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(K. Edwards/M. Messela)

Blood roses my bed
Your sugar my hour
This is the moment
This is the Tower
Dressed in your jewels
Your ribbons and lace
Painted with seasons
Winter, my face
One thing missing
One thing I own
My gown of red blood
My place of "alone"
Cut at the plastic
Which covers my flesh
Give me your reasons
Give me what's left
I run in the meadow
Where I was sheltered and fed
To find someone living
Before I was dead
I ran to his mother
Who sent me away
I ran to his father
Weakened and gray
I lay in the flowers
Which covered my wounds
And wept for my lover
And cursed the power of the moon
My breathing was slow
Heavy and cold
I felt the pain of sorrow
The pain of the old
I sent a soul down
To bring me back home
So I could go on
In this hell all alone
Welcome to the funeral for a love
Welcome to me eternity
Welcome to the home of every fear
Welcome to the death

Of a body
Of a soul
Of an entity
(whisper)
I never meant to let you down
I never meant to be so weak
I never meant to be so insignificant
I never meant to not be what you wanted
I never meant to not trust you
I never meant to harm you
I never meant to make you cry
It was never meant for me to die

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