

## Assemblage 23 "Graverobber"

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You think Im crazy, right? Would that make anything better, if I was crazy? Is that it? Would that make anything better?!

Night falls with black wings

He throws at her bed

Gets stressed and takes off

To sing to the dead

Oh graverobber, oh graverobber

Oh graverobber, oh graverobber

In nightmares

His breath stings

He wanders like he's lost

Seven days

Hes frozen dry

He rotted in the frost

Flying doves

Watch from afar

As he falls at the ground

Seventeen ring

From the sky

The course he has found

Oh graverobber, oh graverobber

Oh graverobber, oh graverobber

You think Im crazy, right? Would that make anything better, if I was crazy? Is that it? Would that make anything better?!

Behind him

With his sleeping friends

He lays down his head

Kissing lips

Are tasting the

Souls from the dead

Robber and Thieves

Have no respect

For those he loves

Solemnity knows

Someone else

He falls prey to

Oh graverobber, oh graverobber

Oh graverobber, oh graverobber

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