

## Funeral For A Friend

### "Beneath The Oak"

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I was a ravenous creature  
In the orchard of rotten bloom  
Under a witch's spell  
Whispered on the winds of doom  
On the gilded forest bed  
I enchanted, slept alone  
A silver moon befallen  
Awoke runes on magic stones

The roots of darkness run strong and deep  
Tangled through fathoms of pagan soil  
A myriad of buried evil men  
Give lifesblood to a forest's toil

In rain on weatherworn stone  
The nocturnal do not rest  
Night workers of Terra  
Crawl forth from your nests  
Beckon to the wind  
Hear the sound of trees  
Silence is never still  
With whispers on the breeze

Within the woods I dwelt alone  
Far away from the burdens of man  
I have made a Heaven of Hell

Beneath the oak I slept forever  
And dreamt my vivid dream of death  
Beneath the woe I withered away

Within my heart there is a void  
I attempt to fill with pain  
Within my mind, absolution

Beneath the moon I wept forever  
Though the rain did not wash away  
Beneath the skies I died

