

Gorerotted

"A Very Grave Business"

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A lurking street urchin by the dday,
whose conning ways offer a lowly wage
So when night falls to the church I turn, to see what
treasures I can earn
I take my shovel and I take my sack, to see what I can
bring me back
I rob gld & silver & amber & pearls from your dear
beloveds
that have left this world

I see your face - and then it's gone without trace
I feel I'm losing my sight - haunting life day and night
Raven red hair - I have to stop here and stare
Your piercing eyes black and cold - the devil's broken
the mould

My lamplight casts upon the grave, of magaret erskine
A disease ridden dame
Friday night she died and was buried in the morn
Enriched in jewels, wrapped in fine coths
From the earth she comes again
Punishing the sins of all men
Taking life like taking breath
A tortured soul lives on in death

I see your face
And then it's gone without trace
I feel I'm losing my sight
Haunting life day and night
Raven red hair
I have to stop here and stare
Your piercing eyes black and cold
The devil's broken the mould

I want that ring I must not linger
I can't get it off the dead wench's finger
I need to take it to the nearest inn
And swap it for a pint of gin
A very grave business, no man should witness

She walked in the bar all pale and white, it gave me

such a massive fright
She looked all dead and did quite stink it almost made
me drop my drink
Excuse me sir but that's my ring, and now my hand it
don't half sting
So the moral now the story's read, don't steal bling
from off the dead

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