

Cemetary

"Burial Ground"

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Winter forest
Winter patterns on the trees
Trudging through the horny bushes
Snow is cracking
Underneath my feet
Broken branches
Shadows grey
My eyes can hardly see
So full of tears

Winter forest
I can hear chanting monks
And his heart so cold and silent
Which is calling
Calling me to come
Hungry ravens
Looking down
But I'm still alive
The power of my will
Is my only guide

There within the woods
My friend will be buried
In the burial ground
Outside of monastery
I must see his funeral
I must be there just in time
Getting late and getting dark
Where's the path I cannot find

Winter forest
Fading whispers in the wind
You rest somewhere six feet under
Snow has covered
All the memories
Hungry ravens
Looking down
But I'm still alive
The power of my will
Is my only guide

There wthin the woods
My friend has been buried
In the burial ground
Outside of monastery
I have seen his funeral
And no comfort will I find

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