

## Mighty Mighty Bosstones

### "To The Grave I Belong"

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O' splendid Death, how I do long for Thee  
Please, carry me through embellished gates  
For the veracious reflection of my soul's mirror  
Glisten bright in unconscious passion,  
The lust for eternal departure

For in my dreams,  
The heart's most beloved,  
I do breathe nevermore...

In the distress of life I demand  
The plagues from below to storm again,  
And so they swept through the world,  
Yearning for liberty  
As I witnessed once in the mournful visions  
I now behold the grandiose gate  
To the vastly unknown

For this I do proclaim; to the grave I belong  
Since all I perceive brings me anguish and doubt  
For which poem in the world could portray  
The woeful absurdity of inception's cause  
From nothingness to sordid matter?

We do not belong to this stillborn world,  
But to the endless void, the void of it's grave...

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