

Death In December

"The Mourner's Bench"

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Wrap your face in prayers
The ones you sent in dust
And, know they never reaching me
You know they never reaching me
Every blemish helps endear?
In this earthbound axis
Of stifling air
The stifling air
In this golden wedding of sorrow
In this golden wedding
Blind and bleeding
Or, merely spent?
We returned to the source
To wait on our dream
And a function disappears
And a reason disappears
And a meaning disappears
All memories scream
In this golden wedding of sorrow
In this golden wedding
Black tears caress male things
But my caresses only sour things
At the dawn of the dusk of hope
Remember me as pain
Remember me again and again
Wrap your face in prayers
The ones you never sent
And, know they never reaching me
You know they never reaching me

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