

Tearstained "The Coffin"

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A dream of my grandmother's house (again)
She had a baby that died
Corpse placed in a coffin
Buried in the cellar
And someone else died
A second coffin was filled
Then my brother was talking
To the baby's living corpse
A strong scent of rot
As the dead cried

The family is perverse
Basement burial plots
My brother is hallucinating
Or is the corpse crying
He opens the lid
And starts to inscribe
On the inside of the coffinlid
He writes strange symbols
I then come upstairs
And I looked outside
Rose bushes were coming alive
I've seen this before

[Solo]

Grandfather's corpse is buried
Along with more rotting caskets
Revisit the dead downstairs
Why are these coffins there?

[Solo]

Remove the wallboards
Behind the walls
Are more remains
And strange inscriptions
Grandmother explained
These burials are special
We watch over
Our own dead

The baby's name was Chrissa
Wrapped in a blanket
With a note within
Such strange visions

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