

## **C-tec** **"Epitaoh"**

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The first time I died, I walked my ways..  
I followed the file of limping daze..

I held me tall with my head flung up  
But I dared not look on the new moon's cup

I dared not look on the sweet young rain  
And between my ribs was a gleaming pain

I dared not look on the sweet young rain  
And between my ribs was a gleaming pain

The next time I died, they laid me deep  
They spoke worn words to hallow my sleep  
They tossed me petals, they wreathed me fern  
They weighted me down with a marble urn  
And I lie here warm, I lie here dry  
And watch the worms slip by, slip by

I lie here warm, I lie here dry  
And watch the worms slip by, slip by

Lie warm, lie dry  
Lie warm, lie dry  
Dry, dry

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