

Grendel

"Rotting Garden"

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Cot deaths emerging
Accidents and catastrophes
Houses are burning
Those loaded guns
These playful hands
Their wrists are bleeding
Onto kitchen floors
So bring forth all your dying daughters
So bring forth all your dying sons

Leave your children at the rotting garden
Hear them scream and hear them play
Leave your children at the rotting garden
A monument for all their latter days

The Rotting Garden

See them placed on benches
See them collapse and fold
Dead children floating
In the waters cold
See their flesh corroding
In the summer sun
So bring forth all your dying daughters
So bring forth all your dying sons

Leave your children at the rotting garden
Hear them scream and hear them play
Leave your children at the rotting garden
A monument for all their latter days

The Rotting Garden

Can you hear them screaming?
Can you hear them play?
There is no life round here
Only tears and remembering
Cold bones embrace the mud
Disappearing in the summer sun
So bring forth all your dying daughters
So bring forth all your dying sons

Leave your children at the rotting garden
Hear them scream and hear them play
Leave your children at the rotting garden
A monument for all their latter days

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