

Tad Morose

"The Dead And His Son"

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Mark my words, I won't care
Never tread where angels dare
Precious few shine like you
Fewer still are aware of the dead and his son

I don't know, where do I start
So many thoughts, I wonder where we all go and if also
memories never die

All empty chairs
There's no one here I can't believe it's over
This darkest hour to my dismay makes me feel alright
I'm Sure he's here always so near like we belong
together
Wherever I go, he's there also
Somewhere deep inside
The candle burns once more tonight I could've sworn I
heard your laughter
Forevermore and on...

I call forevermore beyond the grave
The dead and his son

Oh Father gone for way too long I lived my life away
from you
So when I wake and pray tonight
Make me feel alive
Still empty chairs I know you're here
We belong together
Wherever I go you're there also
Somewhere deep inside

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