

## **Vehemence**

### **"Black Funeral March"**

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Cringing at the thought of dealing with your loss  
With each new day leading to more devastation  
Waiting for the call "I'm sorry... he's gone"  
All that seems to be is suffering  
Weeping, frustration, maybe denial  
Shopping for caskets  
Void of real life when you're losing another's  
Bow your head and clear your thoughts  
This will be a funeral march  
Void of real life when losing another's  
Victim to a heinous crime  
Why him? Torture. Bloodshed.  
Why him? People are sick and that won't change  
Revolting actions lead to this pain  
But to overcome a pain so fierce?  
How does one continue on in life?  
One just does, simply does  
Nothing can pay back the price of a life  
This is a black funeral march  
This isn't the end

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