

# First to Leave the Funeral

Akercocke

With honesty I repay you  
With clarity I betray you  
Place my hands gently  
Over your ears  
To save you the sound  
Of my scream

A retreat into reverie  
The ghost of hands held tight  
If the eyes are closed  
Perhaps you never walked away  
Cold to the bone  
Cold as a grave

The memories  
The rain  
The tears  
The rain is a gift  
From the night

When was was the last moment  
No final touch  
What were the last words?  
No final words  
When was the last glance?  
No final look

From beginning  
To end  
These are the same stars  
That watched you