

## The Funeral Bazaar

### Autumn Tears

Emptiness flowing from nothingness  
Even now you can see through their guise  
Come one, come all to the finest fair  
With fire and fanfare... let the show begin  
Fly up to the treeline, sparkles in the darkened glades  
How now comes the entertainment in the moonlight  
Here now the restless... beguiled, disguised in amber perume  
Askant grins to mock you  
Behind the veiled resentment flees a single dove  
The masque removed they emerge at night  
Dropping the masque of delusion  
Clouds of weak emerge at night