

A Slow March To The Burial

Mournful Congregation

Black painted hearse idles slowly,
Procession follows at a morbid pace,
The pallbearers steady in their march,
Befitting this most sacred ceremony

Ornate brass handles clasped
By solemn faced black clad men
Shining black casket lid
Inlaid in crimson silk

In there lies your father, son

A father to a son and a son to a father
Now claimed by the coldest hand of death

Faintest scent of fresh cut white rose petal
Choked by the musty scent of fresh turned earth

Funereal they march..... Funereal they march.....
Funereal they march..... Funereal they march