

# A Debt Owed to the Grave

## Revocation

A life extinguished in it's prime  
Summoned by the bell's strident chime  
A bemoaning family laments  
An Obolus the payment for a life that has been spent.

Silent and stiff  
In rigor mortis' grip.

The die is cast  
How quickly one's time can elapse  
The ferryman will take you on your way  
The coin's been passed  
Empty is your hourglass  
In a lightless chamber, the cold slab awaits.

Stained sheets, the darkest shade of crimson  
Bloated by the onset of decomposition  
No one will mourn over his death  
An Obol forced inside your mouth before your final breath.

Silent and stiff  
No tears shed for a life now forfeit.

The die is cast  
How quickly one's time can elapse  
The ferryman will take you on your way  
The coin's been passed  
Empty is your hourglass  
In a lightless chamber, the cold slab awaits.

[Solo: Davidson]

A debt owed to the grave  
A debt we all must pay.