

Blessed Are The Dead

Memory Garden

I've walked so long on my naked feet
There's forbidden fruit for me to eat
I carry the world suffering on my shoulders
Deeper and deeper it moulders

For every step I walk
Two steps death heavily stalks
My sadness is too deep for a tear
When the sun goes down the eve I fear

Every hour another form of life splices dies
Over the earth death and illness flies

Grey shades of guilt grows
End of the world louder it roams

No life or no salvation
God is dead so I've read
Generation of the dyer
Say goodbye, in the grave will lay

As the flowers withers
At the cemetery grave
In memories garden
Let the beauty of mankind remain

Blessed are the dead Who won't have to suffer
On the day of doom
When sorrow steers

Blessed are the dead
Who won't have to see
The death of mother earth
Will she ever get rebirth