

# Red Water (Christmas Mourning)

## Type O Negative

Wake up, it's Christmas mourn  
Those loved have long since gone  
The stockings are hung but who cares  
Preserved for those no longer there  
Six feet beneath me sleep Black lights hang from the tree  
Accents of dead holly Whoa, mistletoe  
(It's growing cold)  
I'm seeing ghosts  
(I'm drinking old)  
Red water  
Red water  
(Red water)  
Red water chase them away My table's been set for but seven  
Just last year I dined with eleven  
God damn yeah, merry gentlemen Whoa, mistletoe  
(It's growing cold)  
I'm seeing ghosts  
(I'm drinking old)  
Red water  
Red water  
(Red water)  
Red water chase them away  
(Chase them away)  
(Chase them away)

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