

Funeral Photography

Most Precious Blood

Complete and total paralysis
Attaching to things we'll never miss
Where we live is this
A rotting casket sealed with a kiss
Devour each day, the only way
In the blink of an eye
It can be stolen away
Counting every second winding down
Like days in the heart of hell
Where all the dead wishes go
And the unloved and placeless dwell
Grins and poses
Every photo of the living funeral photography
It won't be me
We (?) the living
One chance to do what you must
This is our one time around
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

Lyrics provided by
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