

# 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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