

Funeral

Devin Townsend

[Words and music by Devin Townsend] Jesus, here lies my brother
Tortured and blown
Stretch for the heavens and go
...I watch him go
Here it comes Jesus was a poor boy
Jesus was a poor boy
"It's just a spring clean for the May queen"
I'm coming home And this one's for the life
This one's for the funeral in the rain
And if only for tonight
This one's for the funeral in the rain The day's gone and the year's gone
And I don't know when I'm coming home
I can't hold on to what I've had
When what I've had
There's nothing left at all... So this one's for the life
This one's for the funeral in the rain
And if only for tonight
Close your eyes and try to sleep again... A world away, you turn away
I'm wide awake, and I don't need your home
Tell me why he went, it seems to be
An element to this mystery
It's so cold today, so I get away, and I'm left behind with nothing but words...

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