R.I.P.

Trouble

Looking through
The window of destiny
Casement open to the skies
No more liesRosemary nods upon the grave
Could've been saved
From the garden of the brave
She cries, "Rest in peace"Soft may
The worms about him creep
Never heard the children weep
He's asleepRosemary nods upon the grave
Could've been saved
From the garden of the brave
She cries, "Rest in peace"When saints go marching
Down the hall
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall
When pigs callRosemary nods upon the grave
Could've been saved
From the garden of the brave
She cries, "Rest in peace"

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