

A Debt Owed to the Grave

Revocation

A life extinguished in its prime,
Summoned by the bell's strident chime.
A bemoaning family laments,
An Obolus the payment for a life that has been spent.Silent and stiff,
In rigor mortis' grip.[Chorus:]
The die is cast,
How quickly one's time can elapse,
The ferryman will take you on your way.
The coin's been passed,
Empty is your hourglass,
In a lightless chamber, the cold slab awaits.Stained sheets, the darkest shade of crimson,
Bloated by the onset of decomposition.
No one will mourn over his death,
An Obol forced inside your mouth before your final breath.Silent and stiff,
No tears shed for a life now forfeit.[Chorus][Solo: Davidson]A debt owed to the grave,
A debt we all must pay.

Songwriters

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