

Funeral March

T.S.O.L.

Cry above a nameless grave
But all that's there is motionless
Angels sob with vermin's fangs
A funeral dirge drifts slowly by
Puppets they who come and go
And laugh but smile no more
Evil things in robes of sorrow
They are neither man nor woman
Hear the menace of their tones
In the silent watch of the night
Evil things in robes of sorrow
They are neither man nor woman
Cry above a nameless grave
But all that's there is motionless
Angels sob with vermin's fangs
A funeral dirge drifts slowly by

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