

Claustrophobic body, still warm
Teary eyed acquaintances over my,
Body still mourn seraphic host,
Waiting by the door, unprepared
No baggage not ready to go

The only certainty in life, lives in death

Friends and family gather around this site to see
Dressed in all your best black clothes, mourn.

Mourn

If these wings shall fail, meet me... Half way there

The only certainty in life is death

And I can see my house from here.
It's so beautiful the way the light shines
Across your pretty face, and I I've packed
My bags Father, I'm coming home, I'm rising