

A deep frustration's running through my veins,
A dark light's entering the church
By pale glass windows
And I feel so cold.

I can't stop looking at the wooden box placed
In the very centre of the nave.
I'm trying to imagine you...
...Sleeping.

We're in the home
Of life and death,
Where each being takes end.
And time flows with the sand!

We cry as one,
Your friends, your family.
Death has stained this day.
And now he's gone away.

I think you would be smiling
Listening to this priest today
Before his church.
I can still remember
Your songs about Christendom and slavery.

I can't realise!
Death before my eyes!
Listening to this sermon's lies!

He's never seen you!
He's never talked to you!
How can his white lies be true?

But I have to understand,
This prayer that pays tribute too
It's not here to be true, but to help us go through
The deep pain that we bear, the way we all suffer.
Our dreams of paradise get the pain out of our minds.