

A strangers blsck funeral

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The revenge of a dead stranger

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Black shoes, black coat, black top hat,

Black room, black atmospheric chat

A room two thirds full one third empty

Hush now, whisper the crowd and settle back

The proceeding begins

No man free of his sins

No unnerving horror to be foretold

No illuminating light, nor flash of gold

â family, friendsâ the old priest begins

Some of them cry whilst most of them sneer

â the death of this man, an unfortunate caseâ

A total stranger, with a masque face

An early death of the man in this coffin

Who fought a struggling battle that he did not win

Was murdered last week

Whoâ s murderer we seek

The thud of a chair as it fell to the ground

An accusing finger sped round

â she is the one who handled the blade,

Her hands are stained red from the blood and stainâ .

Excitement runs through the crowd

Now that the murderer has been found

Sniffing trouble like hounds

Everyone suddenly spins round

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Coming face to face with the blade of death

As everyone breaths in their last breath.

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