

# Funeral

## Devin Townsend

[Words and music by Devin Townsend] Jesus, here lies my brother  
Tortured and blown  
Stretch for the heavens and go  
...I watch him go  
Here it comes Jesus was a poor boy  
Jesus was a poor boy  
It's just a spring clean for the May queen  
I'm coming home  
And this one's for the life  
This one's for the funeral in the rain  
And if only for tonight  
This one's for the funeral in the rain The day's gone and the year's gone  
And I don't know when I'm coming home  
I can't hold on to what I've had  
When what I've had  
There's nothing left at all... So this one's for the life  
This one's for the funeral in the rain  
And if only for tonight  
Close your eyes and try to sleep again...  
A world away, you turn away  
I'm wide awake, and I don't need your home  
Tell me why he went, it seems to be  
An element to this mystery  
It's so cold today, so I get away, and I'm left behind with nothing but words...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>