

Fear and Horror are the only things in the world,
Why had Mama been taken, why?
This world is full of horror and tragedy,
I shudder to think, what if I'm next.

Ooh, a flower, let's grab it for fun
It grabbed me, that's not usual at all,
It's pulled me underground,
I'm falling, falling, falling, falling

I look up, horrified,
Then my heart stops,
It was a weird nightmare,
Skeletons playing banjo, it doesn't register.

I'm grabbed, this is petrifying.
Don't kill me, this is wild.
I'm scared, but they aren't hurting me,
They're giving me food.

Melons and a platter of buns,
Ah, there's a group of them dancing,
I'm drawn towards it inexplicably,
Wait I remember something...

Day of the dead, Day of the dead.
The festival of the dead,
My mother is over there,
A flood of incredible, unexplainable emotion fills me.

The music seems to fade into one long melody,
I begin to dance and a skeleton joins me,
I look at it as it steers me,
My mother! I know it.

Her outline becomes clear and I see her,
We dance and dance for hours.
I look at her smile in ecstasy,
And I realize something.

She is happy with the dead,
Why shouldn't I be happy for her,
I fly back up to the grave,
I'm happy, finally I'm happy.
Happiness, happiness, peace
Peace filling me up as I walk from this grave.

Thomas ~~Walt~~ ~~Edwards~~