

# When Happiness Dies

## A Canorous Quintet

Behind the thorns which grows, spiring though beauty is dying.  
A cry for help.  
Something to grab life with, when happiness dies.  
Close the door, shut out the pain in the dark.  
But temptation is to irresistible, you know when the hounds are  
running closer.  
Spirit, lead for me.  
My sorrow is to hard to conceal.  
The pain grows from within, surrounds me with cold.  
I'm freezing as happiness dies.  
My world reaches destruction.  
Left so cold and dark.  
The eternal flower has withered, and soon also the stem.  
I close my eyes, there's nothing left (for me) to see.  
The emptiness feels smaller now.  
I reach out to you, but you are not there.  
Since you left me, nothing is.