

They Die

Anathema

All tears restrained for years
Their grief is confined
Which destroys my mind

An ode to their plight is this dirge

Some yearn for lugubrious silence
(It is the) serenity in the image of coffins

Shall life renew these bodies of a truth?
All death will he annul, all tears assuage?
Fill the void veins of life, again with youth
And wash with an immortal water, age

They die.