

Gloomy Sunday

Anna von Hausswolff

Gloomy sunday
My hours are slumberless
Dearest of shadows
I sleep with are numberless
Little white flowers
Will never awaken you
Not where the black coaches
Of sorrow has taken you
Angels have no thoughts of ever returning you
Would they be angry
If I thought of joining you
Gloomy sunday

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With shadows I spend it all
My heart and I
Have decided to end it all
Soon there'll be candles and
Prayers that's sad I know
But let them not weep
Let them know that I'm glad to go
Death is no dream for in
Death I'm caressing you
With a the last of my breath
Of my soul
I'll be blessing you
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