

## Gloomy Sunday

Anna von Hauswolff

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

Gloomy sunday  
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  
Gloomy sunday