

Breathe Your Mourning Into Me

Autumnia

...and the wrinkles will cover my grave
forcing my heart to be filled with the old age
...and a dawn wrapped up in a pain
...your mourning in me...

Burn me in the candles O'Funeralia
...and the nails hammered into heavens
Pierce me through...burn me
Breathe your mourning into me

...and with tears like blood
washed my night prayer
...and I wait for awakening
dying in a sleep with open eyes

Tied together by a mourning thread
Weaved with veins in one sorrow
...and your breath becomes mine
Now we'll fall asleep

Now we'll fall asleep...