

Cold Earth Chamber

Barren Earth

What grief and obscurity surround my soul
Like an autumn night on a barren earth?
Insignificant to suffer here
The struggle eternal and futile
No heaven I desire nor the night of inferno
Never indulge a wench in my arms
Away from the sense of despair
All in all the soundless void
(Hearken now what I beg)
Build a house of the underworld
My dwelling in earth to hide
Dig my grave near the guarding elms
And cover it with black gems
Then forever leave my court
In peace I want to rest
A hill shall never mount on my grave
But the earth turns under the meadow
None shall know my resting chamber
Under the frosted elm