

House of the Silent

Charon

Cold rising around the silent house where the love in bloom died with the last harvest
Whispering walls remembrance to hold and the voices they weep no one hears, no one hears

So is the moon reflecting back your sorrow, surely I'll follow

Laying beside your bed waiting for the last breath
Can it be done, can it be saved 'till we apart
Slowly ran water down to fill you
Slowly turns tide for us to weep

For this I was given birth

Only shadows will travel the yards where she laid and your flowers won't bloom, bloom at day
Cold rising above the silent house and the voices are dead, buried in to my head, buried in to my head

So is the moon reflecting back your sorrow, surely I'll follow

Laying beside your bed waiting for the last breath
Can it be done, can it be saved 'till we apart
Slowly ran water down to fill you
Slowly turns tide for us to weep

For this I was given birth
For this I was given name
Slowly ran water down to reap