

Gloomy Sunday

Christian Death

Sunday is gloomy
My hours are sumnerless
Dear is the shadow
I live with are numberless
Little white flowers
Will never awaken you
Not where the dark coach of sorrow has take you
Sunday is gloomy
In shadows I spend it all
My heart and I decided to end it all
Soon there will be candles
And prayers are the sad I know
Let them not rip
Let them that im glad to go
Angels have no tought of ever returning you
would they be angry
If I thought to joining you
Angels have no thoughts
Of ever returning you
Wouldnt they be angry
If I thought of joining you?

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