

Our lady of seven sorrows,  
Mother of mourning, precious lich...

A white horse found your grave,  
Then it was beheaded.  
The funeral goat's semen  
Annoints your resting place.

Far below, the state you're in replenishes  
My well of loss  
As things from beyond watch as you rot  
Beneath me.  
Wretchedly, I pine as I begin at once to claw  
The earth  
To free you from the worms, to free you  
From damnation.

The stake in your bosom pains me too...

Wistfully, I gaze into those empty holes  
Which once were eyes  
That beheld so much blood, that beheld so  
Much evil...  
Cyanotic lips caress the cold grey face of  
One interred  
Whose flesh is much too frail, whose flesh  
Begins to quiver.

Mistress of my flesh,  
Your servant longs for your kiss,  
To hold you once again,  
All pretty with blood...

Now shall all of heaven weep.