

In Broken Images

Darkseed

Grotesque fairyland-astray
With fine falling snow
this myth now melts away
Through bloody archways
it flows upstreams to see
this heartache parching me
Burns my gaiety, tahnng down it's golden mask
My tears ooze away on drifting soil

Through peace I stride and flee
Your musing thoughts caressed by fear
I hear some nightingales, they sing
My withered dreams to heal

Beauty's rose should never die
My grief lies onward, joy behind
But nature calls it to be gone
So tired with my woe...

Stormy gusts of winter's day
For restful death I beg
Ere that sun doth wake
Drown my sins' black memory

What freezings have I felt
what dark days seen in sleep a kind
Mounted on the wind your bareness
comes to touch the seals

Stormy gusts of winter's day
For restful death I beg
Ere that sun doth wake
Drown my sins' black memory

For never resting time leads summer
on my heart is slain
Withing this would which iron did impress
there will a river whispering run
The very birds are mute
The dread the winter's near
Their sings, they wet my eyes
Drown my world with weeping earnestly

Too hot the eye of heaven shined
Anon, the tunnel I will find
Praise deep vermilion in the rose
What tree or stone doth want a soul?

Light, thy picture in my sight
It's held within his hands
It's grounded in my heart
Disguised in bridal veils

Morning shadows wear away
How many mornings have I seen?