

# My Worldly Task Is Done

Darkseed

Falling, falling into the hole  
Starfall, starfall-to the horizon

This hateful imperfection on her eyes  
They swell like orient pearls  
Why should they stay?  
Pressed by love to go

You don't speak as you think  
it cannot be!  
Your vows to her and me  
How shall we find the concord  
of your night and day

And I go, oh spite, oh hell,  
to vows that would consis  
of the wind  
So sorrow's heaviness  
does heavier grow  
Give me your hands of we be friends

Oh peace will not harbour me  
since night's swift dragons  
cut the skies

Night and silence, are you there?  
Weeds of chillness he does wear  
So awake when I'm gone  
To heaven's breaking fields I come