

## Lacrimosa

Demether

Hush... Strings are weeping silently...  
Like... They are singing a lullaby...  
This... Plain without a single tree  
Will open to take a child...  
Her embrace was not enough  
To save his soul... All alone...

And she came with the swan song on her lips...  
Evening breeze was listening...  
“Lacrimosa”, she said: “Cry upon my fate...”  
“Lacrimosa”