

## Mourners

Empyrium

Meagre trees in the shrouds,  
as olde as the stones....  
Mourners of abandoned love,  
fornever their woes shall grow silent.

O how many times may the moon has shone -  
reflected in these black lakes?  
Should it be that we can hear,  
the woes of those who ceased their lifes?

O so old they are...  
they bare the neverending grief...  
Age-old miserability  
Ancient bitter beauty

Lost is the hope of those,  
who walk the moors with pain in heart.  
..and all joy it sinks,  
burried deep, forever presumed dead.

O so old they are...  
they bare the neverending grief...  
Age - old miserability,  
a bitter beauty thrilling me