

To Mourn Is A Virtue

Funeral

Be still brave child
Lay pale skins before me
Undress them, let white castles shine
(Then please forgive my name... Death)

Brushing scythe through soft crops that bend and fall in multitudines
(For no reason, for all time, for eternity)

(My) Loving embrace lasts forever
Yet I'm alone in immemorial sadness
As few are those who welcome me
To reign from their skeleton throne

It eludes me how I could ever hesitate at the sight of those tearful eyes
I know that I'm the one you want to set you free
Ending all, leaving all

Die for me
Come in my arms
Father of all elegies

Ill-fated sentinel of an idle God's ethos
Leave all behind and drown in my vast lake of sorrow

Loom from within
Illness begin
A story of ineffable sadness