

## Wrapped All In Woe

### Funeral

Tearful against empty heavens  
I again bow to this soil and weep  
As a mute mess of clouds crumbles the light  
Roses of blood, come and dwindle

These watery eyes from where the tears do fall  
The wounds which no tool can erase  
Minutes long for hours  
Hours yearn for days  
But this night everything is forgotten

Give me your hand, and my heart is in that hand  
Like yearning did tremble a dream of affection I bear

O heart be filled with this trembling desire  
All these wounds collected during years in despair

Give me your hand, and my heart is in that hand  
This infinite gnawing pain  
I have yet to survive