

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