

The Ill-Starred Son

Insomnium

Her dirge still echoes in these woods
Mourning lingers in the vales
As the wind cries on the shore
Her wailing can be heard

Mirthless is this wandering through
Hollow days
Like a pale ghost I waste away in
This foul world

What sin do I atone for in this
Dreadful way?
Why the Gods sneer at me as I
Keep writhing in pain?

Where has my dearest gone to?
Where sings now my maiden fair?
Beneath the darksome waters
Underneath the moonlit waves

Where is our ill-starred son?
Where lies our poor stillborn child?
Below the silent mound
In the arms of scared earth

She become weary of the world
Tired of this marred life
Burdened with sorrow far too deep
A pain impossible to bear

There is no light at the end of this
Blackened path
Calm again are the sullen waters
Before me

If Gods shall hearken to me
Fate will be begin
I leave these woes behind
Depart from these cares

For we shall be reunited
On the other side
I descend to my love and caress her
Forevermore