

The Four Strings of Mourning

Lake of Tears

Some tales say morrow knows
I know not why they say so
some go where sorrow goes
I know not where they do go

One comes with winter's wind
to tell a tale of mourning
one free as summer's sin
to tell a tale of mourning

Spinning around in circles every day
spinning around and finding no new way
Spinning around, spinning around they say
I wish them all dead anyway

So sing the poets then
I know not why they sing so
so go they sorrow's friends
I know not where they do go

One comes with autumn's rain
and sings a song of mourning
one sets the spring aflame
and sings a song of mourning

Spinning around in circles every day
spinning around and finding no new way
Spinning around, spinning around they say
I wish they all could go away