

## Castrum Doloris

Marduk

Perceive how our shadow and movitz mon frere  
Within a darkness en closes  
How gold and purple in the shovel there  
To gravel and rags disposes  
From his torment river charon waves  
And three times thereafter the digger of graves  
Ended it all this your last groan  
Therefore movitz come do what I grave  
Help raise our sisters? tombstone

Oh that wistful and forgotten place  
Under the branches that hushes  
Where time and death one hideous face  
Unites into ashes  
You who never once by envy was struck  
Although your time came when you ran out of luck  
Amongst the graves always narrows  
Enemy there armed with face carved in rock  
Gently breaking ones arrows

The little Bell tolling the grand Bells  
Groan  
Cantor with flowers in the gate  
And with the Bellowing prayer like  
Tone  
Hallows those who met their fate  
Path that leads up to this grand yard  
Of tombs  
Tramples on roses fading yellowing  
Bloom  
Moulding hoardings and biers  
Until this long black clad row of doom  
Deeply bows down in tears

Past on to rest from fistfight and ball  
Gone is the love of your life  
At where the grass yet don't grow at all  
You look back at your buried wife  
She from wine and liquor parted today  
And with her all the joy that kept death away  
Bottle who will now command thee?  
Thirsty was she now have become deaths prey  
We are all thirsty as can be.