

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.