

Seek me in this peaceful place  
Where the grass grows and covers my face  
In a coffin of finest ebony  
With ornament and name in ivory

The oaks shallows my epitaph  
Leaves covers the narrow path  
To where I reign my own  
Not like a God on a throne

I'm waiting to be buried deep  
With sweet pleasure I will sleep  
When the angels gathering the sheep  
The dreamweaver I will meet

Who said that life is delight  
I'm so enchanted of this eternal night  
Philosophy of the resting so wise  
I wish a lot to never arise

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With sweet pleasure I will sleep  
When the angels gathering the sheep  
The dreamweaver I will meet

In the sleeping garden of tranquillity  
I've searched and found  
My private utopia  
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