

Exaltation

Neaera

See this my waning flame
Thaw to a world of ice
Light it in the faintest of moments

I bestow upon you
This token of affectionn
For I am engulfed by the end

I must be ashes
They strike their violins darker
As the final blackness nears

I entrust these words to you
My hope will bleed into these lines
To form a silent song
To linger through the ages
To form a silent song
To linger through the ages

To be sung by the living
To preserve, to praise, to mend
The fragments of dignity

Faced with the deep of deeps
My spirits shines undaunted

Spielt süßer den Tod, streicht dunkler die Geigen
Wir schaufeln ein Grab in den Wolken,
Da liegt man nicht eng

Play death more sweetly,
Scrape darker your strings
We shovel a grave in the air,
there you wont lie too cramped

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To form a silent song
To linger through the ages