

## 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 affection  
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

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