

## Gloomy Sunday

Pallbearer

Sunday is gloomy, my hours are slumberless  
Dearest the shadows I live with are numberless  
Little white flowers will never awaken you  
Not where black coaches of sorrow has taken you  
Angels have no thought of never returning you  
Would they be angry if I thought of joining you?

Gloomy Sunday

Gloomy is Sunday, darkness I spend it all  
My heart and I have decided to end it all  
Soon there'll be flowers and prayers that are sad I know  
Don't let them weep let them know that I'm glad to go  
Death is no dream for in death I'm caressing you  
With the last beat of my heart I'll be blessing you

Gloomy Sunday