

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