

Oh, My Regrets

Peccatum

Oh - my regrets
How they pale and die
Like crippled white creatures
Left behind the chariot

Dissolving where they fell
Did you ever see such power
Black horses running, foaming
Blasting along the path
Away from the questions
That should never have been asked

Did you ever see such force
Their master;
Flaring eyes
Maddened quest
Yet, mind at ease

Oh, my regrets
How pathetic a quest
They are aiming at a target
That is long ago washed away
By the change of day

Did you ever see such pride
In the raised shoulders of one
He throws a short glance
- at his past -

But look; he holds his horses back
Just in time to throw his
Carriage on to another path
He races towards the mountains
Where the paths are narrow and steep

The creatures try to follow
But the road has narrowed in
Then with deadly precession
His whip scorch
their greedy, grasping hands

And forever they fall
Oh, my regrets
Their memory will vanish with me
Like crippled white creatures
Left behind the chariot
Dissolving where they fell