

The Funeral March

Sirenia

The embrace of a dying day
Stings my heart like a sharpened blade
What's this life but a serenade
A deceitful kiss from a vile mermaid
All this time we were broken
Words passed by, yet unspoken

Life is a tragic masquerade
A bitter serenade, a feeble parade
Life is the funeral of dreams
There is no way to redeem
All we lost in this scene
Life is just a funeral march
Grievance and despair at large

Falling stars and a rising moon
A scarlet tear and a silver spoon
Fading aeons and a dying love
The darkness beneath and the light above
All this time we were broken
There's no sight, there's no token

Here comes the funeral march
Mourners of this life at large
Downcast souls withdrawn
From the world beyond the dawn
Here comes the funeral parade
Grievors of life's masquerade
Wanderers in the utter dark
And their road goes ever on and on