

Sorrow ever awaits on joy
And has rendered me to pieces
You who must stoop to view the skies
Stoop amongst the dying
Libera eos Domine
I silently wait, and claw my eyes
Libera eos Domine
Stoop to slake this thirst
My sorrow can no more lament
There is no arm to cling to
Stoop to slake this thirst
I silently wait, and claw my eyes
Libera eos Domine
Silently, silently
Waiting, to gorge in solitude
When will my sorrow begin to pale?
And to my head I raise these flowers
Yellowed, withered
Silent, silently
Waiting, to gorge on solitude
When will my sorrow begin to pale?