

# Your Pain Is Mine

## Funeral

The birds have flown  
They hear the weeping  
They know the grief  
When rain is waking up

Only you really know  
Where the thorns do burn  
In hollow heart  
How the heart is in distress

I touched the burden  
Grinding me the pain, surely did  
Grief was in the silver-mirrors of your heart  
I caressed it  
I suffered too

Death cut you into marrow and bone  
The bleeding was unending

Distant is the blackest veil  
Yet it surely touched  
Where the pain is great

Piteous heart sore diseased  
Woeful pain please be eased  
Never again a heavenly bliss  
As midsummers flowers you longed to kiss

Your pain is mine