Eventide

Ásgeir

Lily flower looks up into the sun
On the morning when life was taken from her
In an instant torn up by the root
Now there's nothing save a bed of stones

Eventide and a cool, playful breeze
And in my ear a soft voice to me whispers:
"When life passes, it leaves in its wake
A tiny void, an absence, nothing more."

Always helps to find
Deep down inside your mind
A memory warm and dear
A memory warm and dear

You know sorrow has its own way
But as humans we do not want to see it
She is fickle, she's stubborn and cold
She doesn't give or take, she only is

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