

# In Broken Images

Darkseed

Grotesque fairyland-astray  
With fine falling snow  
this myth now melts away  
Through bloody archways  
it flows upstreams to see  
this heartache parching me  
Burns my gaiety, tahnng down it's golden mask  
My tears ooze away on drifting soil

Through peace I stride and flee  
Your musing thoughts caressed by fear  
I hear some nightingales, they sing  
My withered dreams to heal

Beauty's rose should never die  
My grief lies onward, joy behind  
But nature calls it to be gone  
So tired with my woe...

Stormy gusts of winter's day  
For restful death I beg  
Ere that sun doth wake  
Drown my sins' black memory

What freezings have I felt  
what dark days seen in sleep a kind  
Mounted on the wind your bareness  
comes to touch the seals

Stormy gusts of winter's day  
For restful death I beg  
Ere that sun doth wake  
Drown my sins' black memory

For never resting time leads summer  
on my heart is slain  
Withing this would which iron did impress  
there will a river whispering run  
The very birds are mute  
The dread the winter's near  
Their sings, they wet my eyes  
Drown my world with weeping earnestly

Too hot the eye of heaven shined  
Anon, the tunnel I will find  
Praise deep vermilion in the rose  
What tree or stone doth want a soul?

Light, thy picture in my sight  
It's held within his hands  
It's grounded in my heart  
Disguised in bridal veils

Morning shadows wear away  
How many mornings have I seen?