

Lacrimosa

Demeter

Hush... Strings are weeping silently...
Like... They are singing a lullaby...
This... Plain without a single tree
Will open to take a child...
Her embrace was not enough
To save his soul... All alone...

And she came with the swan song on her lips...
Evening breeze was listening...
“Lacrimosa”, she said: “Cry upon my fate...”
“Lacrimosa”