

Mourners

Empyrium

Meagre trees in the shrouds,
as olde as the stones....
Mourners of abandoned love,
fornever their woes shall grow silent.

O how many times may the moon has shone -
reflected in these black lakes?
Should it be that we can hear,
the woes of those who ceased their lifes?

O so old they are...
they bare the neverending grief...
Age-old miserability
Ancient bitter beauty

Lost is the hope of those,
who walk the moors with pain in heart.
..and all joy it sinks,
burried deep, forever presumed dead.

O so old they are...
they bare the neverending grief...
Age - old miserability,
a bitter beauty thrilling me