

## Inarticulo Mortis

### Memory Garden

Come forward thou loveliest  
When time is still to come  
Let the sun warm your face  
Illness has burned it's mark

I'm crucified with burden

Oh you my gemini soul  
Father, her flesh is to tired  
Longing for rest, sleep eternally, sleep  
Sitting with ebony tears

Lost as I am far beyond the dawn  
So cold within pain on this endless path  
So weak I became after all these years  
Silence surrounds me on a trail of sadness

Writing poems of her memory so blessed  
Mourner is so deep, in black I'm dressed  
In holy ground she can be found  
Bones to earth and dust to dust

She passed away to young, too soon  
I've gone mad, so bad I talk to the moon  
Soon she will be  
In rigor mortis