

# When the Weeping Dawn Beheld Its Mortal Thirst

Mournful Congregation

When the waters cover the earth once more  
And the great sea weeps again  
Darkness shall choke the dying light  
And the almighty king sun bleed

Only then shall we come to know  
That which is our mortal thirst

For heavenly realms is our soul athirst  
This pain is felt by man alone

I remember when the transcendent moon  
Brought the lunar waves even higher  
Creation, from the vivid lucidity, an emanation  
Who am I? That created creation...

Glorification be to your name and ways  
Thou art the bringer of greatness  
In your name we art lost  
We art but microcosmic dust  
We art by your extension  
Your limbs art our souls  
Your dark is our light  
Yet let not our ignorant prose  
Be he upheard by your manifold omnipresence  
For thou art wisdom personified  
Thou art the Transcendental