

Consolatrix Has Left the Building

Sopor Aeternus

Strolling all alone... across the ancient cemetery...-
tell me, isn't everything here... of a timeless green?!
I see that several visitors are also gathered here,
having an idle, little saunter on the old graveyard...
just like me.

I keep a candle burning for myself, so I won't feel all
alone;
we should have done so, but we never celebrated
anything here at all.

A leaden weariness creeps viscously like syrup down the
hills,
felling everybody... as it crawls upon the
monuments...-
only I escape its power, for the moment seem immune;
yet, two elderly ladies, guarding the right, the future
tomb
are scolding me, so filled with anger, filled with envy
and disdain:
"The dead are furious with you!
as you're wasting your precious time!"

Now there are faces in the carpet, there are people
living in the walls;
I hear the dead are calling: "sadness lies in wait in
the hours before dawn!"

These moments, fleeting as they are, they testify to us
they are the silent witnesses of a season about to
pass;
I cannot but admit, carelessly ignoring life's
finiteness,
that I am filled with fear and worry... and so much
shame because of this.

Well, everything I see, yes all the images are blurred,
it's hard to guess the future in the short-sighted
world.
How should this simple handicap be lightly well
ignored,
considering the dreadful blindness with which I have
been born.

We should have done so, but we never celebrated
anything here at all;
I hear the dead are calling: "sadness lies in wait in
the darkest hours...
... right before the dawn!"