Part 1] Every year we celebrate the mourning day... Every year we can change our smile in tears In this dismal day you can give vent to your hate and pain... [Part 2] The minstrel plays the funeral march The dancer without eyes dances between the graves... the crows shout the name of the next one that will die...

Mourning day..... Mourning day!!!!!!

Every year we celebrate the death... Every year we cry for the dead

In this day of sorrow you can give vent to your hate and pain