

Anathema, Lovelorn Rhapsody

I hear your voice
It sings so softly
Curious to join in
A harmony to breathe forevermore

Joyous the one to hear a voice

In fields where grass grows tall
Golden carpets swell and whisper
Autumn trees will weep

Immune to pity, I've grown used to grief
The eternal tear reciprocates

In fields where grass grows tall
Golden carpets swell and whisper
Autumn trees will weep

Dawn breaks open like a wound that bleeds afresh
In bleak misery, the lifeless lie in squander

Love has left me, fled from me
Fragrant lust waits beside and dies
Like flowers that wilt without refreshment
In midday sun I sit and bide time
Adorning me, a lovelorn rhapsody