

# Anathema, The Sweet Suffering

As a shadow is cast overhead  
I rejoice in the coming of the gloom  
Lifting my eyes to view what, to me, is beauty  
I decipher what is read in the cloud  
The verse is shouting out and ringing in my ears  
The claps of thunder, scared? No, me I revere  
in the enchantment of mother nature  
Her caress it soothes and brings me joy

Kneeling in the rainfall  
Wind's whispers beckoning  
Inhaling the sweet scent  
Elation is overwhelming  
The way is dim, but somehow I find it

One by one the victims of life are dwindling  
Me, take me... grief no more if death will save me

Take me, save me, show me salvation  
Lead me... a sacred path, reinstate creation

Show me joy, grief, pride  
and show me your envy

The way is dim but somehow I find it.