

# Candlemass, Epistle No. 81

Mark how our shadow, Mark Movits mom frere  
One small darkness encloses  
How gold and purple that shovel there  
To rags and rubbish disposes  
Charon beckons from tumultuous waves  
Then trice this ancient digger of graves  
For thee ne'er grapeskin shall glisten  
Wherefore my Movits come help me to raise  
A gravestone over our sister  
Even desirous and modest adobe  
Under the sighing branches  
Where time and death, a marriage forebode  
Twixt beauty and ugliness ashes  
To thee ne'er jealousy findeth her way  
Nor happiness footstep, swift to stray  
Flitteth amid these barrows  
E'en enmity armed, as thou seest this day  
Piously breaketh her arrow  
The little bell echoes the great bells groan  
Robed in the door the precentor  
Noisome with quiristers prayerful moan  
Blesses those, who enter  
The way to this templed city of tombs  
Climbs amid roses yellowing blooms  
Fragments of mouldering biers  
Till black-clad each mourner,  
His station assumes  
Bows there deeply in tears