

# Elend, The Embrace

From your embrace  
Where sleeps an eternal Night,  
Let me emerge and sing this Elendian plaint,  
For all the pearls have vanished that shone before.  
Teach me in pure melodious songs to move  
With sirenian might  
These hearts who died in joy.  
Lord, let the soul of music tune my voice  
For death and despair have soiled the shores of Heaven.  
Ah! Let the soul of music tune my voice  
And cast down with sin oppressed I'll be longing  
For your embrace.