

Empyrium, Mourners

Meagre trees in the shrouds, as old as the stones....
Mourners of abandon'd love, forever their woes shall grow silent.
O how many times may the moon has shone - reflected in these black lakes?
Should it be that can hear, the woes of those who ceased their lifes?

O so old they are... they bare the neverending grief...
Age-old misery
Ancient bitter beauty

Lost is the hope of those, who walk the moors with pain in heart.
...and all joy it sinks, buried deep, forever presumed dead.

O, so old they are... they bare the neverending grief...
Age - old misery, a bitter beauty thrilling me