

# Funeral, Demise

Behold the truth of our demise.  
Out of ruin we ll arise.  
We ll rise from darkness,  
from burden - to light with joy.

Oh beautiful valiant, take us from night,  
from dark the mighty king  
- unfolds as light.  
Malevolent death toll, oh so sweet sounding.  
Demise

We sing in our despair,  
for hope, then rot in peace.  
Embalmed with rosescented fumes.

As the shades of evening draws  
the trees calmly whistles...  
unending reprisal of hope, of hope

Farvel nikker blomstene,  
mildt hvisker vinden.

Soulbells play in gardens of stone.  
Everlasting monuments, petrified by grief.  
The remains of loved ones,  
now withering into dust and soil.  
Again turning the wheel of life,  
from dust man arise to dust man  
become.