

Lake Of Tears, Headstones

Past the forest of the flies of fire
Beyond the waters of shimmering tears
By a fire they stand
And they whisper my name

Now I seek upon the night
Small fragments of moonlight

Up the hill the headstones lie
Up the hill the reapers watching eye
Up the hill the headstones lie
Headstones ...

In the circle of stones dressed in ivy
By the garden of the serene flowers
And the spirits are there
Whispering my name

Now I seek upon the night
Small fragments of moonlight

Up the hill the headstones lie
Up the hill the reapers watching eye
Up the hill the headstones lie
Headstones ...