

# 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 ...