

Lake Of Tears, The Four Strings Of Mourning

Some tales say morrow knows, I know not why they say so,
some go where sorrow goes, I know not
where they do go

One comes with winter's wind to tell a tale of mourning,
one free as summer's sin, to tell
a tale of mourning

Spinning around in circles every day,
spinning around and finding no new way
Spinning around, spinning around they say,
I wish them all dead anyway

So sing the poets then, I know not why they sing so,
so go they sorrow's friends, I know not
where they do go

One comes with autumn's rain and sings a song of mourning,
one sets the spring aflame
And sings a song of mourning

Spinning around in circles every day,
spinning around and finding no new way
Spinning around, spinning around they say,
I wish they all could go away