

Officium Triste, Reflections Of Lost Souls

Death comes close,
your time arrives,
to leave this earth.
As the heartbeat stops,
your soul moves forth.
Departion from the corpse,
left behind to rot in a grave.

Wandering souls.
Forgotten existence.
Lost in time.
Eternal resistance.

The soul takes off,
searching for peace.
Into dimensions,
beyond this world.
Heaven not found,
neither is hell.
The lost souls forever dwell.

Wandering souls.
Forgotten existence.
Lost in time.
Eternal resistance.