

Primordial, Solitary Mourner

And so the rain kept on falling
Still a solitary mourner stands
Beneath the sorrowed eaves
Among the rotting autumn leaves
And watches over you

All the flowers laid
Have long since bowed their heads
And all the wailing women
No longer cast their cries
And all who once wore black
Have returned to their lives
Yet the mourner has not
Forgotten
And will stand that way forever

If I am the mourner
Who shall know my name?

Who shall ever know my pain?

A solitary mourner stands
to watch over you...