

# 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...