

Sopor Aeternus, Not Dead But Dying

Take my hand in the old 'Theatre Of Seven Hells',
a ferry that bowed its wings,
we call Her: 'Moon by Day'.
Life - a book of painful tongue that hurts our ears.
Flowers of the end, their seed shall grow.
Your breath shall be my coat,
the underworld is, oh, so cold.
The dead don't feel chill,
but please, hold me warm.
The awful night has gone; what lay before...
we can't remember.
Even Morpheus has drowned in the lament
of his own weeping shadow...