

Aesma Daeva, Overature

In darkness let me dwell

The ground, the ground shall sorrow be
The roof of despair which bares all cheerful light from me
To bar all cheerful light

The walls marble black which moistened still shall weep from me
They still shall weep forever in darkness
To bar all cheerful light

The roof of despair which bares all the cheerful light from me
To bar all cheerful light

My queen I only wish my song to please thee
I wish to be the minstrel in your gallery
I wish to be the minstrel in your gallery

My music
Jarring, jarring
Jarring, jarring sounds to banish sleep

Thus bedded to my woes and bedded, bedded to my tomb
Oh let me living die, oh let me living
Oh let me living die
Till death do come, till death do come
Till death, till death do come