

# Anathema, Lovelorn Rhapsody

I hear your voice  
It sings so softly  
Curious to join in  
A harmony to breathe forevermore

Joyous the one to hear a voice

In fields where grass grows tall  
Golden carpets swell and whisper  
Autumn trees will weep

Immune to pity, I've grown used to grief  
The eternal tear reciprocates

In fields where grass grows tall  
Golden carpets swell and whisper  
Autumn trees will weep

Dawn breaks open like a wound that bleeds afresh  
In bleak misery, the lifeless lie in squander

Love has left me, fled from me  
Fragrant lust waits beside and dies  
Like flowers that wilt without refreshment  
In midday sun I sit and bide time  
Adorning me, a lovelorn rhapsody