

Anathema, They Die

All tears, restrained for years
Their grief is confined
Which destroys my mind

An ode to their plight is this dirge
Some yearn for lugubrious silence
Serenity in the image of the coffins

Shall life renew these bodies of a truth?
All death will he annul, all tears assuage?
Fill the void veins of life, again with youth
And wash with an immortal water, age
They die.