Bjork, Gloomy Sunday

Sunday is gloomy
The hours are slumberless
Dearest the shadows
I live with are numberless

Little white flowers
Will never awaken you
Not where the dark coach
Of sorrow has taken you

Angels have no thought
Of ever returning you
Would they be angry
If I thought of joining you?

Gloomy Sunday

Gloomy is Sunday
With shadows I spend it all
My heart and I
Have decided to end it all

Soon there'll be prayers
And candles are lit I know
Let them not weep
Let them know that I'm glad to go

Death is no dream
For in death I'm caressing you
With the last breath of my soul
I'll be blessing you

Gloomy Sunday

Dreaming, I was only dreaming
I wake and I find you asleep
In the deep of my heart here

Darling I hope
That my dream hasn't haunted you
My heart is telling you
How much I wanted you

Gloomy Sunday
is absolutely Gloomy Sunday
Gloomy Sunday
...Sunday