

# Chamber - L'Orchestre De Chambre Noir, Another

The conversation of prayers about to be said  
By the child going to bed and the man on the stairs  
Who climbs to his dying love in her high room,  
The one not caring to whom in his sleep he will move  
And the other full of tears that she will be dead,

Turns in the dark on the sound they know will arise  
Into the answering skies from the green ground,  
From the man on the stairs and the child by his bed.  
The sound about to be said in the two prayers  
For the sleep in a safe land and the love who dies

Will be the same grief flying. Whom shall they calm?  
Shall the child sleep unharmed or the man be crying?  
The conversation of prayers about to be said  
Turns on the quick and the dead, and the man on the stairs  
To-night shall find no dying but alive and warm

In the fire of his care his love in the high room.  
And the child not caring to whom he climbs his prayer  
Shall drown in a grief as deep as his true grave,  
And mark the dark eyed wave, through the eyes of sleep,  
Dragging him up the stairs to one who lies dead.