

# Demether, Lacrimosa

Hush... Strings are weeping silently...  
Like... They are singing a lullaby...  
This... Plain without a single tree  
Will open to take a child...  
Her embrace was not enough  
To save his soul... All alone...  
And she came with the swan song on her lips...  
Evening breeze was listening...  
Lacrimosa, she said: Cry upon my fate...  
Lacrimosa  
Dola je sestra Jelena,  
Dovela brata ranjena,  
Da trai s mora doktora,  
Bratu rane da vida.  
Boga ti, s mora doktore,  
ta ti se ini od rana?  
Boga mi, sestro Jeleno,  
Pripremi bratu to nema