

Elis, Sleep And Death

Dreaming under willows
Our cheeks caress the stars
The faded night's brow inclines

Sleep and death, the dark eagles
Roaring for nights on end around our heads.

The countenance of our white tombs
Stares at us
The countenance of our white tombs
All the time

REF
Sleep and death, the dark eagles
Roaring for nights on end around our heads.
While we are walking under dark arcades
And the shadows of dead angels play beside.

Silent the winds decay
On the lonesome hill
The bleak walls Of the autumnal grove

The countenance of our white tombs
Stares at us
The countenance of our white tombs
All the time

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Roaring for nights on end around our heads.
While we are walking under dark arcades
And the shadows of dead angels play beside.

(O.Falk, P.Streit / S.Dnser)