

Erben der Sch, Sleep And Death

Dreaming under willows
for 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
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.
Silently 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
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.