

Funeral, When Nightfalls Claps

When nightfall class the earth,
shadeless flowers sleep.
Mankind lies in emptiness,
all the mourners weep (in silence).

We stride towards sick winds,
rain fills our lungs,
God s tears inside?

So grim yet beautiful (in your soul).
Are you too of this awe?
Then hope you have (doomed one).

When nightfall clasps the earth,
man humbles himself.
Becomes obedient to death and
godlessness.

We will all die.
We will receive.
The goal of our faith.

When nightfall clasps the earth
angels sing their praises...
Have patience dying faces