

# Gardens Of Gehenna, Gethsemane

The evening swallows the last light  
and from out of the incarnadine  
forlornness creeps into my mind  
where doubt dwells.

The light is dreaming of reincarnation,  
the night is dropping through the window pane  
and a cruel invisible chain  
enervates me.

And the river tears me down,  
and the waves clash over me,  
I floating down, sad and slowly,  
home to my Gethsemane.

Beside the life I'm living now  
there is another one that could have been,  
a brighter one I've never seen,  
a paradise.

Thoughts wither like autumn leaves,  
full of sorrow they fall off from me,  
fall with my tears, my sanity  
into the river.

And the river tears me down,  
and the waves clash over me,  
I floating down, sad and slow,  
home to my Gethsemane.

My soul is haunted by wolves,  
and is ravened mercilessly.  
In the last eclipse I can guess  
where the river ends.