

Gitane Demone, Gloomy Sunday

Sunday is gloomy, my hours are slumberless
Dearest, the shadows I live with are numberless
Little white flowers will never awaken you
Not when the black coach of sorrow has taken you

Sunday is gloomy, and shadows I spend it all
My heart and I have decided to end it all
Soon there'll be flowers and prayers that are sad, I know
Let them not weep, let them know that I'm glad to go
Angels have no thoughts of ever returning you
Would they be angry if I thought of joining you?

Death is no dream, for in death I am caressing you
With the last breath of my heart I'll be blessing you

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