

Insomnium, The Ill-Starred Son

Her dirge still echoes in these woods
Mourning lingers in the vales
As the wind cries on the shore
Her wailing can be heard
Mirthless is this wandering through
Hollow days
Like a pale ghost I waste away in
This foul world
What sin do I atone for in this
Dreadful way
Why the gods sneer at me as I
Keep writhing in pain
Where has my dearest gone to
Where sings now my maiden fair
Beneath the darksome waters
Underneath the moonlit waves
Where is our ill-starred son
Where lies our poor stillborn child
Below the silent mound
In the arms of scared earth
She become weary of the world
Tired of this marred life
Burdened with sorrow far too deep
A pain impossible to bear
There is no light at the end of this
Blackened path
Calm again are the sullen waters
Before me
If gods shall hearken to me
Fate will be benign
I leave these woes behind
Depart from these cares
For we shall be reunited on the
Other side
I descend to my love and caress her
forevermore