

# Isole, Bliss Of Solitude

Autumn:

Let your rain wash my sins away  
A gentle stream down my face  
My skin is stained and bruised  
Crimson drops on pale flesh  
Ease my pain  
Erase this despair  
An endless sleep  
Would be the bliss  
Of solitude  
My soul is soiled and tainted  
By the guilt and the shame  
The wounds I bear left scars within  
Profound in my being  
The tears I cried turned to blood  
Drained my soul  
I am sorrow and sorrow is me  
As autumn dies I close my eyes...  
Ease my pain  
Erase this despair  
An endless sleep  
Would be the bliss  
Of solitude