

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