

# Officium Triste, Dreams of Sorrow

As you sleep, your subconsciousness reigns.  
Visions of misery, sorrow and pain.  
Blackened sky, mournfull spheres.  
People drowning in a flood of tears.

Fear of nighttime, it's time to sleep.  
Sandman comes, no time to weep.  
Hope you'll wake up alive tomorrow.  
Surviving again these dreams of sorrow.

As you sleep, your mind falls deeper.  
Visions of death, the grim reaper.  
Black plague, hunger and hate.  
Mortal people this is your fate.

As you sleep, you dream of fear.  
Visions of sorrow, visions are clear.  
Blackened earth, world of death.  
As you breathe, your final breath.

Dreaming about sorrow, the nightmares of life.  
No more sleep  
being awake is being alive.