

Sympathy, Twilight And Rebirth

when I in the season of autumn in my life
I expect to die and pass on from death to life
though this flesh rots and decays and falls from the bone
the lot of my days won't be to lie in the grave

the worm down in the earth consumes not my essence
the grave, the tomb, holds no sway on me, impotent
sinews reknit and joints made anew, mind awake
this corpse will live not to die or grow sick again

in my twilight hour I am assured that though I die
I will face to face see the ancient one
and in my rebirth I shall arise to taste of life
and death will have no victory

when my hour has come to pass on and I meet death
I will awake in the ancient halls of glory
and when mighty legions go forth to purge the earth
my flesh will groan in the grave for its time has come