

The 3rd And The Mortal, Sleep

The day vanishes
Withers like trodden grass
Our whispers are wafting along by the breeze
Through an open passage

Absorbed by the night
Conjure up the sleep
Sleep, sleep stealing through us
Cover our eyelids with silk

Carrying someone
Carrying someone in wavy water

The ocean is troubled to its depths
Thunderbolts and fireflies
Play the grand piano
Sear the sleeking silk

The embryo cowers in fear
And stares through the surface
Fear, fear, striking fear

Burying someone
Burying someone in wavy waters