

Triptykon, Aurorae

This mind is tired of war
Of misery and pain
A spirit wasting away
Like rivers to the sea
A spirit wasting away
In this agony
Unable to breathe
Calm rivals fear
On this earth
Beneath
A spirit wasting away
In this misery
The weariness of days
A life turned relict
Nothing else remains
A spirit wasting away
These bones have been burned
And hatred shall not last
The tools of sorrow cast
Have become the past
A spirit wasting away