

Tristania, Lethean River

Rise my clandestines, thy secrecies invoked
Streams of argentine across eyelids are drawn
Rise upon the tide, my castaway's outworn
Fall from distant worlds and redeyed skies above
Gesture of an argentine moisture
like snow upon the riverine
Gesture of an argentine moisture
so sore upon congeal skin
Ardency of life forsakened
time will gather the source of thy secrecies
Ardency of life forsakened
in swarthy hours thou ponder still Invoke thy aeons in a dream
entrancing sleep
profound and prolix
Estranged to life's utility
Bequest thy endurance in the times of
lethargic
Lead me down in wailing hours
to the riverside
Reveal to me thy secrecies
hidden in the wan deep of thy infinite mourning
Lethean river carry me beneath thy riverine