

Under Black Clouds, Death Of A Rose

A grey December day in the cemetery
he is standing at her gravestone
and he is reading the golden epitaph
lost in remembrance...once more.

Her beauty was a flower in bloom
the nicest thing in his life
her face was the most wonderful creation
that a man could think of.

Her presence made him happy
every touch a caress
her voice made him feel so whole
every word a harmony.

Her life put to a sudden end
how can he go on
with her love taken from him
he is shattered.

Happiness has disappeared
what's left is pain and grief
the rose is dead and withered
but the thorns forever grow.

Your presence made me happy
every touch like a last caress
your voice made me feel so whole
every word a harmony.

Your life put to a sudden end
how can I go on
with your love taken from me
I am shattered.

Happiness has disappeared
what's left is pain and grief
the rose is dead and withered
but the thorns forever grow.
I breathe your remembrance
I feel your external love in me.