

Vasaria, The Lamentation

The Lamentation

Angels hover above in hysterical grief
What has happened here?
Spectators they gather around this cadaver
They shriek in great recoil

The Lamentation
Heaven help us all, every one of us
The realization that all that is could fall
How could this really be?

From mute sorrow to rhetorical strife
Grief contorts them all
Their savior has fallen way down from the cross
Forced to wear the thorns

(Chorus)

Tragedy--the slow moving figures knew
Mourn the dead -- for there is nothing we can do

He still lies there dead
Defiled in defeat
Beneath troubled skies
Angels mourn with no restrain

(Chorus)

Tragedy--the slow moving figures knew
Mourn the dead--for there is nothing we can do