

Wuthering Heights, Sorrow In Memoriam

Striding forever down the road; continuous stream of losses
Leaving wrecks at every turning; broken glass and crosses
Whispers in the trees and ghosts in the attic
Will the sailor ever reach the shore
Will we ever know if there is more

Which is the curse, which is the gift; let me touch the sky
When we are born or when we die

For the love that was gone; for the hiding of the sun
Let us hope for a better day
For your savior on the cross; for the worker who was lost
Let us hope for days when sorrow as glory will be
Just as sweet a memory

He who lost can always hope for better times beyond
He will regret, who lost, when convinced that he had won
Be there reason; be there healing for the burning in our souls
Be it the end will stop us from screaming
For in life we're dancing on coals

The one who will follow you through this game
Born, dying or going insane
I'm in pain therefore I am
Longing for safety when out of control
Longing for freedom when future's foretold
I'm longing therefore I am

Which is the curse, which is the gift; let me touch the sky
When we are born or when we die

For the love that was gone; for the hiding of the sun
Let us hope for a better day
For your savior on the cross; for the worker who was lost
Let us hope for days when sorrow as glory will be
Just as sweet a memory
Over yonder, far away
Always seeking a better day
Hunting the glory for sorrow to pay
I am; I am; I am
Therefore I am

She dances alone; in cages of ice
Mother and daughter; of glory and sorrow
Eternal betting; our path to tomorrow
True goddess; the flame of life