Anathema, They Die

All tears, restrained for years Their grief is confined Which destroys my mind

An ode to their plight is this dirge Some yearn for lugubrious silence Serenity in the image of the coffins

Shall life renew these bodies of a truth? All death will he annul, all tears assuage? Fill the void veins of life, again with youth And wash with an immortal water, age They die.