

## **Compos Mentis**

# **"In The Garden Of The Dead"**

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And all the pebbled paths feel crooked and winding  
Behind yellow walls of reminding  
It feels as if someone is quite near  
In the garden of the dead  
I feel cold and lost  
In the garden of the dead

Tumbled tombs and broken sprouts  
Just outside the dear city's gates  
Here in the Garden of the Dead  
Through it's enticing gates we are led  
Now, inside this labyrinth we grope  
Among the nobles, the poor and the rest  
A piercing wind embraces all the sick and lone  
Some names remain odd and ever so unknown

Once these fields were alive with infant joy  
Now the darkness snows from right above  
Like soil falling over your blessed head  
Soon to be laid to rest in the eternal bed

Tumbled tombs and broken sprouts  
Just outside the dear city's gates  
Here, in the Garden of the Dead  
Through it's gates we are led  
The plague extends towards it's prey  
To every cut-off flower without root  
As a tense actor tainted by the writ  
Sweet memories of the life we have knit

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