

Devilish Impressions

"The Last Farewell"

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There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between *

Wipe off the tears that run down your face
Frozen in time of your most painful dream
And transform them all into an ocean so the dream
may
sail away

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves *

They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear *

And once they have sailed away from you
Never look back so they shall not return!
Unless youd want them to become
a pain that gives birth to another worthless tear

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away *

Its the last farewell

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