

Funeral "Your Pain Is Mine"

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The birds have flown
They hear the weeping
They know the grief
When rain is waking up

Only you really know
Where the thorns do burn
In hollow heart
How the heart is in distress

I touched the burden
Grinding me the pain, surely did
Grief was in the silver-mirrors of your heart
I caressed it
I suffered too

Death cut you into marrow and bone
The bleeding was unending

Distant is the blackest veil
Yet it surely touched
Where the pain is great

Piteous heart sore diseased
Woeful pain please be eased
Never again a heavenly bliss
As midsummers flowers you longed to kiss

Your pain is mine

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