

Incrave

"My Name Is Death"

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I am the question that cannot be answered,
I am the lover that cannot be lost,
Yet small are the gifts of my servant the soldier,
For time is my offspring, pray, what is my name?

My name is Death, cannot you see?
All life must turn to me;
Oh cannot you see?
And you must come with me,

You must come with me.
I'll give you gold and jewels rare,
And all my wealth in store.
All pleasures fair,
If I may live but a few short years more.
Oh lady, lay your jewels aside,
No more to glory in your pride.
Tarrying here there is no way,
Your time has come that you must away,
And you must come to clay.

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