

Insite

"In The Groves Of Death"

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In the evening of a grey day, a bleak day
I strayed into the dim silence of the hallowed trees
Where the fir-trees whisper of those been, those gone
Where the sacred earth still hides all those we once
loved

"O father, hear these words, your son is not made for
this world
Faint-hearted and careworn, into this vile life I was
hurled
In the woods the fiends sigh, I swear I heard the
demons neigh
On the seashore I espy the dreadful void under the
tides"

Ill-assorted with this life, these cares
Each moment I am waiting for the worst to come my
way
Dark berry from my mother's womb; a frail one
I was affrighted at my birth, bewildered from the start

Better it would be to stay in the shades
In the thicket of the dead, in the groves of death
Here I would lie to the end of the days

"Hear me now, my hapless son
Warn away all yours fears
Make good use of your brief days
Life may be grim but death is more austere
By yourself you sit and wait
By yourself you will have time to repent"

"In these lowly halls
No moon will beam, no sun will shine
In these narrow rooms
No tears are seen, no laughter heard"

At the dawn of a quiet day
I strolled from the woods, returned to the hearth
And with a restful mind I roamed
The dreary shores, the darkling wilds

Greeting all the days that befall
Taking life as it comes

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