

## Cathedral

# "A Funeral Request"

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White rose perfume go with thee  
on thy way unto thy shaded tomb  
low music doth fall  
lightly as autumn leaves  
about thy solemn pall.  
Faint incense rises.  
O'you, you fell away from me my love,  
like all earthly things vanish  
into death cold mysteries.  
Serpents marked with azure rings  
cathedrals where rich shadows fall,  
things strange curious solemn saviour.  
You promised me laughter in autumn days,  
now I can't awake from this lucid haze.  
I can't awake to laugh with you I'm so weary.  
Claws upon my flesh and statues of lost soul s  
dominate this house.  
Angels have no pity,  
their wings have turned to stone.  
Come travel naked lovers  
beyond all dimensions of Heaven  
and lie enchanted forever  
in the lucid garden of dreams.  
In all animate sources and creations  
of belief we travel seas of illusions  
that begin at our dreams.  
Ethereal architects masters of all faith.

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