

Lakaïen Deine

"The Four Strings Of Mourning"

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Some tales say morrow knows, I know not why they say
so, some go where sorrow goes, I know not where they
do go

One comes with winter's wind to tell a tale of mourning,
one free as summer's sin, to tell a tale of mourning
Spinning around in circles every day, spinning around
and finding no new way

Spinning around, spinning around they say, I wish them
all dead anyway

So sing the poets then, I know not why they sing so, so
go they sorrow's friends, I know not where they do go

One comes with autumn's rain and sings a song of
mourning, one sets the spring aflame

And sings a song of mourning

Spinning around in circles every day, spinning around
and finding no new way

Spinning around, spinning around they say, I wish they
all could go away

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