

Memory Garden "Inarticulo Mortis"

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Come forward thou loveliest
When time is still to come
Let the sun warm your face
Illness has burned it's mark

I'm crucified with burden

Oh you my gemini soul
Father, her flesh is to tired
Longing for rest, sleep eternally, sleep
Sitting with ebony tears

Lost as I am far beyond the dawn
So cold within pain on this endless path
So weak I became after all these years
Silence surrounds me on a trail of sadness

Writing poems of her memory so blessed
Mourner is so deep, in black I'm dressed
In holy ground she can be found
Bones to earth and dust to dust

She passed away to young, too soon
I've gone mad, so bad I talk to the moon
Soon she will be
In rigor mortis

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