

Danse Macabre

"Death In Midsummer"

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Death in midsummer

There is true beauty in all that dies
Nothing lasts forever...I know
Dreams, hopes, life itself
Slipping through my fingers
Slipping through my fingers
Like a sand on beaches
I used to know
So many people came and went
As years go by
Their faces fade like a song
In vain I try to hold on
To the humble knowledge
I gathered

Death in midsummer
Death in Midsummer

So much still to learn
To discover, to feel
Yet I sense
My earthly and only existence
Fade away

No light at the end of the tunnel
No God to save one's soul
The atheist's curse
The atheist curse
Life never seemed precious to me
But now...
It is so cruel to die

In the middle of summer
In the middle of summer

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