

## Danse Macabre "Grief"

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If solitude follows grief  
This heart of mine a wilderness  
Splendid memories indeed hardly a relief  
What comfort offers a last caress?  
What comfort offers a last caress?

No more flowers to pick in May  
Any words are all in vain  
No more flowers to pick in May  
Any words are all in vain

Love is a gift from Heaven  
Lifts into grace our lowest desires  
Shared with angels By Gods given  
Like passion, a spark of immortal fire

This heart of mine a wilderness  
This heart of mine a wilderness  
What comfort offers a last caress?  
What comfort offers a last caress?

But beautiful poems do not cover pain  
In loss I cannot sense any splendour  
Comforting words are all in vain  
Yesterday's ghosts seem too tender

Tragedy grand in a theatre play  
They claim sunshine to follow after rain  
But no more flowers to pick in May  
For death she is all the same

What comfort offers a last caress?  
What comfort offers a last caress?

No more flowers to pick in May  
Any words are all in vain  
No more flowers to pick in May  
Any words are all in vain

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