

AIDA

"The Messenger"

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Everything is settled, immovable and calm
Nothing that has plagued our lives can ever do us harm
Then the voices railed against us, then the path was
steep
Now the sounds are softer, now the road is ended
In your arms, I'll sleep

Turn away from madness, burn the inner light
Pray for me as cheerfully as I slip into the night
Death is just a visitor watching for a while
Sullen and predictable, love is versatile

Everything is peaceful, and falling into place
I no longer feel the wounds suffered in the chase
Then we were at turns divided, then by turns
oppressed
Now the pain is over, now we lie together
Gratefully at rest

Put aside the notion that the end is near
Stay with me eternally, the terrors disappear
Death is just a messenger in a poor disguise
Fooling no one, lost for words, love is in your eyes

Now we know as we are known, unimagined things
Death is just the messenger, love the truth it brings

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