

## **The Crüxshadows**

# **"Sympathy (For Tommorow)"**

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I'm not asking for favors  
Not tonight  
I look up in the sky.....  
All the rockets fall down (fall down)  
Too many promises  
Too many lies  
Too many faces for me to know

Sometimes I sit among the markers  
And contemplate my next life  
Says something less sympathetic-  
"a little more unconditional respect was buried here"

"But it never lived  
And it never died  
It never came from them  
It was always inside....."

I don't care if time just passes us by  
I can stand the change.....  
But not the cruelty  
Too many promises  
Too many lies  
Too many faces for me to know

Sometimes I sit among the markers  
And contemplate my next life  
Says something less sympathetic-  
"a little more unconditional respect was buried here"

"But it never lived  
And it never died  
It never came from them  
It was always inside....."

Thy soul shall find itself alone  
'Mid dark thoughts of the grey tomb-stone;  
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry  
Into thine hour of secrecy.

Be silent in that solitude,  
Which is not loneliness- for then

The spirits of the dead, who stood  
In life before thee, are again  
In death around thee, and their will  
Shall overshadow thee; be still.

The night, though clear, shall frown,  
And the stars shall not look down  
From their high thrones in the Heaven  
With light like hope to mortals given,  
But their red orbs, without beam,  
To thy weariness shall seem  
As a burning and a fever  
Which would cling to thee for ever.

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish,  
Now are visions ne'er to vanish;  
From thy spirit shall they pass  
No more, like dew-drop from the grass.

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