

The Crüxshadows

"Sympathy"

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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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