

## **Sun Of The Sleepless "Grimme Pain"**

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I bleed - the blade's been sharpened,  
The wounds have been cut deep,  
Whilst thou weavest thy carpet  
And lest the heavens weep.

Discouraged hearts thou makest,  
Bringest the wretches woe,  
And those that thou forsakest  
In thee have found a foe.  
Tristesse consumes the lands - grey!  
Thou paintest life on earth,  
And those thou hast consumed, pray:  
O give to winter birth!

Discouraged hearts thou makest,  
Bringest the wretches woe,  
And those that thou forsakest  
In thee have found a foe.

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