

## **The Mediæval Bæbes**

### **"So Spricht Das Leben"**

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So sayeth life, the world is mine  
The flowers that bloom and the song of the birds  
I am the daylight and the sunshine  
So spricht das Leben, the world is mine

So sayeth death, the world is mine  
Your daylight is but vein display  
Stars and moon sink in eternal night  
So spricht das Tod, the world is mine

So sayeth life, the world is mine  
You make great tombs of marble and stone  
But love, you cannot entomb  
So spricht das Leben, the world is mine

So sayeth death, the world is mine  
I have prepared a graveyard  
And created pestilence and war  
So spricht das Tod, the world is mine

So sayeth life, the world is mine  
Every grave is a plot of land  
Into which my eternal seeds do fall  
So spricht das Leben, the world is mine

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