

Thornley

"Song For Lucretia"

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My tears sing your praise, in this house of sleep
For your kind voice has died with the harsh winds
(Though) The cold steals my scorn and pain of your
death
I once saw forever in your eyes, yet now I see nothing...

My love I know the pain in you, I see the sickness
sunrise
That dulls the light in you, I know you bear the burden
That bleeds us, that bleeds the tears, the tears of
sorrow
Yet know the day shall die, and bring this pain to pass
For the memory of your life shall burn eternal

To rest the pain will come, and sleep forever more....

For I head your heart speak, the story of tears
And though the night must end, your sadness rained
bright
The sullen colour of fear, the delicate shade of death
The hue of blood stained black,
In tombs of gray laced regret
An empyreal dance of silence, for when her soul
burned
It darkened the red sky
For I die a thousand deaths, each day in absinthe's
arms
In lucid dreams I see you, and hold you forever more
My love the day shall rise, with the tides of time
To wash upon our graves, and let us sleep forever
more
And ever as I see the stars's fall,
I see her azure eyes upon me
And the clouds cry in white
For she is gone

My heart (My heart has died)
In her (In her pale arms)
My bride (My bride is gone)
For she weeps no more
My love (My love I cry)

In streams (In streams of somber)
My soul (My soul is gone)
With her laugh it fades
My dear (My dear I plead)
To speak (To speak your tears)
My sweet (My sweet i'm gone)
Before the dawn arrives
My heart (My heart has died)
In her (In her pale arms)
My bride (My bride i'm gone)
For she weeps no more

All the happiness in my life went with her smile

And as the days wear on the roses fade in the dry sun
The flowers are dead here, they speak my wilted heart

I have seen the pain and glory of death
And for all I know and care I seek this silence
For this is a vestige of joy and sorrows deep
And all I help dear to me has gone forever from this
world
May she rise to behold once more the tears I've shed
Believe in me, for your bitter tears can beckon my end
Believe in my words, for they wither dead flowers
May the blood I she'd stain this bouquet red once more
For I die for you, I die for you

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