

Seek me in this peaceful place
Where the grass grows and covers my face
In a coffin of finest ebony
With ornament and name in ivory

The oaks shallows my epitaph
Leaves covers the narrow path
To where I reign my own
Not like a God on a throne

I'm waiting to be buried deep
With sweet pleasure I will sleep
When the angels gathering the sheep
The dreamweaver I will meet

Who said that life is delight
I'm so enchanted of this eternal night
Philosophy of the resting so wise
I wish a lot to never arise

I'm waiting to be buried deep
With sweet pleasure I will sleep
When the angels gathering the sheep
The dreamweaver I will meet

In the sleeping garden of tranquillity
I've searched and found
My private utopia
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