

Only the Good Ones Die in Summer

Persephone

Wide fields ahead
I feel the sun again
Though there is no joy
Coming over me

The shadows cover up
What darkness couldn't see
A million unknown strangers
Have died but not for me

Only the good ones die in summer
Softly, as does no other
Will they reach the perfect silence?
Or roaming 'round a thousand miles?
You will know...
When you die in summer.

Straight ahead I make my way
Through the madness in a day
I gather all my sorrow
With the sun beating down aside

The shadows cover up
What darkness would never be
Slightly groping hands
Reaching out for me

Only the good ones die in summer
Softly, as does no other
Will they reach the perfect silence?
Or roaming 'round a thousand miles?
You will know...
When you die in summer.

In the shadow of a dying tree
I find myself
Waiting for silence
Desperation is my friend

Only the good ones die in summer
Softly, as does no other
Will I reach the perfect silence?
Or roaming 'round a thousand miles?
I would know...
If I died in summer