

Reprise

Sopor Aeternus

Hanging down from the ceiling ... the old pendulum now
rests,
Time stands still ... - like iron - ... in the house of
the dead.
Our fragile souls lie weeping, sealed in sleep and balls
of lead,
All flowers here are dust, but we can still recall their
scent.

In filth, decay and disrelish the leg-less man lay
kneeling,
Weeping petrified, out of his mind ... - half buried, yet
still breathing.
His lips are soft like powder and so cold ... colder than
snow;
Mingled with the dust he fell, all paralysed by flesh and
bone.

"Forgive us, please, for we're long fallen",
Shivering carcass shuns the light,
Ancient bodies' fallen heaven, a dark star in a fallen
sky.
"Flow my tears !" , the angel said,
He forced a smile than bowed his head,
How much he wished that he could die ... -
Tore his old wings off with a sigh.