

Fall

Dreadful Shadows

Your burial garment - so fresh and, oh, so white
Your eyes are closed and on your face a smile
No trace of sorrows and your suffering
You're looking more alive than ever in your life
Fall - the morning comes
Forgotten are the reasons why you died
Forgotten all your screams, the tears you cried
No word about your courage, why it failed
The words could be sent to anyone but you
Fall - the morning comes
Dance with me until unconsciousness
You're in my arms
Times of pleasure return to reality
Your tears are dried
Die with me so irrevocably
I'm in your arms
Times of pleasure return to reality
Your tears are dried
Fall - your morning comes

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