

At Sixes And Sevens

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In times of strife
you seem to lose it all, and more somehow
 No waning life can retrieve it
 Can't make the world a better place to thrive
nor can I keep on persistingYou're on the wane in funereal winds
 with a thousand winters within
 You're life unveil its weary eyes
Sun sets in somber skiesYour waning desires brought to fire
 where your withering life has been mourned
 For a thousand years, where the pain blend with ire
and the night enflames us both"Walk down the narrow path
 Years of decay
Feel life's soul-inflicting hurt once again"You're dying now
 You make it feel somewhat divine
 Your lenient eyes are somewhat healing
 You make it feel the less a strife now
A precious life cease persistingYou're on the wane and eden's hewn
 falter still under a funereal moon
 Your tears they sweep upon life's shore
until the day you weep no moreSunset's on the wane
 In life we suffer the same
 When sundown comes around
 stalking strangers on hollowed ground
 Endarkened souls entwined
 together at the end of life
 Embrace the new divine
or suffer another lifetimeI can feel the flames
 the fire lick me in vain
 My life can't be regained
 not now, nor then, nor ever again
 We cross our feeble hearts
 the day our souls depart
 Life move in strangest ways
We died somewhat, somehow in every day