

To the Night

Blume

Shining tired on the waves
The setting sun;
Its beams, red and bright,
Gently pierce the sea.
Its chariotâ€™s descending
The clear western sky;
Nightâ€™s claiming her right
To rule the world.

Her wings open wide,
Under which weâ€™ll mourn and pray,
Will hide our shame;
My dear Guinevere,
In dismal grief weâ€™ll find
Full redemption.

A flock of crows,
Approaching noisily,
Stubbornly croaks
Sober words to me:
â€œThat yearning heart of yours!
You fool! What have you done?
Bringer of death,
Your soulâ€™s forever lostâ€•.

Her wings open wide,
Under which weâ€™ll mourn and pray,
Will hide our shame;
My dear Guinevere,
In dismal grief weâ€™ll find
Full redemption.

Night's wings open wide,
Under which weâ€™ll mourn and pray,
Will hide our shame;
My dear Guinevere,
In dismal grief weâ€™ll find
Full redemption

Lyrics submitted by djwave.

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