

The Sweet Suffering

Anathema

As a shadow is cast overhead
I rejoice in the coming of the gloom
Lifting my eyes to view what, to me, is beauty
I decipher what is read in the cloud
The verse is shouting out and ringing in my ears
The claps of thunder, scared? No, me I revere
in the enchantment of mother nature
Her caress it soothes and brings me joy
Kneeling to the rainfall
Wind's whispers beckoning
Inhaling the sweet scent
Elation is overwhelming
The way is dim but somehow I find it
One by one the victims of life are dwindling
Me, take me... grief no more if death will save me
Take me, save me, show me salvation
Lead me... a sacred path, reinstate creation
Show me joy, grief, pride
and show me your envy
The way is dim but somehow I find it

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