# Mourners

## Empyrium

Meagre trees in the shrouds,
as olde as the stones....
Mourners of abandond love,
fornever their woes shall grow silent.O how many times may the moon has shone -
reflected in these black lakes?
Should it be that we can hear,
the woes of those who ceased their lifes?O so old they are...
they bare the neverending grief...
Age-old miserability
Ancient bitter beautyLost is the hope of those,
who walk the moors with pain in heart.
...and all joy it sinks,
burried deep, forever presumed dead.O so old they are...
they bare the neverending grief...
Age - old miserability,
a bitter beauty thrilling me

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