

Epistle No. 81

Candlemass

Mark how our shadow, mark Movits mon fre're
one small darkness encloses
How gold and purple that shovel there
to rags and rubbish disposes
Charon beckons from tumultous waves
then trice this ancient digger of graves
for thee ne're grapeskin shall glisten
wherefore my Movits come help me to raise
a gravestone over our sister
Even deserous and modest abode
under the sighing branches
where time and death, a marriage forebode
'twixt beauty and ugliness ashes
To thee ne're jealousy findeth her way
nor happiness footstep, swift to stray
filleth amid these barrows
e'en enmity armed, as thou seest this day
piously breaketh her arrow
The little bell echoes the great bells groan
roved in the door the precentor
noisome with quiristers prayerful moan
blesses those, who enter
The way to this templed city of tombs
climbs amid roses yellowing blossoms
fragments of mouldering briers
till black-clad each mourner, his station assumes
bows there deeply in tears

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