

At the Gates of Sleep

Insomnium

Listen to the night, hearken to the silence
The wind sings in fir-trees, forests music rings
Rueful is the tune, wailful the southing
Soothing is the choir, murmur of the trees
Time to forget all the heartache and pain
Time to leave behind all the toil and travail
Here where the water mirrors a still sky
Here a fair place for a child to lie
Under the woeful sky, moss-grown our bed tonight
Here we sprawl in mellow
darkness
In warm caress of the night
Far away from world's betrayals
Afar from all the Heaven's might
Better to dream, far sweeter to slumber
Than face the cold days, bear the grim longing
Time to rest a while, close the drowsy eyes
Sleep till the dawn, till the bleak morning
Heed not the rustle or hoots of the owl
Heed not the ghosts that still dwell in the soul
Night brings us solace and serenity deep
Night brings at last neverending sleep
Better it would be to sleep forever
In silent shades of the evernight
Sweet are the dreams in the groves of death
Far away from the earthly woes
Sound is the sleep under spruce's boughs
Serene are the dreams in the darkling shade
Gone are the cares of the waking world
Forgotten the sorrows of the weary heart

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