

In Broken Images

Darkseed

Grotesque fairyland-astray
With fine falling snow
this myth now melts away
Through bloody archways
it flows upstreams to see
this heartache parching me
Burns my gaiety, tahng down it's golden mask
My tears ooze away on drifting soilThrough peace I stride and flee
Your musing thoughts caressed by fear
I hear some nightingales, they sing
My withered dreams to healBeauty's rose should never die
My grief lies onward, joy behind
But nature calls it to be gone
So tired with my woe...Stormy gusts of winter's day
For restful death I beg
Ere that sun doth wake
Drown my sins'black memoryWhat freezings have I felt
what dark days seen in sleep a kind
Mounted on the wind your barenness
comes to touch the sealsStormy gusts of winter's day
For restful death I beg
Ere that sun doth wake
Drown my sins' black memoryFor never resting time leads summer
on my heart is slain
Withing this would which iron did impress
there will a river whispering run
The very birds are mute
The dread the winter's near
Their sings, they wet my eyes
Drown my world with weeping earnestlyToo hot the eye of heaven shined
Anon, the tunnel I will find
Praise deep vermillion in the rose
What tree or stone doth want a soul?Light, thy picture in my sight
It's held within his hands
It's grounded in my heart
Disguised in bridal veilsMorning shadows wear away
How many mornings have I seen?

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