

# At Sixes and Sevens

## Peacemaker

In times of strife  
you seem to lose it all, and more somehow  
    No waning life can retrieve it  
    Can't make the world a better place to thrive  
nor can I keep on persistingYou're on the wane in funereal winds  
    with a thousand winters within  
    You're life unveil its weary eyes  
Sun sets in somber skiesYour waning desires brought to fire  
    where your withering life has been mourned  
    For a thousand years, where the pain blend with ire  
and the night enflames us both"Walk down the narrow path  
    Years of decay  
Feel life's soul-inflicting hurt once again"You're dying now  
    You make it feel somewhat divine  
    Your lenient eyes are somewhat healing  
    You make it feel the less a strife now  
A precious life cease persistingYou're on the wane and eden's hewn  
    falter still under a funereal moon  
    Your tears they sweep upon life's shore  
until the day you weep no moreSunset's on the wane  
    In life we suffer the same  
    When sundown comes around  
    stalking strangers on hollowed ground  
    Endarkened souls entwined  
    together at the end of life  
    Embrace the new divine  
or suffer another lifetimeI can feel the flames  
    the fire lick me in vain  
    My life can't be regained  
    not now, nor then, nor ever again  
    We cross our feeble hearts  
    the day our souls depart  
    Life move in strangest ways  
We died somewhat, somehow in every day