Gloomy Sunday

Emilie Autumn

Sunday is gloomy
My hours are slumberless
Dearest, the shadows I live with are numberless
Little white flowers will never awaken you
Not where the black coach of sorrow has taken you
Angels have no thoughts of ever returning you
Would they be angry if I thought of joining you?

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Gloomy is sunday
With shadows I spend it all
My heart and I have decided to end it all
Soon there'll be candles (alt.: flowers) and prayers
That are sad, I know
Let them not weep, let them know
That I'm glad to go
Death is no dream
For in death, I'm caressing you
Every last breath of my soul
I'll be blessing you

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