

Lament (french Version)

The New York Room

as dusk grows cold
and the sky comes forth,
echoes long and low
the piercing thorns of dawn
have now all gone awaybathe me in darkness
beneath thy veil
darker, darker
deep within: further, furtheroh, dark night
hold me close
tight in your arms
don't leave me alone
plagued with doubt and woe
to you I've come alone
weary and worn with scornbathe me in darkness
beneath thy veil
darker, darker
deep within: further, further

Songwriters
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