

Hymn for Death

Here beneath the lights of Heaven
As the night slips quietly by
I e'er sit among my fellows
Shadows of the ones who've died

Oft Death comes like a lonely trav'ler
Gathering those whom fate has deemed
Time now marches on without them
Far beyond where mortals dreamed

So we follow the ceaseless pilgrim
Wrapped in cloak of blackest night
'Til all memories forsaken
And we fade from wretched wight