

## The Ill-Starred Son

Insomnium

Her dirge still echoes in these woods  
Mourning lingers in the vales  
As the wind cries on the shore  
Her wailing can be heard

Mirthless is this wandering through  
Hollow days  
Like a pale ghost I waste away in  
This foul world

What sin do I atone for in this  
Dreadful way?  
Why the Gods sneer at me as I  
Keep writhing in pain?

Where has my dearest gone to?  
Where sings now my maiden fair?  
Beneath the darksome waters  
Underneath the moonlit waves

Where is our ill-starred son?  
Where lies our poor stillborn child?  
Below the silent mound  
In the arms of scared earth

She become weary of the world  
Tired of this marred life  
Burdened with sorrow far too deep  
A pain impossible to bear

There is no light at the end of this  
Blackened path  
Calm again are the sullen waters  
Before me

If Gods shall hearken to me  
Fate will be begin  
I leave these woes behind  
Depart from these cares

For we shall be reunited  
On the other side  
I descend to my love and caress her  
Forevermore