

Enchanted And In Silent Beauty

Lacrimas Profundere

... and then she became older
and left her friend in admiration
studded with bitter tears
sickening falls the colour
taste for taste
drowning in the nectar of clouds
which pass the light
blind and bleeding
as the summer ever walks through winter's woods
... those tales ...
stay far from me I lie to myself
... and still I wish
I woke up again in the shining of help
freedom and immortality
I opened my hands and call for me
... but any beauty has its thorns
in the empty pictures of your life
surrounded by radiance
in the dust of every little hope
no one can see what happens in the end
and you didn't want to see dry tears ...