

# Perfume Of Withered Roses

Lacrimas Profundere

...and the waves sighed helpless  
as the shore devoured them  
the clouds which adorned the sky

so dark but beautiful  
every stone, every stem  
is all part of a picture  
together they weave on the beholder

who takes the nature in and comprehend it  
but this picture is different from human-eye to human-eye  
though it will always be the same

bewitch me the perfume of a withered rose  
which is actually dead but the perfume (and the beauty) are steady  
though it changes please or shock the human mind  
a withered rose often in connection with grief

the withering so we say it is the end  
but everything can fade away the love the pain...

so we say that the withering is loosen from all spheres  
and it's just a cover which hides the life in it's being

but in any form the being is constant  
though it is often or eternal only the remembrance  
but the only true grief is not the withering  
it is that remembrances fall to pieces too...