

## The Bluish Shade

Aesma Daeva

When you whispered your secret,  
floating afar on a winter's fog,  
you lashed your saint,  
so I sing my silent vow.

Nothing in this world lives on, my friend.  
Nothing in this world brings back our silent vow.

I need answers for my passion.  
I need answers to life's questions.

I wish to live like all men;  
I was bound by many hopes.  
I wish to live like all men;  
I was bound by many hopes.  
We have to pay the price.

The witching hour of this dream:  
your eyes red from the salt of the sea  
and the sucking voyage of the ache that came from me.

In the bluish shade of the garden I contemplate.  
In the bluish shade of the grove I grow to hate.  
In the bluish shade I find the path of paths.

The consequence of this love.  
The consequence of my first love.

I wish to live like all men;  
I was bound by many hopes.  
I wish to live like all men;  
I was bound by many hopes.  
We have to pay the price.

My new chant begins,  
no longer scared of my life.