

Arcana

"Autumn Wed Us, Sinned And Lone"

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Deep in the autumn's grave I lay
Watching grey sky cries day by day
Hearing the silent song of the past
Feeling my future how comes to dust

Winter comes on a yesterday's rain
With bitter smile is painted in grey
Dressed in a suit of frozen tears
They are not mine -- but fallen leaves...
Winter calls with the howl of winds
Which intricate between branches of trees
I foretell that my soul too
Will go to pieces finding you

Frozen earth still keeping my sleep
My heart stopped beating under your feet
There are no dreams as there are no you
Here by my side, how sad but true...

Summer blooms after springs down
With worried flight of cirrus clouds
Warned of a thunder in piercing rain
They make me glad -- but worsened pain...
Summer ends with the croak of rooks
Which fly to south leaving my wounds
I foretell that my reason too
Will go to cities finding you

Lie naked on wet bed
I count our past lives in my head

"Leave it behind!"

Murrey blood and autumn wed
Our fates that dyed in red...

Wears of love
Weave it from blood
And rain of salt tears,
Tears...

Like bird of love
Like light breeze's puff
Sweeping us, beloved, to heavenly...

Pain, filth, hate
Bane, grief,
Sate

Your thirsting knife's blade,
Copulate it with veins and wait for the trip
Then tremors in throat, first step to the grip
Of hairy queen's hand that wieldeth the rod

Of the life or the mort
Because you're fool,
Self-dependent parting's tool

Don't be unfaithful to your love, which granted by the
Lucid Gods
When Norn unites the clues of lots, creating flower of
love
Without fail we need to find our roving second half
And without part we'll keep the flame of our hearts like
only origin of life
This zygote of true happiness and harmony for us

Heed me, my love, I feel your heart
Your darling warmth not far away but
Impenetrable grounds divide
Us and I trust we'll meet some time!

Autumn roars with funeral gales
It brings me cold, it roughly wales
My weary soul that turns into sore
Sophistic thoughts that clothed in gore
Autumn falls with the gold of leafage
I'll be eternal winter's liege
You whisper me that "My heart misses!"
For my clasps and ardent kisses...

Ghostly smoke covers my bed --
Here I lay can't rise my head
Under glass-painted by the frost --
I enchained my faith to lost

Trembling, freezing in the fairy land
I won't read the answer for the letter I've sent
Sleeping, watching all the strangest dreams
I will never rise again my wings...

Anguished slough will not absorb

Our feelings and our throb

I please, believe and hope!

Look upon the frights of mob
Rise thyself o'er the globe!

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