

Dissection

"Celebration Of Trampled Flowers"

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Wistful shadow of the past
Sailed through gloomy depth of my dreaming.
The love vanished in my wishes
And I kissed the flower of perdition.

From the river of time with sorrow is seized my soul.
The garden faded and by blood are dimmed my eyes.
Every day increases on my heart the scratch.
Why I have to, when I don't want go on?

Perhaps it was all mere dream,
The story which once happened.
But I feel anxiety and grief.
Why closed eyes of them, which I loved so much?

From the river of time with sorrow is seized my soul.
The garden faded and by blood are dimmed my eyes.
Every day increases on my heart the scratch.
Why I have to, when I don't want go on?

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