

Dissection

"Damocles Gladius"

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Tomorrow is chamber of sadness grieving for today,
When the prophets break so unfeelingly the ray of my
luck.

And I my hand rear to you kissed by pain,
To forever take down from mute mouth the bitter fruit
of my wailing.

I interweaved by aure of despair,
I judge that the joy is only punishment for me,
Only load of other disappointment,
Which I can't already bear anymore.

Also sorrow me dresses, dresses me in his tearful
clothing.
On this distressful way, on which is obvious to pity.
I, on crossway of joy and sadness, my mind search,
If the pleasure sheer fief is and the kingdom is the
sorrow?!

I interweaved by aure of despair,
I judge, that the joy is only punishment for me,
Only load of other disappointment,
Which I can't already bear anymore.

I pressed, in dreams pressed on my heart the gentlest
flower.
And I craved, how vainly craved, when in my soul the
grief started to push.
Oversad, oversad the song pitiless fate didn't stop to
sing to me.
Although the love in my heart abundantly blooms, here
isn't why,
Ah, here isn't why to enjoy!

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