

Dissection

"The Gate To The Hereafter"

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In darkneses I saw her cheerless world,
In which eyes are drowned like aimless shots.
Oh, orphaned was the rose, which her flower was taken
away
And never again hasn't bloomed among asfodels of
Hades.

Even one tear is more that I'd wish.
And words countless, which I can't say ever more.
The words from my lips someone removed,
My vain longing not seeing.

How cold is arm of uninvited sorrow,
Which hasn't stopped from my palm so far to read to
me.
Unreally empty morning of uncrowned kings
Burns for you slowly and silently like blank sheet.

Even one tear is more that I'd wish.
And words countless, which I can't say ever more.
The words from my lips someone removed,
My vain longing not seeing.

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