

Dissolving Of Prodigy "The Torment In Blind Eyes"

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Perhaps the wind itself from old myth sweped the dust
away,

In a sleep of a beauty frigg caused the fear.

Ah worried, worried is Balde's mother,

So worried, that even the death takes a pity on him.

I saw the meadow full of faces,

Faces full of child's smile.

Their eyes lived for the joy

And the death was only dream.

But the grief dimmed my eyes by blood

And the time blew the horrifying day.

And I for this beauty,

Now in recollections mourn only.

Bitter thorn is the joy of other.

Innocence of blind eyes of brother

Starkles in cruel trap of envy,

Which like treacherous rose

Lacerates the white palm,

So as under the veil of sweet smell

Sees the fright of pain

In his eyes.

And the death like swan's neck

Flew toward the end of his life.

Vindictive, but full of tears

Is malice of mother,

Which by death of dearest

Is drowning in agony of grief.

Crowning by bottomless nostalgia,

Helplessly seeks in the eyes of death

The forgiveness, but it was fated her

To be destitute further.

When the envy wakes up the pain

And the innocence is betrothed with baseness,

Then by sorrow mourns even the death

And the life parts with the joy.

I saw the meadow full of faces,
Faces full of child's smile.
Their eyes lived for the joy
And the death was only dream.
But the grief dimmed my eyes by blood
And the time blew the horrifying day.
And I for this beauty,
Now in recollections mourn only.

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