

Empyrium

"The Ensemble Of Silence"

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And again the moon is on the wave, gliding gently into me,
on silent wings the night comes from there,
as my heart longs to thee...

...for in my hand I still hold the rose that froze long times ago,
its leafs have withered, it ceased to grow - left in me is woe.

The wine of love, is o so sweet, but bitter is regret,
I knew at sunset I would meet the ascending veils of dread.

Before my eyes nocturnal curtains fall,
The dark and gentle haze of the night, greedily devours all.

The Night:
"Woe to him whose heart is filled with bitter rue and who drowns in grief"

In the silence of the night I loose myself,
it makes me drunken with its sweet blue sound.

In the drunk'ness of solitude
I fear no more the solemn realms of death
No single sigh from my lips as I drink the wine of bitterness
My heart is aching nevermore
for I know that all may end
Just I and the poetry of the night
Now forever one....

Just I and the poetry of the night, now forever one,
The ensemble of silence plays so beautiful for me...

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