

Ephel Duath "New Disorder"

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Finally,
Disharmony has a brilliant face.
A sinuous gait of unhappiness raises
Like this oblivion.
It's so sweet to come across my holes again.

Let it be removed to become your dress,
Disdain will be your new order.

The final turning seems to corrupt my thoughts,
I have to leave this safety
To admire all the blooming details.

Could it be possible to endure this degrading siege?
Easy to realize when the poetry is in order to end
But towards which decay will lower my eyes now?

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