

Estatic Fear

"Somnium Obmutum"

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Aumquam orem dulcem obliviscor de ea somniare non
cassavi.

Sed quod pulchrior et desiderandios illa somnia sunt
ea major tristia mea cum expergiscor.

Tamen desiderio noctes illam dulces sed dolorosas, ut
regno somnii amorem meum osculis teneris tegere et
suum capillum aureum permulcere.

Conamen meae mentis spem tepirire interiret per
scientia oprimeta.

Devoratus per somnium obmutitum, lugen plenus
desiderio.

As the lorn nightingales' melodious pain, dies away
through the dusk-impregnated air a sweet, forgiving
silence, delivers me from daily despair.

Dreams of sweetest emotion touch my heart and
smother my daily surpresses cries, while a vision of
beauty, pure and dear inspires me with a glimpse of
paradise.

Wandering like a vagabund, expelled from the joys of
men. Barred from the pleasure of company I solitary
roam the night.

How should I ever summon my courage, when the
bitter gale of failure dominates my heart. How should I
ever enjoy the glare of the morning, when with the
fading of the shadows shelter departs.

As the moon kisses the sea and casts it's glitter on the
water and majestically silence engulfes the lands, a
dream woven of bitterness, joy and desire stealthfully
embraces my solitary heart.

Horis lucis simplex
crescere, et somniator.
Repudiatur nam sensus
ab simplice redeor.

Through scies of charming beauty, up to the stars
devine, my mind lifts up enchanted, casts of all earthly

chains. Subdued by nights sensation, engulfed by
sweet temptation I kiss the seals of slumber and let my
spirit dream.

Doubtful thoughts pull back my heart. The flame of
delight chases to burn.

For every smile shall wither, the hopeful laughter fade,
the cup of joys illusions bashed from the craving lips.
And as all hopes are shattered, the last of passions
scattered, the gale of bitter failure is all that shall
remain.

Cursed by my creator and the spark of existence, so
unvoluntary bestowed. Come forth spirits of my solitary
past, emotions of havok and destruction be unleashed.

I wonder if I ever could regain the virtues I have cast
off long ago.

I wonder if my eyes will ever catch a token of the
sympathy I still crave.

And all emotion of my former days dilute. For I shall
learn how to live with the truth. Soon I shall strip off the
boundaries of hope.

For a caring soul.

Der fluchtig Vergnugungen mude, der Tag voller
qualvollem frust.

Wann mag der einst wohlvertraut friede, endlich
wieder erfüllen die Brust. Und als der guldnen Sterne
Glanz verging und des
Morgens Rot am Himmel hing da ward des Nachts
Freud und Bluck zerstoben ein neuer jamervoller Tag
erhoben.

Wohin verflogen der Stunden Zeit wohin des Nachts
verhullnd Barmherzigkeit.

So flieht mein Sinn dem Bimmel bleich in Trubsinn
schwer an Kummer reich.

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