

Hortus Animae

"Chapter Eight: A Gothic Ghost / The Death Of All Beauty"

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Oh how hurting was the touch, lived as an omen of
farewell... greyness fell upon an already darkened
dream, when never seen the sorrow, when never seen
the pain.

Now we face the walk all through the garden, blood red
flowers gathered round...

In a sorrowful embrace we won't fear the thorns, we
won't fear the pain...

Let us walk towards the light, call it destiny or fate...

And the wounds, let them be opened, 'cause the
stream that flows is love and the stream that flows is
hate...

No existing beauty has ever had a brighter shine than
thine.

Now you fade away.

Like sand from my hand, you slip away

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