

Lykathea Aflame

"Shine Of Consolation"

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The outside is corrugated very much so far
It reflects the Sun only a little,
There is too much obscurity and chill.
Please expose your soul and become a mirror,
Warmth and light throw to gloomy lands,
Ruin that musty crypts,
...yet there is no stronger might!

How intensively I long for that indescribably
magnificence
Whose twinkles I have every so often seen here on the
Earth.

Oh the strong wind tear the grey clouds on my sky
Otherwise I cannot tell about the Sun.

Too often I am dipped by the tears of sadness...
My sadness... homesickness

"You even do not know that your home is elsewhere!
Inhospitable lands you have called your home!"
"Why can't you search for a home with me?
Why do your ears not hear the call of home?
Perhaps it's too gentle for them?"

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