

Nihili Locus **"Silvara"**

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Fogs sweep away my wishes, beyond their sinuous run
nothing is endless, I don't remember my tale.
Under the sky embroidered
with stars that wou embrace every night,
I pick up your last dreams,
and I hear the fleeting tune of your glooms.
I aim at the drawing of the run of your life,
and your coldness, that runs after the fogs
and penetrates into my bones.
Your soul seems to dance in front of me,
dressed in white, with her slender hands raising

to get to God, and every leaf under your feet
stands for a year wasted to find him.
Silvery wood rise, set up to the eternal night,
to pull away the veil of this blasphemous light.
Silvery wood cry, for the shades of the night,
while the wind blows the song of your eternal sigh.
My soul is lost in your harmonious world.
The wood is showing its real face,
the moon quivers in Silvara's embrace.

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