## Ophthalamia "This Is The Pain Called Sorrow / To The Memory Of Me"

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[whisper] This paper have gone creased of all these dripping tears of mine [whisper] but I won't change it so that you'll see my grief

The grey cloudness heaven weeps in it's painfull anguish

The mistfilled morning outside is paralysing my mind My eyes are like to fading ravens on a snowfilled sky My features are as dying and fading as the rivers of love

This is the pain called sorrow My scream echoes in the night This is the no-tomorrow My useless everlasting fight

[whisper] reality bleeds

Snowdressed whispers gently fall down on silent ground if visions in

Beauty

...ahh under the stars the ancient trees watch my cry The horizon is filled with black bird singing moaning songs

As my last breath caresses my lips... watch me leave Who lays a thought on me now as I lie here forgotten? My eyes memories have been wiped away The speech of my mouth can't be awaken no more My hair which once played with the wind have stopped it's game Don't wake me up!

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