

Penitent "The Black Lake"

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It was august.
Already the nights were dark,
but still they were warm.
Warm and soft as black velour.

Black Velvet..
A mix of the deep and dark melancholia.

We wandered in the moonlight.
I remember it was fullmoon.
We hid in the shadows under the trees,
and tried to scare eachother.
As time went by we were touched by the magical
atmosphere,

and moved around as silently as possible.
Maybe we had a secret hope.
A hope to see the elves dance in the forests light.

Still the lake was there in front of us.
The moon was bathing in its blank surface.
I remember your body..
Almost completely white in the moonlight.
The water was warm and still black.

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