

Sad Theory "Dropping Dry Leaves"

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Whispers from time is heard and embrace dead trees
Autumn falls merciless, crossing land: pale season
fades man
Nothing is done, nothing but dirt, and places damp
seize.
In flames, you call the heartless, draining mind: bloody

No quimeras,
only empty blows out of gentle desire
Fancy thrusts
the mourning mood fairly slow

Dissemble
hideous beatings steadily arose
Suavity holds drums sounds along with dim rays

Shame hangs sagacity above groans of grief

Liquor spreads nonsense chords in oaks
Bride's velvet embraces cold corpses.
Oh wind! Carry my conscious. Untie my presence.

Struggle with men's contempt
Deceive the illusion of being a knight.
Effusive delirium states above certainty;

All is nothing: truth is a fake.

Hoisting sounds from pallid stars
Devote sonorous pain to eternal rest
Young Faith's sordid smile ponders:
Memory in Mausoleum, mendacity in me!

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