

Sad Theory "Soundless End"

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(Part I - Tottering Dearth)

(Carlos / Juan)

I have been told it is a place where I could be living with myself.

Even though I see no one there, I carry my heavy being ahead.

The soft sound and dampness of here give me the impression of its space: And there is none to me.

As I turn around, I can visualize voices. They are all one. I feel I am lost in doubt towards reality.

I have seen myself being taken by her. She brought me all.

She made me understand I am here only for her.

Have no laugh, have no tears.

Emptiness holds me around together with the fullness of life.

She had given my existence its name.

And there came poetry held with her, quietly entering the door, dwelling my soul.

She said she would take me to the most beautiful land my eyes were able to see.

We have sailed for thousands of days, crossed seas, rivers, lands, not a sound on the way passed between us.

And finally, there we were: it was a small wooden house, close to a lake.

She invited me to enter.

Opened the door.

Turn off the lights.

There were a silhouette of a man laying in a bed...

The old man over the bed is all I have become: soundless!

(Part II - Enchantress)

(Carlos Machado)

Cry not the tears stronglessness my friend
And be prepared for the enchanted end
And never close your eyes to sadness.

Here is the theory that brings you pain:
Breath the book and lift the air again,
So that you can lay your head down the tempest...

(Second voice)
Crawling through the sailing
Theory of the pain
We are new breath of all sorrow.

(Third voice)
Here the moment stands
Here sadness lives
I really Know you!

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