Ashmolean "Nightly Disguise"

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In the garden of eden, tempastuous lust introduce night with the sweet howling of wolfs, darkness conquers all the light As I float on the wind, they're my master

I behold thee, and time, bewitched is experienced faster and faster Flames of endless pain, dancing in your tiny eyes as you stare right trough my humble disguise

Invested in me, the strength of your healing toutching you, softly, as your body has lost all feeling ghostlike images appear in my mind as I try to search but do not find.

Small nightmares of daylight, cursed by despair impowerded by dreams, of your distinguished flair to the deepest depth, my heart cleaved from pain

with a reflection imprinted by shame

Those who could really stir my heart to the ground and could fathom it by the truth

They would find many fresh bleeding wounds, and in spite of the low of nature, I will stay in the grief in the misery of love.

As I put on my nightly disguise for you and fly away remeber my gifts for you.

Deep as the sea I pressed in my heart, her mouth and her sweet face Because she is my shield from all

Not knowing how I could forget her and if destiny remains

A powerfull reward of life

When the joy is over and the courage abbs away the tidal way of passion.

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