

Asguard

"Last Day Of The Real Existence"

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When you realize
That what you believed in due to your levity
Was only illusion,
Illusion or sham
And being more exact
Utopia of that unfeasible
And unreal Happiness,
That had been prepared
By the fate
And which you had destroyed,
Having believed that
You were the master
Of the world,
Master of eternal life,
And that you could control destiny
But you didn't believe

That it was only a dream
And that all dreams
Sometimes came to an end.

This is the last day
Of real existence.
The Sun is shining differently,
Something playful, seducing, and
Attractive is felt
In this world, in this
Indescribable beauty of nature.
This is just sunlight
That is slightly hidden
By a cloud.

Creation entrancing me...
Who are you?
An unknown genius creator
Who was able to create
This world, this wood
This field, this rain.

Oh, My God, this is rain.
Warm summer rain,

My last summer rain.
My tears of deep sorrow,
Tears of revelation,
Tears of bitterness.

I'll never see it again.
How could I be so mistaken,
How could I believe in unreal,
Attractive, but deceptive.

The last summer rain, so tender,
So warm like the most secret dreams
Which you are going through the last time

The time has come,
Time of retribution,
Time of this unknown,
Which seemed so attractive
And turned out to be
So deceptive.
Time of a dream,
And eternal sleep.

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