

## Sopor Aeternus "Im Garten Des Nichts"

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Wage nicht, mich zu berühren! Dies ist der Garten des Nichts. Hier kannst Du niemanden täuschen, niemand belügen, dein Herz ist aus Glas im Garten des Nichts. Hier bist "Du" wertlos, nichts als Fleisch. Fleisch für die Bestie(n) im Garten des Nichts ....

Deine Schreie verhallen hier ungehört, und Deine Hoffnungen ... von eigener Hand, zerstört. Im Garten des Nichts ... "Ein geheimes Licht schlüft in der Finsternis, öffne Deine Augen erkenne wer Du bist! Brenne und werde zu Licht!"

I close my eyes and breath the light within myself ...- it has been there all the time. How blind I had been, I couldn't see. I have searched the outside for the answer ...- it was me.

Steig' hinab in die Hölle, damit Du erkennst, woher Du kommst, damit Du erkennst, wohin Du gehst. Fühle den Schmerz, fühle den Haß, fühle die Qual, die Einsamkeit. "Erhebe Dein böses Auge!" Du bist Dein böses Auge, und wohin du auch schaust, stets erblickst Du Dich selbst.

Öffne Deine Augen!!! Nicht Fleisch bist Du, steige hinab n das Fleisch, doch nicht Fleisch bist Du!!! Nicht Dunkelheit bist Du, darum falle, falle hinab in die Dunkelheit ...- und träume! Aber halte Dich vor dem Schlaf!"

"Ein geheimes Licht schlüft in der Finsternis, öffne Deine Augen, erkenne wer Du bist. Brenne und werde zu Licht! Reich' mir die Hand, denn wir sind das Band. Die Brücke, der Bogen zwischen Unten und Oben. Brenne und werde zu Licht!"

6. Time stands still ... (... but stops for no-one)

That little mountain rises while other dissolve into a plain, time redefines itself and falls in sadness grain by grain ... "Time heals all the wounds", the two -

tongued echoes seem to say, but nothing, nothing changes, still pain remains, won't pass away ... I went weal as I grew old, and time itself has made me slow, and as I close my eyes in sadness a thousand seasons come and go ... Mighty enough to cover all and also cruel enough to reveal, but the wounds and scars I carry neither force nor kiss can heal ... No, time heals nothing, nothing, nothing, spitefully turns away and laughs, leaves you half-broken and in defiance is only added another scar ... Call it "blind" how I am writhing, counting hours, centuries. The pain it glows and grows in tides, unable to vanish, unwilling to cease ... No time heals nothing, nothing, nothing, pushes 'till we're diving into different flesh. Time heals nothing, nothing, nothing in the coldness of the inner flames... time's fingers claw, I am losing hold, there is no hope for me on earth. Time either still or maybe rushing, in any case it will turn out worse ... Time is fleeting, time stands still, it stops for no-one and we're trapped withing. Though I may dream of the light, I am falling back to the left-hand side ... "How I wish that I was dead and rest in final peace, but even the luxury of death can't cure the wounds time cannot heal..."

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