

Aesma Daeva, The Bluish Shade

When you whispered your secret,
floating afar on a winter's fog,
you lashed your saint,
so I sing my silent vow.
Nothing in this world lives on, my friend.
Nothing in this world brings back our silent vow.
I need answers for my passion.
I need answers to life's questions.
I wish to live like all men;
I was bound by many hopes.
I wish to live like all men;
I was bound by many hopes.
We have to pay the price.
The witching hour of this dream:
your eyes red from the salt of the sea
and the sucking voyage of the ache that came from me.
In the bluish shade of the garden I contemplate.
In the bluish shade of the grove I grow to hate.
In the bluish shade I find the path of paths.
The consequence of this love.
The consequence of my first love.
I wish to live like all men;
I was bound by many hopes.
I wish to live like all men;
I was bound by many hopes.
We have to pay the price.
My new chant begins,
no longer scared of my life.