

Agathodaimon, When She Is Mute

Although the world would call me free
Each day the more her slave am I
For in her very way to be
There's I don't know what
I don't know why
Already from the day we met
Was my freedom mortal shot
She's but a girl as they, and yet
There's something more, I don't know what
No matter what we speak or do
The moments in sweet silence fly
For somehow there is music, too
When she is mute, I don't know why
So likely to my dying day
To follow her will be my lot
For in her sweet and candid way
There's I don't know why
I don't know what