

Aion, Suffering

I stand at the grave of a woman who suffered.
Great is my grieve.
Still I could reverse the unfortunate course.
But... I'm sorry.
You were beautiful and innocent, unfortunately
Your chosen one didn't appreciate that.
Eternal humiliation made him
Have control over you. Oh beautiful stranger...
You were crying at night, asking God for salvation
You were asking for alleviation of pain that he
Caused in cruel manner.
You were already dead when I came to take you away from him.
Oh beautiful forgive me my hesitation, forgive me.
I stand at her grave with a handful of soil.
Goodbye beautiful stranger.