

# Delight, The Fading Tale

The crowd is lamenting over  
The tragic fate of victims  
Despite the fact that about the Drama  
On the stage of her ensnare soul  
They are silent

Desolate scene under the old tree's neck  
Waiting for justice from the stormy sky  
On the dark faded pictures  
Among shards, raspberries were scattered

Only little stream of blood  
Was fouling porcelain mouth  
A figure of the beloved in the glassy glance  
The sweetness of her face  
Was absorbing crowd's attention

In the darkness the troubled eyes  
Have aroused true emotions  
The knife was still warm  
The betrayed lover  
Which was scalding hand  
She has thrown it straight away...

Bitter wine on their wedding day  
She'd been drinking it in loneliness  
In the circle of whirling crowd  
Holy silence instead of scream  
She had become desirous of what  
She shouldn't have ever dreamt

Playing a part of a beautiful bride  
Was not her destiny  
The old tree's neck within the sight  
To put to death her insanity

Desolate scenes under the old tree's neck  
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