

Empyrium, The Ensemble Of Silence

And again the moon is on the wave, gliding gently into me,
on silent wings the night comes from there, as my heart longs to thee...

For in my hand I still hold the rose that froze long times ago,
its leafs have withered, it ceased to grow - left in me this woe.
The wine of love, is o so sweet, but bitter is regret,
I knew at sunset I would meet the ascending veils of dread.

Before my eyes nocturnal curtains fall,
The dark and gentle haze of the night, greedily devours all.
"Woe to him whose heart is filled with bitter rue and who drowns in grief"
In the silence of the night I loose myself,
it makes me drunken with its sweet blue sound.

In the drunk'ness of solitude I fear no more the solemn realms of death
No single sigh from my lips as I drink the wine of bitterness
My heart is aching nevermore for I know that all may end
Just I and the poetry of the night, now forever one...
Just I and the poetry of the night, now forever one,
The ensemble of silence plays so beautiful for me... .