

Ephel Duath, My Glassy Shelter (Dirty White)

Is it so useless to talk
With these still shades?
Sometimes it seems that
I spy my moves
Through the vent of a glass stone.

...But what am I observing?
The sandpit I'm digging
Doesn't seem deep enough,
'cause the cries of the wounded wave
are covering my strains.

But I long for this amorphous embrace
To reach close connections with my
Ego:
This is the spiral...

Is it so useless to talk
with these still shades?