

Klimt 1918, Suspense Music

There is no moonrise yet to come.
May this moment close to you be eternal.
Time to bear the gain.
In the deafness all my wish I stand.
May the infinity of suspense haunt me.
Your hands are in mine.

Time has come and the world just stops
without deep sorrow to endure now.
I want you
I always knew. I have been blind.
I will have faith in night.

I surrender all control for you.
May this moment close to you be eternal.
I can't conceal myself.