

Ophthalmia, This is the Pain Called Sorrow / To

(whisper) This paper have gone creased of all these dripping tears of mine
(whisper) but I won't change it so that you'll see my grief

The grey cloudness heaven weeps in its painfull anguish
the mistfilled morning outside is paralysing my mind
my eyes are like to fading ravens on a snowfilled sky
my features are as dying and fading as the rivers of love
This is the pain called sorrow
my scream echoes in the night
this is the no-tomorrow
my useless everlasting fight

(whisper) reality bleeds

Snowdressed whispers gently fall down on silent ground if visions in
beauty
...ahh under the stars the ancient trees watch my cry
the horizon is filled with black bird singing moaning songs
as my last breath caresses my lips... watch me leave
Who lays a thought on me now as I lie here forgotten ?
my eyes memories have been wiped away
the speech of my mouth can't be awaken no more
my hair which once played with the wind have stopped it's game
Don't wake me up !