

Sopor Aeternus, Beautiful Thorn

Ivy kissed the shadows,
As mo(u)rning lusts for dew,
She with lips of sweetest pain,
Lies in wait for you.
With the dawn she went away,
Before mist veiled the earth,
Nothing remained - except for the wounds -
The only gift of her.

"Oh, for themselves they should despair,
When our graves lie in silence, but we're not there.
When there are voices close to your ear,
But no reflection is haunting the mirror."
With the dawn we fade away,
Before mist veils the earth,
Nothing remains, except for the wounds ... -
The only gift of him, me ... or her.