

Sopor Aeternus, R

Over there that little mountain rises, while some others dissolve into a plain.
Time redefines itself and falls in sadness, grain by grain ...
"Time, my dear, heals all the wounds", the two-tongues echoes seem to say.
But nothing, nothing changes here, this pain remains and will not go away.

(Lament:)

"I went weak, as I grew old, and time itself has made me slow ...
And as I close my eyes in sadness, a thousand seasons come and go ..."

Might enough to cover all and also cruel enough to reveal,
but all the wounds and scars he carries neither force nor kiss can ever heal.

Time heals nothing, nothing, nothing ...
Spitefully turns away and laughs.
Leaves you half-broken and in defiance is only added another scar ...
(x2)

Call it "blind" how he is writhing, counting hours, centuries ...
The pain it grows and glows in tides, unable to vanish, unwilling to cease ...

Time heals nothing, nothing, nothing ...
Pushes 'till we're diving into different flesh.
Time heals nothing, nothing, nothing " Petrified with some unnameable shame...

(Lament:)

"Time's fingers claw, I am losing hold. They say: There is no hope for you on earth.
Time either still or maybe rushing ... - In any case it will always turn out worse ..."
Time is fleeting, time stands still, it stops for no-one and you are trapped within.
But I do dream of the light " You're only falling back into the left-hand side...

(Rsum:)

"How I wish what I was dead and rest in final peace ...
But even the luxury of death can't cure the wounds that time cannot heal ..."