

Ved Buens Ende..., You That May Wither

A distant cry...
From whom I perished for?
No...
You are born...
...the winterburden

I bled your tears once.
If only I could wither,
You, That May Wither

A distant cry...
From what I perished for?
No...
It was born...
The winterburden.
I bled its tears once...
Oh, if only it could wither,
wither in the absence of your thoughts.

So I cry...

I cry not only for my spirit in its living shell.
But for the ones who used the lust for me.