

Aseidad, Wish / Eternal Autumn

Until my eyes be closed
spectral shadows cover,
my weary soul.
Long time ago,
my destiny was marked for
degeneration,
my weary soul.

autumn

The gelid arms of the infamy
drown me in dark deep waters
my weary soul.
The flesh is colored
with the blood of disgrace.
You won't come back over
groove of my entrails,
my eternal autumn.