

# Christ Agony, Temptation Ov Lost

So cold without you  
So empty...  
Only lonely memories  
Remaining in the mirror  
Tattooed with looks  
You wear a smell of yearning  
Driven by memories  
You walk to the river  
Dressed in ecstasy  
Showering sensual charms...  
You await...  
Pan-existing clocks measure time cruelly  
You do not give up...  
With your proud look  
You smile towards the stars  
Snow smells so beautifully with the past  
This penance has no end  
Without your breath  
Without your desire...  
I cannot do anything about it  
Only the withered river awaits me  
One of her banks so lonely  
Like the uneven space of boundlessness and chaos...  
You dance to the words  
You exist in the spells  
Taste of thoughts and smell of jasmine felt right next to you...  
Dispassionate is the time  
Like grath of red rose  
Living just in your mouth...  
This penance has no end  
Without your breath  
Without your desire...  
It is so beautiful to exist  
On the other side of the mirror  
Only there your spells may be felt...  
Only there we find ourselves...  
This penance has no end  
Without your breath  
Without your desire...