

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...