

Crimson Moonlight, My Grief, My Remembrance

Who put an end to all the beauty...?
The splendour of the days gone by...
Its mild and steady glow that lit up the gloomy loneliness..?

What could turn all the warm and true happiness
Into cold desperate tears without end..?
What made the strong, tough man become again
a scared little boy...?

I watch out over the desert of Death ..
It's silent, barren landscape surrounds me...
I feel cold...
The burning sun, always shining brightly,
Giving me warmth and light...
Tell me, is it gone for ever...?
Has its vitalizing warmth for ever been extinct
By gloomy, heavy fog..?

Again I feel the mortal horror bite me
As I stare at all these deaths
Which were once full of life,
Which were once life itself...

The birds under the sky have fallen in the dark,
Their wings, deprived of their strength, can't carry them any more...
Birdsongs have died away into silence,
Slowly died away has every joyous symphony...
The wild beasts are not to be seen any more,
To their burrows they have returned to find peace for time indefinite...

The acres of flowery meadows,
The flowers have bowed their heads to the ground,
And have all returned to earth...
Just the thistles and thorns are still standing erect
As I stand like a withered rose
Alone with all my pain...

To the brim full of sorrow, wounded and forgotten...
But always carrying my remembrance
Of a Hope that never dies...