

Decoryah, Reaching Melancholia

A pond portrays mirage.
Which mirrors deep space - deep space
I dive again into pleasures
by taking myself to the pond

I perceive the place where I lost my love
Now, only grey woods are standing in the frost
I touch it I feel it my faded love
I'm somewhere here, but I can't behold !

Brooks streams and sombre liquid lies in vague pond
Lamenting sounds from cathedral we hear... or do we ?