

# Empyrium, Lover's Grief

O gothic moon thy shine encharmest me tonight  
Bereavest me of sleep, makest me wander under thy light.  
Thou letst abloom my heart until the very last of thy ray.  
Shine, bereaver of sleep, ere black clouds hide thee away....

I know this can't be eternal!  
No love hath ever conquered the borders of time!  
No beauty is everlasting, not even thine!  
But o how I wished your heart would fore'er be mine...

Thy eyes caress myself to endure these painful lies...  
The moon's assistance makest me ask...  
Why can't we be stars?

Stars that shine forever...  
Stars that unite with the night...

At the horizon the dark stormclouds of sorrow have gathered their might,  
neither the moon nor the stars reveal their light this night...  
and rain keeps falling, pouring down into my soul,  
while wild weeping clouds enwrapp me with their woe.