

Ephel Duath, The Unpoetic Circle (Bottle Green)

It is quite ironic,
I can't slow down this run,
But this was my object:
To feel.

Here,
Without disturbances,
Lives the sound,
I want to close this cycle,
But is it equilibrium?
We are sliding but all appears so immobile.

And I'm so different from me:
It's so stupid.
Please sketch a portrait to define,
I will offer you our faces,
Incompleteness,
Indefinite resistance.

Here,
Without disturbances,
Lives the sound,
I want to close this cycle,
But is it equilibrium?

We are sliding but all appears so immobile.