

Estatic Fear, Somnium Obmutum

Aumquam orem dulcem obliviscor de ea somniare non cassavi.
Sed quod pulchrior et desiderandios illa somnia sunt ea major tristia mea cum expergiscor.
Tamen desiderio noctes illam dulces sed dolorosas, ut regno somnii amorem meum oculis teneris
Conamen meae mentis spem tepirire interiret per scientia oprimeta.
Devoratus per somnium obmututum, lugen plenus desiderio.

As the lorn nightingales' melodious pain, dies away through the dusk-impregnated air,
A sweet forgiving silence, delivers me from daily despair.

Dreams of sweetest emotion touch my heart and smother my daily suppressed cries, while a vision

Wandering like a vagabond, expelled from the joys of men. Barred from the pleasure of company I

How should I ever summon my courage, when the bitter gale of failure dominates my heart? How s

As the moon kisses the sea and casts its glitter on the water,
and majestically silence engulfs the lands,
a dream woven of bitterness joy and desire stealthfully embraces my solitary heart.

Horis lucis simplex
crescere, et somniator.
Repudiatur nam sensus
ab simplice redeor.

Through skies of charming beauty, up to the stars divine,
my mind lifts up enchanted, casts of all earthly chains.
Subdued by nights sensation, engulfed by sweet temptation,
I kiss the seals of slumber and let my spirit dream.

Doubtful thoughts pull back my heart.
The flame of delight chases, to burn.

For every smile shall wither, the hopeful laughter fade,
the cup of joys illusions bashed from the craving lips.
And as all hopes are shattered, the last of patience gathered,
the gale of bitter failure is all that shall remain.

Cursed by my creator, and the spark of existence, so involuntarily bestowed.
Come forth spirits of my solitary past, emotions of havoc and destruction be unleashed.
Be unleashed.

I wonder if I ever could regain the virtues I have cast off long ago.

I wonder if my eyes will ever catch a token of the sympathy I still crave.

And all emotion of my former days dilute. For I shall learn how to live with the truth. Soon I shall str

For a caring soul.

Der fluchtig Vergnugungen mude, der Tag voller qualvollem frust.
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Wann mag der einst wohlvertraut friede, endlich wieder erfullen die Brust.

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Und als der guldnen Sterne Glanz verging und des

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Morgens Rot am Himmel hing da ward des Nachtens Freud und Bluck zerstoben ein neuer jamerv
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Wohin verflogen der Stunden Zeit wohin des Nachts verhullnd Barmherzigkeit.

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So flieht mein Sinn dem Bimmel bleich in Trubsinn schwer an Kummer reich.
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