

Gothica, The Pure Nymph

The leaves grown dark
By the autumn wind fall
Cover the ground,
Cover your body,
The wrapping of your being
That hides your true ego.

The warm dew of your eyes flows,
Nothing is there to wait for her,
It gets lost in the void,
Nothing needs their torpor.

Glitter in the sun
That passes through your body
And immerses it in candid dazzle,
The night is coming, the Orient is dancing,
Whirling in his veils, voluptuous dance
Wraps the world.

.And the wood that contains you,
Oh my goddess. And all is mystery,
Possible enigma, incomprehensible fear.