

Lykathea Aflame, On the Way Home

His heart he offers them

...and they spurn.

Then in silence and seclusion

...silently he weeps.

However there is no one coming all along

who would wipe the tears from

his careworn face away.

And so with each brith of a day he gets up

and sets forth the new pilgrimage.

His endless heart stays opened still,

so that everyone could enter...

...only visitors sometimes come...

He is not clad like a king,

his garments bear the sign of distant lands,

though he is the embodiment of thee Lord.

So night after night as wave after wave

lonely yearning and silent weep dissembls

and they are smitting upon the merciless shore of body...

I wish my pilgrimage to reach home already.