

# Lykathea Aflame, Sadness and Strength

You have pierced me, human being,  
it wasn't for the first time and I believe it wasn't for the last time.  
You even don't know it  
but so often you are shedding my blood,  
frequently I do not have the strength for you.  
Then I retire into my palace veiled  
in the morning vesture of apathy.

Still I haven't found inside of you  
what I am looking for a long time.  
Silently I just beg this wasn't phantasm...

How much more shedded blood and tears is  
awaiting before my soul comes home?  
The eyes of mine sow the wistful  
longing on the firmament.

I will give you mercy... even I am bleeding  
Mercy and sympathy... the arms of the strong and longing ones.  
When I advance on my way... I'll begin to pray for you.