Lykathea Aflame, Shine of Consolation

The outside is corrugated very much so far it reflects the Sun only a little, there is too much obscurity and chill. Please expose your soul and become a mirror, warmth and light throw to gloomy lands, ruin that musty crypts, ...yet there is no stronger might!

How intensively I long for that indescribably magnificence whose twinkles I have every so often seen here on the Earth.

Oh the strong wind tear the grey clouds on my sky otherwise I cannot tell about the Sun.

Too often I am dipped by the tears of sadness... My sadness... homesickness

" You even do not know that your home is elsewhere! Inhospitable lands you have called your home! " " Why can't you search for a home with me? Why do your ears not hear the call of home? Perhaps it's too gentle for them? "