

# Sea Of Desperation, 22nd November

I regret I'm pain  
I am paralyzed  
Good days are gone  
October meet moonrise  
I am forced back  
To place you had died  
I found your dress, it holds your scent  
My eyes was full of tears

As light swiftly drown  
Strong wings of grief is spread  
I flee through time  
Your likeness comes again

In my dreams  
I see you alive  
All is the same  
And sun plays in your hairs

My mind's too weak  
To remember  
Time worst enemy  
Erasing me

My nerve strings pitched  
Night weaves nostalgic  
Drowsing oblivion  
Terrible sights

Many words are dead  
Many deeds to proof your life was good  
Are undone...