

Sopor Aeternus, Transfiguration

Nothing is in this world can be as immaculate and pure as the love of us Cold Ones for the dead. C

Our love knows neither kiss nor touch, we are embracing dust, air or ourselves when visualizing wh

And then there is the all-devouring dread:

"some day I might not bring him back ..., when my feeble mind can't help but lose the contour
Lost forever, lone and sad, gone forever to the dead ...- so far beyond the barriers of the opposite s

Yet, alas, despite it all ...

walking through these deserted halls ...

It's easy ... still ... to love the dead...-

It's easier to love the dead.