

How Like A Winter, A Flower That Sears in Silence

In this smile
You'll see my suffering
In this tears, my cruelty
My majesty
A flower that sears in silence
For whom Lord loves
Vanish
Too soon

"A flame that still burns
those candles that don't waste
just know that anything is dark
nothing is darker than dark
Stop to seek me!" (Stop to haunt me)

Will they fill with wine our empty veins?
Will we paint with silver our fragile white skins?
And we'll die to be born again together, my love...
or my chant will be left without rhyme

"Please, my love, find a place to hide
Far from me and far from the light"

Now sleep...sleep...

And I will too
Anyway, anywhere
Immortality
Laughter and distress and wrath
In this years my agony
The sympathy still torments me
my pain will live in your own death