

Unflading Sorrow

Dissolving of Prodigy

No voice, no singing,
I call at the distance.

Only like sad whaleos songs resound from dark fog
Mournful the soul lacerating lamentations.

Only the silent wind, this one my tears dries up.
Only deep silence is music of my heart,
Which entwines by roots and thorns of grief
Dies hopelessly, slowly and acerbly.

In clutches of anxiety flourishes in my soul the grief.
The rain of suffering fills up my eyes by paleness.

And I deaden by merciful cruelty,
I'm condemned the joy to reprobate.

My soul and heart now dance in convulsive
Inebriation from feelings and moods of this dream.

My life is only the shade of sorrow.
Is only the pang, the garden of woe and sadness,
When the love like shadows in light disappears,
In the light of endless darkness and gloomy nightly visions.

No voice, no singing...