

Tears

Adultery

My eyes are watering, I can't see further.
I can only touch and feel the anxiety in my heart,
Which was burnt.
What is still living in this heart?

What has resisted it's heat and yearn,
It's power and anger? What is it?

Only hope was left for me.
My tears are flowing in the cold days -
Days of cursing of the winter Kings.

My tears - this storm of black heart.
Tears - the remains of my blood.
Tears - the last piece of my life,
Which still remains to me.

I'm calling: "Come back my desire,
Come back and revive my faith!"

I'm calling for a help -
In vain - because all virgin souls
Were burnt and I'm sieged by the cold