

## Bitterness Of Loss

Autumnia

Whether you think what I regret?  
Whether you know what I grieve?  
There are no those prays and spells...  
It only a pain inside of deceased

No... I'm not alive... I'm as dream in your eyes  
No... I'm not dead... I'm (only) bitterness of loss  
No... I'm not alive... I'm only the grown old face  
No... I'm not dead... In light of the candles obsequial

Blessing all your illnesses  
I lay my hands on the fallen asleep face  
Cold and calmness...  
My palms burn... it's a pain inside of deceased

...The world of my reflections  
In your eyes... in your tears  
All comes to an end  
Whether you think...?

We shall not dare to touch  
To icons of eternity  
To reflections of our faces  
In beams of a funeral sunset  
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To icons of eternity  
To reflections of our faces  
In beams of a funeral sunset

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