

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

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