

Night Mislead

Darkseed

With how sad steps you climb the skies
How silently, how pale your face
What may it be, that even in this place
that busy archer his arrows tries?

Leave me, on love, which reachest but to dust
And you, my mind, aspire to higher things
Grow rich in that which never takes ryst
What ever fades but fading pleasure brings

Verbreite die Stahlen, gib'mir Deine Macht
die die Wolken besiegt und dasLicht mir bewegt
durch den Fruhling des goldnen belebenden Blickes
Ich suche den Weg in der Dammerung schwer

And let the day be time enough to mourn
Let waking eyes suffice to vail their scorn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth
Without the torment of the night's untruth