

I lost more I ever gained  
far away, far away...  
Thunder die, heartache cry  
Star-crossed light never meant far, far away...  
Whisper trance-enchants and fear!

Light and fags, hope and fear  
Start to think and start to hear  
my voice soft, wit and charm

Off I rise, twilight-path  
Never saw such trembling harm  
Cut-tongued spheres to appear  
falling down so fresh and free

Flat my voice, wake or sleep  
I have met within my dreams  
Never feel a calm so deep

How can grief break the wall  
to my long, long promised way?  
But my sake I will break,  
break in pieces never seen

Senca, nevermore...

Beauty, pleasure, youth  
which one will I choose  
to uphold my wounds?  
Beauty, pleasure, youth  
two of them to lose  
to avoid my tomb