

The Torment In Blind Eyes

Dissolving of Prodigy

Perhaps the wind itself from old myth swept the dust away,
In a sleep of a beauty frigg caused the fear.
Ah worried, worried is Balde's mother,
So worried, that even the death takes a pity on him.

I saw the meadow full of faces,
Faces full of child's smile.
Their eyes lived for the joy
And the death was only dream.
But the grief dimmed my eyes by blood
And the time blew the horrifying day.
And I for this beauty,
Now in recollections mourn only.

Bitter thorn is the joy of other.
Innocence of blind eyes of brother
Starkles in cruel trap of envy,
Which like treacherous rose
Lacerates the white palm,
So as under the veil of sweet smell
Sees the fright of pain
In his eyes.

And the death like swan's neck
Flew toward the end of his life.

Vindictive, but full of tears
Is malice of mother,
Which by death of dearest
Is drowning in agony of grief.
Crowning by bottomless nostalgia,
Helplessly seeks in the eyes of death
The forgiveness, but it was fated her
To be destitute further.

When the envy wakes up the pain
And the innocence is betrothed with baseness,
Then by sorrow mourns even the death
And the life parts with the joy.

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