

Bhéan Sidhe

Eternal Tears of Sorrow

The flowing stream...
A shape of a woman on its shore
She's washing my cloak
Which was stained by the clay of time

Her eyes are so sad and full of grief
A flow of tears running on her cheek
Her look tells me it all...
Soon it'll be the time to leave

Three questions...
I still had in my confused mind
She answered to me
With the riddles of time

She took my hand...
Without saying a word to me...
...and we fell...
Into depths of the stream

Changing this all...it's just an eternal dream
To raise the misty curtain of night
I take the key...which will set me free
That's the final way I still could find

I'm waiting for my sweet Bhéan Sidhe
Who will take me into her realm of Hades
At the gate of flames they call me by my name
I'll be one with fire...again

I'm falling...recalling my only lighter moments of life
I'm yearning...and dreaming of warm embrace of my childhood time

My darkened past uncovered
was buried in those shades of night
I heard the silent whispers
Which lulled me to eternal sleep

No more waiting...No more yearning...
Someone else will take my place
Bhéan Sidhe has returned
To the shore of Hades