

## Enchanted And In Silent Beauty

Lacrimas Profundere

... and then she became older  
and left her friend in admiration  
studded with bitter tears  
sickening falls the colour  
taste for taste  
drowning in the nectar of clouds  
which pass the light  
blind and bleeding  
as the summer ever walks through winter's woods  
... those tales ...  
stay far from me I lie to myself  
... and still I wish  
I woke up again in the shining of help  
freedom and immortality  
I opened my hands and call for me  
... but any beauty has its thorns  
in the empty pictures of your life  
surrounded by radiance  
in the dust of every little hope  
no one can see what happens in the end  
and you didn't want to see dry tears ...