

## Armada

Nightfall

Led by my own will, I ruled !  
Traces on a muddy path, I ruled !  
The soul of a tree I got  
paroxysm, megalomania, all ended so sadly.

The ictus of the last shovelful on my coffin's  
wooden breastbone  
...won't be my death

as a man ; as a soul ; as a king never begged  
mine is the beauty of the earth  
mine shall be the end...  
...and I'm gone

kiss my icy lips at last,  
idem still am I  
burn these icing flowers for the past that has  
gone  
still, it has been cried far from the heyday my  
star