

Weeping Words

Paradise Lost

Fear this more (the more) than the hands of man's (disgrace)
It crushes forth (resenting) conquest its plan

Don't look back, will ever see your face again?

The domination (is in all) Imagination (space)
Caress endlessly (until we) inflame the soul...

Faling to return what's borrowed, devotion rights to me
I see a summer of winters merging gracefully

Don't look back, will we ever see your face again
Don't look back, will hear the weeping words again