

Across The Bridge

Sopor Aeternus

From far beyond the veil of sleep
some ancient voice does seem
to whisper my forgotten name
weakly, yet solemnly.

So remotely that one might think
it had been but a dream,
echo of some illusive call
of fleeting memory.

Yes, to believe such vain idea
no problem it would be,
if there was not this inscrutable
unrest within me...

As if out of the deepest sea
some creature seeks to rise,
to wish its long denied existence
back into my life.

My secret name is whispered
by a half-forgotten sigh
and out of nothing, across my face,
which is all petrified.

Hot tears are running without end.
A deeply troubling pain
pulls me together inwardly,
to be no more the same...

From far beyond the veil of sleep
some tune, ne'er before heard,
is trav'ling on a fragile breath,
to shake my frozen world.