

Who is the old man, who fills  
my heart with greatest pain  
yet his name remains unheard?  
I look at you and true tears shake  
my eternal Saturnworld.  
Who is the old man, whose  
picture burned itself  
down to the bottom of my soul.  
You push me back and raise me up,  
the criteria for both I long to know.  
Who are you I worship? What is the  
name of the one I saw?  
Tell me how to reach you, to you I'd  
bow my head in awe.  
You speak to me but what is it I hear?  
We have never really touched...  
- such is the design of my greatest fear.  
Cruel, cruel, cruel... a veil I cannot penetrate,  
in different worlds we dwell,  
attempting to dissolve what separates.  
I force my face against this strangest  
membrane-wall and desperately I call for you  
from the darkest depths of my lonely soul.  
The mist of the dimensions  
through which to glance it seems not allowed,  
or maybe it's just that our "level" is of no  
interest as it is simply too low.  
Is it true that only the mirrors' strength  
can conquer the mist and then be therefore received?  
You turn around the illusion of a voice...  
- my desire crowned by another defeat.  
If doubt walks in I am growing weak in fear...  
- "one day all pictures fade".  
Lying down, looking inside  
I call my dead lover in his grave.  
My eyes have caught a glimpse of you,  
now I devour myself to embrace your peace.  
The distance grows, we drift apart.  
What is the use of eyes if they cannot see?  
Hear me in my darkness,  
please wait for me, I'll find the way.  
I promise, I shall resist the tides,  
until I'm finally united with you again...