

Transfiguration

Sopor Aeternus

Nothing in this world
Can be as immaculate and pure
As the love of us Cold Ones for the dead.
Our love lives only in those fleeting moments
Of recollection
Memories we're fearing to forget.

Our love knows neither kiss nor touch,
We are embracing dust, air or ourselves
When visualizing what we've lost.
Awoken by a sound or scent,
Some visions call sad phantoms, floating,
Wrapped in fading colours our lament.

And then there is the all-devouring dread:
"some day I might not bring him back...,
When my feeble mind can't help but lose
The contours of his face".
Lost forever, lone and sad,
Gone forever to the dead...
So far beyond the barriers of the opposite space.

Yet, alas, despite it all
Walking through these deserted halls
It's easy, still, to love the dead
It's easier to love the dead.