

## Fade

Theatre of Tragedy

Silky tidal waves  
In the midst of summer  
Trap door of our house  
Sliding up and down  
Days of childhood gleam  
Do you still remember?  
Nowhere have I seen  
Shadows disappear  
Ever since then

And I fade like the dew before the sun  
Silence of our ceased memories  
In our dreams, everything is just the same  
Withering motions

Starkly impending days  
A retrospect of golden sounds  
The scent of falling rain  
Recurring memories abound  
The time that is to come seems like yesterday  
Someone was there to see

End of the road  
We all wait for this day  
Everything has changed  
I never wanted to stay  
But now, everything was in vain  
Withering motions