

I Am Tribulation

Crimson Moonlight

In the dream, the all was my shadow
In the shadow the dream was my all
Cold is your tear that drips down on me
The dew from your tears, how cold
If the grief that embraces me was the abyss
If the abyss inside me was grief
When the barren life is stripped

I remained stripped down in my stronghold
Anxiously, without shame, the dream regains its invigoration
In the mist, every line of disharmony, slowly, humbly dies away
The abyss within me, it scratches, it pulls, it tears
What was, that's where I constantly looked
What comes, my perpetual yearning
I'm always there, in the dream, stripped down in my stronghold
Shadows of ancient blackness knock on my door
Times past, when desolation was in collusion with death

I am tribulation
I am where time stops
I am indifference
I am where time curses

It lingers, it does not hastily go away
Like the spider's prey, awaiting its doom

I walk in devout contemplation down the unclean steps of stone
In my mind I see myself turning and running up
Yet my reality remains another
The steps of stone, marked by blood
The emblem of the forces of chaos is etched into my lacerated body
I grope about me, yet I remain upright
Is this inevitable?

I am tribulation
I am where time stops
I am indifference
I am where time curses