

I lost more I ever gained
far away, far away...
Thunder die, heartache cry
Star-crossed light never meant far, far away...
Whisper trance-enchants and fear!

Light and fags, hope and fear
Start to think and start to hear
my voice soft, wit and charm

Off I rise, twilight-path
Never saw such trembling harm
Cut-tongued spheres to appear
falling down so fresh and free

Flat my voice, wake or sleep
I have met within my dreams
Never feel a calm so deep

How can grief break the wall
to my long, long promised way?
But my sake I will break,
break in pieces never seen

Senca, nevermore...

Beauty, pleasure, youth
which one will I choose
to uphold my wounds?
Beauty, pleasure, youth
two of them to lose
to avoid my tomb