

## Across The Bridge

Sopor Aeternus

From far beyond the veil of sleep  
some ancient voice does seem  
to whisper my forgotten name  
weakly, yet solemnly.

So remotely that one might think  
it had been but a dream,  
echo of some illusive call  
of fleeting memory.

Yes, to believe such vain idea  
no problem it would be,  
if there was not this inscrutable  
unrest within me...

As if out of the deepest sea  
some creature seeks to rise,  
to wish its long denied existence  
back into my life.

My secret name is whispered  
by a half-forgotten sigh  
and out of nothing, across my face,  
which is all petrified.

Hot tears are running without end.  
A deeply troubling pain  
pulls me together inwardly,  
to be no more the same...

From far beyond the veil of sleep  
some tune, ne'er before heard,  
is trav'ling on a fragile breath,  
to shake my frozen world.