

Over there that little mountain rises,
while some others dissolve into a plain.
Time redefines itself
and falls in sadness grain by grain...

"Time, my dear, heals all the wounds",
the two-tongued echoes seem to say.
But nothing, nothing changes here,
this pain remains and will not go away.

Lament[inlemek]:

"I went weak, as I grew old,
and time itself has made me slow...-
and as I close my eyes in sadness
a thousand seasons come and go..."

Mighty enough to cover all
and also cruel enough to reveal,
but all the wounds and scars he carries
neither force nor kiss can ever heal.

No, time heals nothing, nothing, nothing...-
spitefully turns away and laughs.
Leaves you half-broken and in defiance
is only added another scar...

Call it "blind" how he is writhing,
counting hours, centuries...-
the pain it grows and glows in tides,
unable to vanish, unwilling to cease...

No, time healnothing, nothing, nothing...-
pushes 'till we're diving into different flesh.
Time heals nothing, nothing, nothing
petrified within some unnameable shame...

Lament:

"Time's fingers claw, I am losing hold,
there is no hope for me on earth.
Time either still or maybe rushing...-
in any case it will turn out worse...-

Time is fleeting, time stands still,
it stops for no-one and we're trapped within,
and though he may dream of the light,
he is falling back (in)to the left-hand side...

Resume:

"How I wish that I was dead
and rest in final peace...-
but even the luxury of death
can't cure the wounds time cannot heal..."