

LACK OF TIME

Heart full of sadness,

A thirsty soul is empty of meaning...

Is my voice full of ancient madness?

Am I worthy of my Being?

My strong Love without a rival,

My hate without a brother.

Am I alone in this terrible feeling?

Am I the only one searching for true Meaning?

LOVE OF HATE

Hate, my favourite emotion!

You are the wild, sincere part,
my rare, beautiful and true motion.

We talk and dance alot,
we tell eachother secrets, hidden in the dark.

Hate, you know me alot,
better than I know my own private park.

I love you, hate!

You will never leave me,
for you are my best mate.
So let's talk about our enemy,
me!

LOVE OF PAIN

I will arise and go now,

to the wild sea of life.

I will scream into the waves,

And fight the blowing wind until the day I die!

And for every wound, for every pain,

I will always say thank you.

For not a blade or a stone can wound my heart,

but only my weak will and my weak part!

THE CURSED BLESSING!

Oh, cold and dark Night,

How much I hate that

I love you!

Oh, the cruel master of empty hats,

Don't ever pat my tired back!

You gave me a drop of water,

So that I would not lack the knowledge of thirst!

Oh, cold and dark Night,

How much I hate that,

I love you!

Oh, strange Flower stronger than death,

Why did you give me hope of the Spring?!

I'm still screaming in the

Everlasting snow!

Oh, cold and dark Night,

How much I hate that

I love you!

Oh, high and mighty Mountains,

You show me the only real light!

A toil of tears and blood,

The only noble plight of the dark and cold

Night!

My blood!

The lovely trees dance in the Wind,
Their leaves sing the song of the Old.
But these bastards refuse to give me a hint,
Why my Nature is so bold!

Are my eyes to blame, oh lovely trees,
Because they let me see the broken World?
How do the noble hardworking bees,
Get stolen of their sweet gold?

Are my lips to blame, oh lovely trees,
Because 'there is no Love' they have been told?
And now they freeze with expertise,
In the cold ice world!

Is my heart to blame, oh lovely trees,
Because it desires a noble call of the Old-World?
Now it's without the knowledge of Socrates,
And has descended into the dark Underworld!

No, oh lovely trees! I will now tell you,
The cause of my broken bones!
It's in my blood that runs in my noble veins,
Which gives me this burning Flame!

I do not desire the ignorant Fame,
Nor the glory of evil Gold!
Because stone is in my very name,
And my Nature is incredibly bold!

MEMENTO MORI

Sons of God are the song of death,
So I beg you to count every breath!
For only you have the power of gold,
So make your decisions noble and bold!

I'm only some hidden part of your soul,
The one who knows you absolutely whole.
I'm the one who hits and cuts you in your sleep,
For you are trying to run away from me!

I'm the only friend who never lies,
I'm the one who only for you fights!
Do not dare to try to shut me up,
For I will have to blow you up!