

## **Soundless darkness grasps my chilly veins**

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Trustful son of a non-trustful night,  
roam I in searching for the light  
but I feel: it rains, it rains, it rains...

Strange vibrating shadows pass the walls,  
echoing the motion of the steps  
and my soul from its profound depths  
for support and revelation calls.

I remember her delicious pose,  
her bright image, conquering my mind,  
with her features beautifully kind  
and my grief, it grows, it grows, it grows...

Ful of innocence, to me she came,  
with inviting sweet smile on her cheeks  
but in pursuit of immortal peaks  
I extinguished her sincere flame.

O, the Past, it will forever lie,  
stealing our luck with icy hands  
and from very distant desert lands  
her reproach will ask: "But why, but why?..."

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