You, That May Wither

Ved Buens Ende

A distant cry...
From whom I perished for?
No...
You are born...
...the winterburdenI bled your tears once.
If only I could wither,
You, That May WitherA distant cry...
From what I perished for?
No...
It was born...
The winterburden.
I bled its tears once...
Oh, if only it could wither,
wither in the absence of your thoughts.So I cry...I cry not only for my spirit in its living shell.
But for the ones who used the lust for me.

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