Faded Years

Agathodaimon

To not forget our loving, should I a sign implore?
I'd ask for you, but dearest, you are your own no more
Nor do I beg a flower from in your golden hair
Forgetfulness, beloved is but my single playerOh what a sad sensation, when joy that soon did wane
Not swift with it to vanish, but ever here remain!When through tits life to wander it has been writ, it seem
A dream made out of shadow, a shadow made of dreamNo matter when I die, this or some later day
My wish is out of the mind of all to I pass away
And you forget the dream that our two hearts endears
When you loom back, beloved, upon the faded yearsLet in the depths of shadow my memory be gone
As though we midst our loving each other had not known
A chant of lamentation within cold walls of chime
To beg for me in weeping the peace of endless timeAs though those hours of wonder in fact we did not live
That I so deeply love you dear one can you forgive?My face turned to the desert you left me all alone
And cold beneath my eyelids my eyes have turned to stone
And when at last death's soil my body does reclaim
Then who will know me or know from whence I came?Let in the depths of shadow my memory be gone
As though we midst our loving each other had not known
A chant of lamentation within cold walls of chime
To beg for me in weeping the peace of endless timeWhile then... should they my body into the gutter throw
Still that would be far better than what I suffer nowAfar of in distance a flock of crows arise
And darken all the heavens before my sightless eyes
Beyond the earth's steep margin a hurricane does start
Flinging to the world my dust and to the wind my heartYet as in spring the blossom do you remain the while
With gentle eyes and humid and tender, childish smile
So much a child, yet seeming each day to younger grow
And of my fate know nothing as I too nothing knowMy face turned to the desert you left me all alone
And cold beneath my eyelids my eyes have turned to stoneAnd when at last death's soil my body does reclaim
Then who will know me or know from whence I came?While then... should they my body into the gutter throw
Still that would be far better than what I suffer now

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