

Dew

I am like a tree resigned to death,
Because your love is gone,
Like fresh dew on the early dawn,
So bright and beautiful, but for pity, so short

It left nothing but tears,
Now everything is dark and cold,
Living this cycle of night after night,
Even the moon, that before was bright,
Now it's just the empty space of a mold

Darkness is one with all,
It took all good and brought evil,
It all vanished;
My happiness, gone
My passion, disappeared,
And my love faded away with my last tear....