sweet eternity
Versions originales
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Sweet Eternity

The ice-cold shade has frozen bones
The moss-covered black stones
Are lifted by the old roots.
The cold Drops
Colors into the brilliant grass
Turfing between the graves.
Into the foggy air
Silently,
Soft évanescence,
She sings her life
By weaving her soul
She rolls up her spirit
To the threads of mists
Without fear, free,
She slides on the walls
Surrounds them,
She Caresses them with the shadow.
The eternity is opened
And She is welcomed by it.
Now and forever
Her sweet eternity
Under the trees
Which inclines
Slowly towards the ground.

Lydia Maleville