

A person with dark, curly hair is seen from the back, looking out of a window. The window is divided into several panes, and the view outside is a deep blue night sky filled with stars and a few streaks of light. The person's face is partially visible in profile, looking towards the right. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

Once again of those illicit nights
Sleep has already forgotten me
And I cannot sense the holy eyes
When the moon forgets the sea,

Then it is the doom for this earth,
Then everything would be cursed;
And beloved ones shall not meet
Till the tiny sun meets the end.

I have too much in my silly mind,
I think of love, my life, the future.
It seems to be long this night.
I have fought the mighty creature,

I defeated the holy emperor,
I sat beside the great gladiator,
I asked to the sage of north, the sorcerer,
I had journeys with the wise wanderer,

No one could know the meaning of life.
In this dreamy dreadful night,
Shall I find the long forgotten light?
Shall I be able to distinguish the wrong and the right?

Whereas no one possesses the sufficient might
To comprehend the future clouds of white
Nor the guide paths that shall wane into the night
Then we have nothing to follow from behind,

Until that day, let this dread out of my mind
And why cannot all of us be kind?
And at night, we luckily can find
The ones that seek to be at our side.