

O silent one O silent one  
I can't bear your separation.

→ <sup>me</sup> My heart is full of wounds Meher  
What a fire is this, dear!

And I love them immensely  
Who can accept this easily

But, you know O silent one

How I love this vexation!

Now you put salt <sup>on</sup> every wound  
~~not caring~~ ~~not~~ ~~Don't~~ ~~care~~ my painful sound

Pain is now my very life  
I love this type of strife

Be cruel O silent one.

~~This Pain gives no relaxation.~~

Pain is giving relaxation,

I can't bear your separation

Bhan