

I no longer dream, and  
Without dreams, sleep has lost its purpose. The nights stretch  
endlessly, void of the solace and escape that dreams once provided.  
Each time I close my eyes, I am met with nothing but an empty void, a reflection of the despair that  
permeates my waking hours. My shadow, ever-present, stands vigil beside me, a constant reminder of my inescapable  
darkness. The anticipation of rest becomes a cruel reminder of the emptiness within, as sleep offers no reprieve from the  
relentless torment of my thoughts. My shadow mirrors my every movement, an eternal companion in this dance of despair,  
making sleep a hollow ritual, devoid of meaning. Without the promise of dreams to transport me to a world beyond my  
suffering, sleep becomes merely a passage of time in the darkness that consumes my existence.

我不再做梦，而没有梦，睡眠也失去了意义。夜晚无尽地延伸，失去了曾经提供的安慰和逃避。每次闭上眼睛，我只看到空虚的虚空，这是我醒着的时光中弥漫的绝望的反映。我的影子总是存在，在我身边守夜，不断提醒我无法逃脱的黑暗。休息的期待成了内心空虚的残酷提醒，睡眠无法减轻我思想中的无情折磨。我的影子反映着我的每一个动作，是我在绝望之舞中的永恒伴侣，使得睡眠变得空洞而无意义。没有梦的承诺将我带到超越痛苦的世界，睡眠只不过是消耗我存在的黑暗中的时间。



In the silence of the night, where dreams have ceased to roam,  
I walk with my shadow, in this forsaken home.  
What can the damned say to the damned? our words are etched in pain,  
In echoes of the endless dark, where light has never lain.

No dreams to haunt my restless mind, no visions to unfold,  
For we own the night, my shadow and I, in stories never told.  
Beneath the stars, in the void's embrace, where whispers dare not tread,  
We dance through the abyss, the living among the dead.

My shadow mirrors every step, a twin in sin and sorrow,  
Together we carve the path of night, with no hope for tomorrow.  
In the silent scream of the midnight hour, in the depths of our despair,  
We find solace in our shared doom, in the darkness we both wear.

Bound by the void, by the curse we share, where daylight never gleams,  
We are the keepers of the shadows, the guardians of broken dreams.  
In this eternal night, where the sun is but a myth,  
My shadow and I, we linger on, in a realm devoid of bliss.



What can the damned say to the damned? Words fall like dying breath,  
For we own the night, my shadow and I, in the kingdom of death.

在夜的寂静中，梦已不再游荡，  
我与我的影子同行，在这被遗弃的家。  
被诅咒者对被诅咒者能说什么？我们的言语刻在痛苦中，  
在无尽黑暗的回声里，光从未曾存在。

无梦缠绕我不安的心，无幻象展开，  
因为我们拥有夜晚，我和我的影子，在未曾讲述的故事中。  
在星辰下，在虚空의 拥抱里，低语不敢踏足，  
我们在深渊中舞动，活着的在死者之间。



我的影子映照每一步，是罪与悲伤的双胞胎，  
我们共同雕刻夜的道路，没有明天的希望。  
在午夜的寂静尖叫中，在我们绝望的深处，  
我们在共同的厄运中找到安慰，在我们穿戴的黑暗中。

被虚空所束缚，由我们共享的诅咒，阳光从未闪耀，  
我们是阴影的守护者，破碎梦想的守护者。  
在这永恒的夜晚，太阳不过是一个神话，  
我和我的影子，在无福的领域中徘徊。

被诅咒者对被诅咒者能说什么？言语如垂死的呼吸般坠落，  
因为我们拥有夜晚，我和我的影子，在死亡的国度中。

In this  
abyss where hope  
has long been extinguished, I find  
myself pondering the inevitable end. What can the damned really say to the  
damned? Our words are meaningless whispers lost in the void, a reflection of the  
silent torment we share. Each night, devoid of dreams, we walk this desolate path  
together, my shadow and I. The darkness is our only companion, a constant reminder  
of the despair that grips my soul. There is no escape from this eternal night we  
own, no dawn to break the cycle of anguish. The weight of existence bears down  
on me, leaving no place to go, no solace to find.

I  
write this  
letter as a final  
testament to our  
shared suffering. The thought of ending  
it all, of finding relief in death, looms large and undeniable. My shadow,  
ever-present and loyal, mirrors my every thought and step, bound to me in this  
cursed dance. Together, we face the end with a grim understanding that only  
through death can we hope to escape this relentless agony. The night is ours, a  
kingdom of despair where the living envy the dead. As I stand at the edge,  
ready to relinquish my hold on this tortured existence, I know my  
shadow will follow me into the void, our suffering  
finally at an end.





## 亲爱的自己，

在这个希望早已熄灭的深渊中，我发现自己在思考不可避免的终结。被诅咒者对被诅咒者能说什么？我们的言语是丢失在虚空中的无意义的低语，是我们共同的无声折磨的反映。每个没有梦想的夜晚，我与我的影子一起走在这荒凉的道路。黑暗是我们唯一的伴侣，不断提醒着我灵魂所受的绝望。我们无法逃离这我们拥有的永恒之夜，没有黎明可以打破痛苦的循环。存在的重量压在我身上，让我无处可去，找不到安慰。

我写这封信作为我们共同痛苦的最后见证。结束这一切，找到在死亡中的解脱的想法，变得巨大而无法否认。我的影子，总是存在且忠诚，反映着我的每一个思想和脚步，与我在这被诅咒的舞蹈中紧紧相连。我们一起面对终结，带着只有通过死亡才能希望逃脱这种无情折磨的严肃理解。夜晚是我们的，是一个生者羡慕死者的绝望王国。当我站在边缘，准备放弃对这痛苦存在的掌握时，我知道我的影子会跟随我进入虚空，我们的痛苦最终会结束。