

From Behind The Verge

Abstract Spirit

By shades merging with darkness,
By breath touching in reality,
In the past, they abandoned bodies
But still alive.

Who was beloved will never set free
Behind the fragile verge, their eyes
Aspire to gaze in our souls
Through the blind facade
So look sorrow and gloom
Silent reproach wounds us
No one left in nowhere
They will respond from behind the verge.

In the night, rain's rustle
I hear their voices calling me
Soon the morning will wipe off their words
But the veil will be torn earlier
Not looking back, I'll cross the verge.
Where ones forgive without tears,
Towards my face is turned
Where the world has no dimensions.

So look sorrow and gloom
We will come back with visions and dreams
No one left in nowhere
We will respond from behind the verge.