

## Collection of Dead Portraits

Benighted

I feel they stare at me  
With their eyes closed  
Sleeping and defenseless  
Like their existence were  
From the past remains and pieces  
Like my forgotten episodes  
Confined in old book's dust

Fire  
In this court you are convicted of treason  
You are condemned to be erased  
Remember the darkness

Colors have disappeared  
Lost in the new born texture  
Your hidden childhood anguish so quiet  
Your faces move around the deafening silence

Lost name  
I can hear your screams under my fingers  
I tear the pages away, crush them  
Collection of dead portraits

Never mind this desperate howling  
None can understand  
Killing you once again doesn't matter  
Something has devoured me  
Rage and conflict burn  
Sweet and terrifying  
You are just things  
All the pages I've ripped willl be back in vain  
To torture me and play my inner theater again

The candle's flame makes the lines of your silhouette dance  
Mom you look so beautiful in pieces