

Gone up in Flames

Klone

He wakes up wondering
If he's touching the ground
Here some wilted flowers
Show him the long time elapsed
And his body complains
He feels weak and tired
He just needs to find the strength
To see what's outside

The empty corridors filled by absorbing silence
Only the glass is crying under every step

All he could remember went up in flames
Everything is gone without leaving trace

The daylight disappears and reveals the blending of the night
A long incessant ballet takes slowly place until sunrise
Then he says he has to enshrine these memories
Not to forget this time and fight the fear of falling asleep

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