

Black Winds

Lethian Dreams

Where forces of the sun are weak
I breathe these spirals of time
Where forces of the moon are bleak
I stumble time after time

I hide behind walls made of flesh and stones
I hide behind hopes of being somewhere else
All inside me is moving off beat
All inside me is weak and leaving
leaving me...

You, black wind, forgive me
For I am no more what I have been
I wish the rain could wake and call
But behind the walls
Is there something left, at all?