

All Is Silent

On Thorns I Lay

The shade of love gives me, your hallucination,
I need to endure the solitude, this awfully screaming
To the sting of the atmost chaos,
where the primordial wichness is so hideous for description
The expression of her face, an expression of abominable malice,
and triumph into an old, oppressive house,
the accoustic illusions of the awfully...
Thundering panthymonium captured by horror,
everything around me appear like living blying image

(We build dreams to get her; if I could see the hapiness of sou
l,
as the rain from our sky is so strong)

The wind from the lake of memories, the cold climate
gives to the solitude a tone of delight and psychic beauty
But Death seems to be forever between us
and the last hope is like the hate that's stain with blood
Your silent crying, sorrow and invisible feeling,
who cares now about me, when my eyees can't speak?
Why my God? Why even the light of your sun,
is like the sparkling of a star, when it eraces and eraces...
Into the deep sed of dawn,
if I could live the beginning of your world...