

## From The Depth Of Memories

The 3rd and the Mortal

They never told me right.  
I had to stay in the yellow light.  
Decide the end of the world,  
Have health at your collapse.  
Fight for nightly, empty forms  
Of that landscape.

And then, the sun should help  
On my father's painting.  
We walked over the bridge  
Into the forest,  
Searched to find  
Scent of flowers.