

# Artrosis, White Page

Stone of no value  
Appeared as a diamond  
Although it's always been unbroken  
It's gone into a dream long ago  
And you're white page again  
You efface words with rain  
That bitter like a wormwood  
You will find your breathe  
In unwritten verses  
When you master their plot  
You're white page again  
You efface words with rain  
That bitter like a wormwood  
Her touch of your burnt feelings  
Will never come back  
Wormwood - your sing  
You fight with dream and night  
That is memory's queen  
Everything is being brought to dust  
In your inner-self and together with you  
In the gallery of phantoms and shadows  
You stand stock still alone  
With new hour hoping  
Something will let you move  
But again  
You're white page ...