

Beelzeb, Taciturn

Now I know...

I can talk about nostalgia

That building - old building - has loosen

His polish and rust slips down

The gates and doors

Just longing,

Like someone waiting and

Sticking in the middle of the road,

Light of the ancient gaze

Loses her glow.

Now I'm blinded ...

By the step of mist taking it all away.

That tree-covered alley, has got

The ivy already dead and children no longer play in it.

Languid arms try to embrace

A bit of stardust

They have failed and only grope for

The comet's tail

You

Moving to me

From my inside to the outside

From the outside to my private hell

No stop

No stop for the restless

For the helpless one

Never stops

I'm calling you

Calling you

With all my words

With my silence

With what's between the lines