

Cemetery Of Scream, Lost Flowers

Dust particles of the empty words like left wings of the invisible birds
flowers the storm of the words'n'feelings h's like wind
frail and brittle stalks-it's time to pass and die lightnings of feelings
the silence of the warm evening stars threw on the heaven like the seeds of
flowers of hate'n'love

The rains streaming along the edge of the counter
flowing down the shoulders and face cold blows of whip
the whisper of silent drops windows, panes of flashes'n'brilliance
the darkened by the grey fog of the gloom

Liberation'n'freedom empty cages out of pigeons
we were floated by the ocean with the eternal prophecy in the hand

The poetry of the streets drowned in the rain
the green of the trees and the black of the night
contrast of hope and hidden sad floods of tears cold and soulless

Lost flowers covered by the dust of oblivion
mercy hidden under the veil of the old splendour the past
immortal monument of hate'n'love of passion'n'desire

Someone said to the mirror when you're alone in your world
it will be the end of your dreams it will stay just the sad
the green of hope the next blessing left on the stained table