

Cemetery Of Scream, The Secret Window

Slow and majestic ,it grew up
Just like divine creepers of vine:
Once it the rain,then in the sun
And in the morning misty cloud
Emotionless and still unchanged
Emotionless and still unchanged

In the tomb of thoughts
Sarcophagus of youth
That torments me on
The diary of my days
Written by the past
The treasure of my life
Which I hold dear
Right in here
In my heart
So deep within me
Inside of me

Slow and majestic, it grew up
The emptiness within my heart
Under the moon, under the stars
And in the evening misty cloud
So merciless and cold like ice
So merciless and cold like ice

Then it became my silent shroud
The emptiness within my mind
My secret window out of time
With views and images there outside
With landscapes always grey and white
Always grey and white

In the tomb of thoughts
Sarcophagus of youth
That torments me on
The diary of my days
Written by the past
The treasure of my life
Which I hold dear
Right in here
In my heart
So deep within me
Inside of me