

# Diary Of Dreams, Predictions

Just like scarred (the way) you touch my skin  
Can you handle that shock  
Fragments of words rush through me  
As I see your lips move fast  
Echoed voices never end  
Blinded wisdom in empty hands  
And as I come closer to the truth  
I figure there is none

So where are you  
The whore to walk, aside  
And all those faces I have lived in  
Attach me to my doubtful past  
Forgotten forces regain strength  
Because strangers die in silence  
Crosses fade in shimmering white  
Abused reflexes born inside  
So tell me now, where are you?

Fingers longing for this gentle chaos  
Hallow bodies with draconic lips  
Idyllic smiles decay in laughter Kisses stimulate  
my skin  
Voices dumb, without sentiments  
Disgusting taste and eyes so blind  
Fingers numb , perceptions out of reach  
breathless as a perfume kills

Perverted dreams my fractal bindings  
As my puzzle falls apart  
Logic questions the existence  
of this strange phenomena  
Hidden in those eyes  
Like a gentle flimsy kiss  
Believe me saying it's not the skin  
It's the stranger inside