

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