

# Diorama, Hla

They say your ailing doves get caught  
They say her peace will make you weak  
They now obtain your words by fraud  
And modulate them as they speak

Beyond her walls I shatter mine  
Towards her charming lies I crawl  
Her heart got sore as she found mine  
Into her liquid arms I fall

Her noiseless treads delight my ears  
I bury dreams along her shore  
In radiant black her gliding tears  
Under her surface so much more

Beyond her walls I shatter mine  
Towards her charming lies I crawl  
Her heart got sore as she found mine  
Into her liquid arms I fall