

Enter My Silence, Loss of the Leading One

Surrounding silence scatters
as we hear the steps of the lonely one
Entering for the last time his atelier of minds...

This haunting figure creates a variety of traits
Those hidden features that otherwise never emerge...
Combined to form a sketch of me,
to concretize the essence of solemn hate

Follow the figure to these ruins - witness the loss

Within every scene of dark tunnels in mind;
every stroke so firm and admirable
"But what inspires the picture of complete loss?
What is the source of neverending grief?"

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What it takes to raze the figure inside?
Is it a consent to destroy with him?

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