

# Kirlian Camera, The Immaterial Children

In the dark, every shape creates flashes of fear  
and this night's chilly breath is shaking my thoughts like old autumn leaves.  
Sometimes I'm happen to dream... and I don't know the truth.  
I'm seeing you... just seeing you... again... holding out  
for a non-existent guilt, for every repressed scream.  
You waited... waited... but your mother was not looking at you  
and your not many years were freezing the room and all of the eyes around there.  
When I saw you... you were dead.  
Then, I saw a shadow passing by  
So I got a bit confused.  
Don't dry your tears,  
Now they must see your pain...