

Lesion, Life's Longing Moments

When black deep eyes keep lowered softly,
And pick up a part of the world's misteries.
A wild wave calls love back and the source of that love
Makes it to respect.

Passion means the responsibility of this forceful times
Which going by, burn themselves as we entangle with them.
When you look at the world with its garbage, from a fast carriage,
You wonder which home is. Home? Maybe those lights in the distance
That as a child I traced in the air with a finger, creating the form
Of the naive fantasy.

...Life's longing moments...

It's between mind and hair that I try to taste the honey
Which is in them, and for this reason I feel ill from passion.
In these moments I'd give a caress to everything but
My hands are too small.

Is the violent cruelty of words and thoughts which sits
In nice small hands when my heart's without virtue.
I realize that this is not a real cruelty but an imprudent passion.

...Life's longing moments...

...Life's longing moments...

The poetry is sea and sad eyes in half-light which see birds
Soaring from the sea to the city...

And those eyes fly with them away from the death bed.

Moments deep of passion, small love weaves

Who is alone of fool, who has no word, who doesn't see and hear the
World, who has neither legs to walk nor wings to fly from the city to the sea.

...Life's longing moments...

The carriage ends its journey on a dead-end platform,
There are a lot of reasons to come down or to stay there.
Even if on the coin we may find two sides, there's just one value
And in that moment you understand that on a dead-end platform
Nothing leaves and nothing arrives.

...Life's longing moments...

With my small hands, I'm gonna cherish one thing at a time.