

Mordor, Flowers

I'll tell you my dream that often haunts me
I enter the garden full of flowers
If you look at them they are common white flowers
If you lie down on the ground they turn into the rainbow colours
And talk to each other
If you take your clothes off and quiet naked
They turn into blue ones
They'll stick your body spreading their smelling pollen
Stroking you with its buds so delicately
Until you reach the inconceivable feeling
When you start to talk they turn into the red ones
And whisper to your ear beautiful love stories
When you leave the garden they turn into the black ones
And wither instantly in front of you until the next closing up
Until the next dream of the flowers