

On Thorns I Lay, All Is Silent (1995)

The shade of love gives me your hallucination
I need to endure the solitude, this awfull screaming
To the sting of the atmost chaos, where the primordial wichness is so hideous
for description
...Thundering panthymonium, captured by horror
Everything around me appear like living blying image,
The wind from the lake of memories, the cold climate gives to the solitude a
tone of delight and psychic beauty
Why my god? Why even the light of your sun, is like the sparkling of a star,
when it eraces and eraces...
Maybe it could be a miracle but it is no so cold there is no turning back so I
have to go...