

Ophthalmia, A Cry From the Halls of Blood / Em

I live in the thoughts where the shadows no longer dance
and where my tears fall into the colours of the lonely dreaming crying
songs that my works are.

The melancholy clouds of my feelings float away in the tide of faces
which the soul of mine is.

I wonder about life even though death is close and as my lost life
falls into its definitive end...

the light won't save me. Tired is the blood of mine and my brain will
not speak no more.

I'm living in a prison of flesh and my heart won't answer my calls.

I'm shaking as I'm crying and as I feel the last drops of my life

leave my useless cold body

to walk the night... I'm one with the night... I AM