

Sirrah, Rhea

To understand the stream of words
That in one moment subside into silence
Only to be reborn at the least expected time
But having lost the truth and original meaning

If I could fly
Oh if I could fly
But I'm not able even t'rise or tell colours
Here comes the time
Can't hear the applause
Appreciation
Here comes the time to stop!

A thread ties strong the fibres of my hatred
Tightening the loop that hangs around my neck
The walls go sparking
Start tearing of my skin
This miserable coat that won't let me run away
I scrape myself searching for a way to escape
Knowing it is bound to fail
Can see some lonely drops
congealing on the handrail
Even teh longest day
must sometime come to an end

To cath up with at least one thought
That dies, dissolves in twinkling of an eye
Among faded pages taht are dampened with sweat
In remote comes of non-existence frenzy
If I could fly
But I'm not able even t'rise or tell colours
Can't hear applause
Appreciation
Here comes time
To stop!
Presenting my left hand
The right one? Who cares?
It left me...