

Acrostichon, Sleepless

staring blind; there's only darkness
bothered by too many thoughts
thoughts of this scattered world
filled with only bitterness

the more I try to ease my mind
the more sorrow I feel
the more I try to find the problem
the less it seems to care

walking through a land of memories
a world that's now irrelevant
tomorrow's coming much too close
still I've got no peace of mind

getting angry at myself
because of my self-compassion
as if there are no other problems
than the life of luxury I live

reality is fading away
finally my mind is slipping blank
already skin's turning grey
arrival of another day