

# Akira Yamaoka, Rain Of Brass Petals

I am the first  
A shadow at the end  
Of the hallway  
I spin the carousel  
The laughter recedes away  
My finger on your lips  
I stole something precious  
I am the second  
Alone in a faceless crowd  
A human caught  
In monochrome dreams  
I scream to wake up  
My voice drowns deep underground  
Only the dead can hear me,  
See me  
I am the third  
A master  
A sentinel of awakesness  
I hold truth like a torch  
Shadows flicker before me  
Rapid eye follow the  
Chain of thought  
Until the silence ends