

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