

Ataraxia, Vespertilia

Is it to die my night ?

Tonight I dreamt a plan streaked of freshness,
today, I lied in a water urn and like a relic I rested.

Is it to die my night ?

The endless time consumes me like a rustle.

When night vanishes, a gloomy weep colour and we remain, just carried away.

Now that's night my life seems to be a corolla of darkness.

Is it to die my night ?

The marble kiss is on my lips, just carried away...

When I find a word in this silence of mine, it's dug in my life as an abyss.

This sadness of returns had stolen my sleep.

Is it to die my night ?

To enjoy just an instant of initial life, carried away...