

Crimson Moonlight, Painful Mind Contradiction

Feel how it taste, the scraps of the thorns develops the blood that is flowing without a prevent, down, all the way down until its reaching the ground Feel the taste of the pain who is laughing you in the face exactly like you have done, in a now looking far away time Feel how it draws you to the ground how it passage your whole situation, the thought feel unreal but yet close, what drives you holding you up?

What comes to you...the situation is inevitable, you falling in the so often safe surrounding, you are thrown around in the darkness where no one seems to care-Who am i? The question is an echoe that going round, you dont know is there a me? The nightmare becomes reality everything is dark you take a shape of a ghost you dont know, hiding behind the mask that is choking you, the blood starts to flow the thorns are reminding, you stapple around and fall in the shadows where you are alone and empty.

Can no one see? Can no one see? I fall down in the deep tunnel there nothing is like me. Can no one see? Can no one see? Feel how it draws you to the ground how it passage your week self esteem Can no one see im obscurity, Can no one see the retribution thru me?

The thought is unreal but yet close, my only way drink the wine, face the blood, qouncer myself. Lost in my thought, Lost in my body, feeling the thorns, reminding the pain. I feel how it draws me to the ground, how it passage my whole situation, the thought feel unreal but yet close, what drives me holding me up?

Once more the shadows of night have darkened my existence, but somewhere in my in blackened unpleased mind I have a small beginning of a remembrance, like an unreadable note from a long time ago that still is valid.

When the shape is forming I know there will be something more - I know..At the mirror of my soul many times I'm convinced all concepts have lost their meaning, when the situation is inevitable and I'm falling down in the so often safe surrounding.

When the question is an echo that going round and I don't know is there a me? I have my remembrance reminding me that I know; yes I know there will be something more a new morning - the everlasting the fullfilled