

# Decameron, Sk

I thought I was travelling through a painful endlessness  
Lontime blackened stars were on fire  
I was dead, drifting from darkness to darkness

Weightless I travelled through the emptiness  
Like I was washed overboard from a heavenly ship  
Naked and torn to pieces  
driven through stars of fire

Life hanged on inside of me like the sun in a blinded eye  
The world followed in weak sounds

The words were lost in echoes  
So many voices in disguise  
Some seemed familiar and some  
spoke forgotten languages

Life hanged on inside of me like the sun in a blinded eye  
The world followed in weak sounds

Longer and longer, between my kicking heart and my blood  
The explanation started to fill me up - a scream higher then the sound of stars,  
touched my drifting tounge

Thin echoes, the silence came to me  
But you were there in fragments of skin

A silent tenderness was driven through me,  
My fingers separated by lightyears tried to embrace you

Embrace you!

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The journey lasted longer than time itself  
I was on my way to the final end,  
looking out into the silence,  
always listening back to the more and more abstract echoes of my soul