

Deep-Pression, The Critical State Of Loneliness

1. The Watcher from the shore

I have opened my veins.
Just the same. . .
As the next forest path opens

...
Blood flows to the swamp
Like thoughts
Which will kill me
Definitely!

...
Every day when I die
Every moment when I hate
A second which draws another wrinkle on my face
...exhaustion...
repulsion...

I have opened my veins...like an ocean opens its vast dimensions
Before the eyes of the watcher on the shore

2. At the bottom of the murky waters

I have found...
At last...
Deep in the green waters...
At the bottom...
(too deep)

...
I will never swim out again!

...
...
Iżve become a treasure
Of these dark murky waters...

...
quieter...
and quieter...

...
deep...
last sigh

...
traces of breath on the surface...
(this is the end)

3. WATCHING A ROOM

im watching my
room in the dark
all slowed down
the pressure of blood
is low
cold - me...
watching in the dark
a room...
full of day-mares
everything has a pulse
and dead rhythm goes on
old ghost
from the past
old scars...
tangled with unknown
vast horizons

where pain drifts in cold air
(title by Trist)

4. I am buried

Open the lidż
There beneath the planks
Is your face
Terrified by the whole life
Which parts
You managed to avoid
Open the lid
This is the time of the last corpse presentation
Amuse your dead eyes
With the last light...
...tears...and flowers...

Now, only the earth
Giggles
Awful giggles...haunted!
The sound calms down
And the grief around also seems to be weakened
I am in soil...

...
Each one passes away...
Tears sink into coatsż.
In the groundż
ż
I amż
ż
ż
LYRICS BY RH- / TRANSLATIONS BY SIID