

Diary Of Dreams, At The Border Of My Nation

The sky ranges the past
Enclosed in ancient walls
Captured in memories
A kingdom to survive
Immortal silence gathers illusions inside
I see the desert sand
Whirled up by the feet of war
A mournful eye in isolation
Blinded by a silent spell
Slaved to my debility

My future in those hands
That I can't move
Like a victim
On his knees
The guidance still mine?

I take the blame

To find salvatation
And I await
The worst to come
The guidance still mine?

Tomorrow seems remote - so distant
My expectations evapurate
Leaving nothing to breathe
Another day to survive in silence