

Fading Colours, In This Garden Of Mine

a red rose is blooming
in my garden
whenever my body complains
I relieve the craving with my hands
when my lips flourish with fire
I put their red thorns
on the boys innocent skin
and a red rose is blooming
in my garden
when clocks come to life
a purple flower boy
will knock on the door
a black cat will rise
from a grave of night
and creep across the floor
pictures in the hall
as if in deadly trance
out of the frames will fall
when a young girl will give
her last human scream
within my garden walls
red flower of the dark
on her lovely neck
will conquer bounds of time
sweet scent makes me up
when all my roses blooming
in this garden of mine