

Gardens Of Gehenna, Gethsemane

The evening swallows the last light
and from out of the incarnadine
forlornness creeps into my mind
where doubt dwells.

The light is dreaming of reincarnation,
the night is dropping through the window pane
and a cruel invisible chain
enervates me.

And the river tears me down,
and the waves clash over me,
I floating down, sad and slowly,
home to my Gethsemane.

Beside the life I'm living now
there is another one that could have been,
a brighter one I've never seen,
a paradise.

Thoughts wither like autumn leaves,
full of sorrow they fall off from me,
fall with my tears, my sanity
into the river.

And the river tears me down,
and the waves clash over me,
I floating down, sad and slow,
home to my Gethsemane.

My soul is haunted by wolves,
and is ravened mercilessly.
In the last eclipse I can guess
where the river ends.