

Hieronymus Bosch, Blind Windows Stare

I have secretly dreamt
of wearing my skin
With nothing underneath
To be consciousnessless and soulfired
To have no useless doubt and fear inside
Playing carefully, living in safety
Building the fortress of new personality
Fulfilling the selfish fantasy
So beautifully

Look at me, gaze into the unknown
My facial gesture is carved in stone
And helpless world doesn't even dare
To turn away from my cold stare
Blind window eyes on the face
Toothless mouth of opened gates
Rain tears on the walls-cheeks
Cynical notions look like pile of bricks

I move my mind in million directions
At the same time
Like multi-headed beast
I can control the west
When I look to the east
My blind window eye
Is searching low and searching high
Watching the every move
Of all the passers-by

Blind windows stare... [4X]