

Kirlian Camera, Days To Come

Don't be sad and come, come to look out
of the windows in a wasted morning,
this lost and menacing sky is yours,
it's just my gift, my gift for you.
Only my hate still remains,
only closed eyes and hazy shouting
which are dying out so lazily while
everything shatters my idiot plans.
Let's go for a walk to foggy streets,
foggy like the dreams we dreamt about and
keep on staying alive in the frozen dreams
which somebody sings the praises of.
Here is just the hand of your cruel friend,
in a silence "vie" with no return,
then you push me back, back to the tiredness
where I come from... alone?
Maybe time ago I did give up,
losing something I was fond of,
but there is no trick, no lack of awareness,
if I look back.
Some hours again, in the loss's sun,
and also your eyes will get a flower,
born among the new fear of the crowd,
born while waiting crimes to come.
I have open eyes and I still breathe
and I breathe pure wrath in the cut air,
and believe me scorn is not enough
for this heaven.
And I breathe the streets of loneliness
even though they told I was dead
and I can't forget the boundless winter
and what it whispers.
Only for your eyes I might cry,
but I cannot look, cannot look t you.
I have joy and death within myself.
I have joy and death.