

Kirlian Camera, No One Remained

Dirty liquid runs down the walls
Sliding through forgotten pipes.
Once I had beautiful flowers.
A beautiful child brought them to me every morning.
She'd explain how to keep them
Till next day
Fresh and shiny.
Then she disappeared, smiling,
Hoping I'd have carried on
With those scents just for myself.
I wanted to forget... and still, today
I'm trying not to remember
But my own sky
Overturns itself into a never-ending sun
Seemingly impressed on the ground.
I had every nature of a real garden
And its most beautiful colours
Spreading all around me.

There were enchanted animals and gems
Consecrated to truth
Strong winter days and blue rain bursting
In May
Music of the Gods and flashes of Credo...
Athens turned to Heavens.

Everything was unspoken
Holding up Paradise invisible tones.
Everything I described
Was actually alive
Incredibly shiny
Preserved within the sky dead zone.