

Paradigma, Half

I died mentally but my body lives on
Half a life I lead as I linger on
Sorrow I breed and sorrow I feed
Half a death I suffer as I try to withdraw

My sickness is no disease
A mind in hell
Can such a thing be revealed
In silence I cry out
Born dead my plea for relief

They speak of sweetness
They speak of harmony
They speak of romance
They speak of felicity

Such words are alien to me
So let me remain in my domain
Leave me be

They swarm in sunshine
They gather in sweet light
Oh let them, let them