

Sequoia, Head instead of eyes

In contemplative times, I could have been
So much self-assured that sorrow meant nothing.
But these days are gone, and how could I pray...
For a better way to escape from decay.
What is this deep reflection of another existence which attempts to rise when we turn our back?
My feet slide down on an uncertain ground,
On which all my doubts creep in a youth greedy for passion.
These fleeting pictures which haunt our dreams,
flutter with my tears of innocence.
Who? What... Urge us at any moment to perceive the boundless beauty the world conceals?
Where will this thirst of absolute drive us? This first of a horizon for ever faraway, which caresses s
The sun I see will rise again in the sky tomorrow
As this continual questioning about human destiny.
These are my own weapons... faith and hope.
It's as if I walked eyes wide open in my own dream.
I long to taste the milky softness of every feeling, to just call for a kiss of wind to be awoken to the s
If everything is illusion, we only have to live as in a dream.