

# Sylvan, Given-Used-Forgotten

Seek emotional collisions  
Live, we live through imprecisions  
Need imaginable visions  
To be vulnerable and so weak  
Meet fragile indecisions  
And see they're making it worth to live...

No more weakness - I tried, restrained and kept it inside  
Grew up and now that it's time I can feel...

Hesitating dreams and empty promises  
Kept it up but never knew what for  
Lacking all those treasures that I used to miss  
And then eventually to suffer more and more

Propagating spaces chasing feelings prophylactically away  
Disgorging disinfected vacuums to stay

Holding back my tears it could not ease the pain  
Always on the edge to lose it all  
Waiting for the reasons but they never came  
And while I waited I built up my proper wall

Isn't it a paradox to hide and to avoid so sterilized  
Which in the end you realize exactly is for what you strived  
But now I'm giving in to visions that I tried to circumvent  
And visualize my new experience for real ... given, used, forgotten...

Apathetically sick and restrictive  
Bureaucratically hollow and pale  
An abstemious agent of victims  
Agonizingly wrong it'll fail

Meditative deliciously thoughtful  
Melancholic poetically free  
Just spontaneous sadness though painful  
With a pinch of a powerful seed

Feed your soul with life - and you better believe it  
Breathe it right inside so you know that you need it  
Read your lines and find there's no way to delete it  
Deep within you hide...

Even while I listened could not hear the wind  
Wasn't there a light I did not see?  
Always found an end before I could begin  
What I saw reflecting wasn't me

Crucified a moment for eternity  
Spoke in words I could not understand  
And I tried to find it - tried it desperately  
But always saw it slipping through my hand