

Without Face, The Picture

I'm hunting a nightmare
on the road to the old
castle of my calm, of my dreams
my new home
the moon lights my way
and shows the dark windows nearly

Stepping into my room
I'm welcomed by light
and the picture on my wall
silently ways good night

I wake up with the sun
but I'm really not the one
the painting with the balcony
seems to move like the dawn
I break away from the mystery
but to visit the garden
and see my magnetic balcony
understand what happens

Running back to the picture
looking night and day
madness and reality
fighting in my brain
and the picture slowly shows itself
painted figures with painted selves
a girl in the dark every night
waiting for the torture: the killer's knife

Bloody eyes try to find the way
trembling hands try to find the key
blood, wash the torture...
blood, break the curse...
in the dark - in the night
with the knife - in my heart...