

I don't remember my face,
I don't count wrinkles.
I have never created idols
For worshipping and hating them.
I keep terrible secrets
Of those who are gone.
When clay knocked their coffins
I was standing alone...

If I could see the absence of a sense...
If I could hear but not listen...
If I could know life is so empty...
A curtain would drop earlier...

It feels like strings vibrating
Somewhere inside of me...
The source of my life pulsates
Deep in inner devouring horror...
A torrent of words reflecting my thoughts
Falls by downpour unto me...
I behold a world of parallels
Painted by withering imagination...
Now I set free the warm of life
Through a door closed so long ago,
Now I get used to feel cold,
I escape this reality... Ruined...