

These faces so tired and pale
Were shaped with birches,
Indocile but doomed to resist,
To overcome the pain of loss.
These eyes lose their colours,
Showing nothing except shame,
They have never looked at the sun
That is too blind to understand...
These lips whisper the only
Names forsaken in the depths of time,
They confront splendid illusions,
But they are not able to utter a prophecy.

Surrounded by darkness...
Absorbed by madness...
Just moments...
Just fragments...

When a list thread is torn,
When a last page is turned,
When a last exhale calmes,
A heart stops beating paralyzed.

Depressed with nonsense of remorse,
We ever must pay twice.
Trampling flowers growing
With the sickly-sweet smell of grief.
Epitaphs as secrets betrayed
On monuments of compassion.
Absurdly try to describe pain
Where echoes of the past walk...