

Seasons

Catafalque

I feel inside a thousand clouds
slowly wander through my winter
which separates me
from your meadows getting further

Unusualness has covered the sky
Your scent has taken captive my brain
The gallows has hung my soul
Time's erased me... you remained..

Without you
life won't be green again,
worth to see again
The clouds will remain black
As I am hanging my own soul
The seasons will be your time,
they will blow as your lifetime

My soul suffocated on the gallows of death
I bore loneliness
I heaved loneliness on my back again
As time was changing its seasons
I was buried for you