

Anxiety

Cemetery of Scream

Where is my real imaginary world? Empty spaces of the sunset
spaces of the lost hopes of the deprived of feelings faces
The laughing devil is disappearin' in the clouds of smoke spiderweb
life is running 'way against the sad light of the day the left
shreds in my hands
Blood in the empty, forgotten tins cut off heads, strange creations of the nature
the bulbs, black lights from under the vault acrid taste of blood in mouth
I found oneself death in the room tangled hands like shoots of vine
the grimace of scream has twisted my face anxiety in the death
and cold eyes
The tyrant of life triumphed