

Gently Bleeding

Dark Suns

(Sleep took me...

...I'm unsure, so unsure)

Now september fattens on vines
And roses flaking from the wall
Here I'm holding you for the last time
And I know
All phantoms keep on passing by
Why could I not feel it coming
I hide my tears behind cold hands
Pale love lost in the winds of torture
See this knife still bleeding while
Her pulse declines

...and light since then is a keyhole
Rusting gently bleeding
This life is creaking along
But still I am seeking

I cry in praise of the lonely act
Of not feeling a strange tongue
Forced into my mouth
Do not come before me now
Do not come, visionary face
I can feel your wild confronting stare
An equilibrium that puts a blame on me

Guilt burns in me
Fear growls at me
I am crumbling
Away

A mighty nothing darkened
The unconscious years of suppression