

The Euphoric Sense

Dark Suns

(Those pure and virgin apprehensions I had
From the beginning, and that warmth I felt when
I was young were the best unto this day
I knew that there is much more to...)

These days will be forever mine
...find
(... so I celebrate again...)

Now I am standing here among your faces
A new constellation
Enfold me, share my confidence
Awake now, you should be there at every turn
All prevalent images confirm the spirit
To search for an answer
Am I worthy of recalling my deepest well
From where all waters torn off?

I'll break free
Confusion will be the audience of my existence
The euphoric sense of the flying
Defines me and my inner dance

(...to seem the stranger falls my lot)
Yet all your glowing eyes reflecting slumber
They long for a distance
Have I seen them on the edge of dreams
Or been there
I don't know whatever that means

I'll break free
Confusion will be the audience of my existence
The euphoric sense of the flying
Defines me and my inner dance

I see a broken (clown) man
A paralysed shape without form
The past lapping him
Like a cloak of
Pain

The more he vanished into the dark
The deeper I felt a serious loss in my heart
But I guess it must be the flag of my disposition
Not to linger
But to follow the crowd

I'll break free
Confusion will be the audience of my existence
The euphoric sense of the flying
Blindfolded and turning into swans

(I didn't know that they were born or should die, but
I know that it is easy to forget what I came for
Among so many who have always lived here...)