

Melancholia

Darkside

when the dead paint with white hands
a laughing silence on the wall
the sleeper whispers still
unfold nymphic hands

mother silent sings goodnight
peacefully the child smiles
with so true eyes
in the brothel laughter dwells

poison - running through my veins
my fever glowing eyes
death's hand reaching out for me
senseless cries

heartbeats - like distant thunder
feelings darker than black
at fallow light in cellars sighs
life denied