

It was invoked in my dreams.
Moreover, I desired it. My life-elixir;
it has been taken from me, to the very last pearl.
My iris, covered with a grey-shade;
darkens the light in my eyes.
A little sprinkle of light holds on to what we call life.
...Appearing to be the almost eradicated glow of firewood;
the source of ALL.
The fire that once shined so bright.
The light finally dead, welcoming an uprising smoke, heralding
my
departure.
From here;
I'll start my travel.
Now, where is my Shangri-la, as you promised me?
Are you the angel saying that this is not my destiny?
Saying I should travel home, my body is waiting for me?
Continuing that path, be attended with disheartenment!
Endowed with a second life;
this angel granted me only misery.
I had to find my body again, embraced by dirt within the earth.
I awoke the fire inside to walk this God-forsaken earth again.
Invoking razor-blade dreams.
I'm bathing in blood, coloured....red.
Why me, why Tantalus is my destiny?
Being like Hydra, all of it is useless.
Redeemed from a thousand deaths;
I'm anchored to pain.
YOU my angel, are going to endure the Dianthus crown.