

Palliative Theories

Depresy

The neon alight preaches the night
The daily noise loses the battle with silence again
On the DEATHBED there remains little
But tears, memories relieving the PAIN
The images of dying are taboo
So unlike, forlorn... individual
DEATH IMAGE IS HAUNTING
'till someone comes to help
DEATH IMAGE IS HAUNTING
'till someone tells its tale
Devastating void, from reproaches a bridge
To the solitude of the remaining time of the earthly path
Never enough help for the isolated dying
No will left to live in seclusion's aftermath
DEATH IMAGE IS HAUNTING
'till someone comes to help
DEATH IMAGE IS HAUNTING
'till someone tells its tale
One cannot describe it in word
So i let the conscience burn
And as I see you dying clearly
I'll write a song from the tunes of life
The images of dying are taboo
So unlike, forlorn... individual
Wolves are still around, lenty of dead tolls...
Why no one is fighting those beasts?
Your life is a flame dissipated forever
Broken breath in wind like severed waves
DEATH IMAGE IS HAUNTING
'till someone comes to help
DEATH IMAGE IS HAUNTING
'till someone tells its tale
All on the same boat
Where each will wait his hour
Will our eyes ever meet again?
Only murk remains and we'll be dead
To become THE ASSASIN OF PALLIATIVE THEORIES