

## Between the Clouds

Diary of Dreams

Clouds are mounting in the field of oppressions  
Frozen lands of endless beauty  
Colliding notions, like a mirage to my dreams  
In here united, in my sheltered eyes  
Skies of wrath, between the clouds above  
Naked eyes to say I'm yours  
Folded hands see night creeping  
Empathic strikes to exploit my body

May the young believe in "sarectasion"  
Excrements of our thoughts  
Beyond belief hence their retention  
Excrements of our thoughts  
Between the clouds  
Misdirected senses  
Land of voices out of dreams  
Between the clouds  
Misdirected senses  
Land of voices, our screams

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