

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
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Land of voices, our screams

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