

A Few Steps Into Darkness

Dying Passion

As though you are fallen in
The avalanche of snow
And pour on thoughts full of scepticism.
The black rose on your breast
Makes you stupefy.

Deep below in the abysm
Away from human sweetness.
The black rose on your breast
Makes you poison your soul.

Your dying passion's gleaming
When the expired flare of your heart
Is flashing by in agony.

The stream of woven visions
Dissolve in a spacious ocean.
The black rose on your breast
Makes you transform into twilight.