

Broken Sleep

Dying Passion

When the silence visits me
In my lonely days,
My mind brings back all events,
In my solitaire mood at paints.

Then the silence tip toe, tip toe and come,
Disturbing my mind bond,
Gently spreads in my darkened room,
Inclosing me with to desire my doom,
Lay down on me.

I step from plank to plank,
So slow and cautiously,
The stars about my head felt,
At my feet the sea.

I knew not but the next,
Would be my final inch,
This gave me that unstable gait,
Some call experience.

Then I tried to drive, drive it away out,
Yet it insists and pretends to shout,
I cannot control this urge,
It makes me entire world to stay about.

Welcome the nights of broken sleep
And days of cold rejection
Dreamers, believers,
Half awaken in a sweet unrest,
Waiting for their redemption.

Then the silence tip toe, tip toe and come,
Disturbing my mind bond.

Welcome the nights of broken sleep
And days of cold rejection
Dreamers, believers,
Half awaken in a sweet unrest,
Waiting for their redemption.

Welcome the nights of broken sleep
And days of carange cold,
Could I deem that you would weep
To hear my perils told.