

Illusion

Dying Passion

I am a dream rebel, a bodiless soul
I am a verbal irritator, quite excellent
I could wheedle out a blue moon of you
A sin of a nun, courageous plans
Of a suicide and a sunny place

I'm not soul stealer, I'm not the killer
I'm not entitled to take no matter how much I wish to
I am the imp of desire, the mirror of wishes
A humble illusion, so unexpected
Now and then here and gone
That's my rule - not giving myself out!

I've eaten another fruit of the forbidden tree
Nothing bad happened at the very moment, just immediate pleasure
The minor offences help me feel alive
At the end of the day I'm grateful to all my mischieving

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