

On The Road

Dying Passion

Once again I stand at the end
Of one of these paths,
Covered with sand
That retains in its memory
Countless days full of warm sun rays
And brimstones of infernal mystery.

I'm falling down onto the ground,
Dressed up in the abyss of agony.
I'm coming back in my own footsteps
To find out the truth of my life.

At the time I was a child,
Playing on the beach
With prince that name was Rhama.
At some distance in a Slough and plague,
With human's hate we took the field.
A tower built of my own lives
And I'm sauntering upstairs,
Immersed in nostalgic regrets,
Face to face with the Truth.

Scream is coming through my mind.
Scream like ancient voices, as ancient as I am.

She laughs me silently to scorn,
She's forsaken me many times before, unfaithful bitch!
So hard to find her, so hard to take her in
Before I've found her graceful visage.

A final step"
Embraces me from heaven"
"and flapped his wings.