A Yearning Utopian (Two Roses For The 25th Of June)

Ethereal Pandemonium

Just a siren stayed from the soul of a swan, Extincted one day like Herakleit's sun, Thinking of glory in your dreaming heaven During one night of June 1997 Feelin' so stranded in your dismal shell I hope it was snow what you for the last time felt... The last tear flowing down your hot cheek, Suffering, memories and the last tick... Wrath! Despite the knowledge Without the godsend... snuffling the candle off, Gospel condemned... Next fawn to dark Her eminence Hyaena... decided again To embalm her... Woe of soul With May, the time of the blossomed lichens did not come, A grim meadow full of forsaken straits. Embers dabbed her inside and now she knew That the crescent would become a fullmoon no more... I see the sun in the mist and the darkness The fallen beams to the withered flowers Sadly flowing all your life Your tears were changed into the ash Perhaps one day I will comprehend Wrapped up in the sea of the dismal memories, Seeing only your closed eyes, Thinking only of your lifelong pains Thee seared her sooner than she died, Neferthiti of my heart Forgotten in the temple of laments And so much she wanted to live... "Life is a beautiful flower, but we must have a courage to sever it On the edge of the horrible abyss..." Barbarian dew on my cheeks from the ivory I implore the evangelical beehive of her disillusion, I can't dishearten being face to face my inertia A bee in disgrace? Thee fucking parasite! The diocese with the emblem... Of Chrysanthemum Congenitally kept running... With her chandeller Blackness of goldlines... Doomed to suffer As the colourless leaves of begonia And this gossam was that last For Antigona of my trivial ebonies Oh, my wish utopian to put together her splinters Passing by meridian of hope, finding a serenity until it urn,

The flame of your candlelight will burn forever,

Harrased, heavy as the sea level No daintiness for her china smile You'll never be forgotten, goodbye my friend...