

Take me away, Sir, from the mirror of the past
The tears are dripping in the eternal well
And ripples on the surface create
Impenetrable cells surround the seconds of our lives.

All unspoken,
There is no one left I can confess to.
All unspoken
I can swallow up the letters of those sentences.
All unspoken,
A tongue, as carved from a throat.
All unspoken,
Writing alone on the wall of tears.

The presents has been scattered into the dust
Why do I wake up in the past?
I can see through blind eyes
Into the kingdom of the fallen.

The words I haven't spoken
Are disappearing in the depths of buried hopes.
In the echoes of unlived tomorrows
I learn to listen to the steps of solitude.

Dancing shadows create a silhouette
Of celestial freedom and connection.
I'm waiting by the wall of tears.
Outsider the borders of time, inside the temple of light.

The unspoken desires
When you couldn't peer into my soul.
Unspoken admissions follow you
You drift through my world toward my arms
Without prejudice and monotony.