

Among The Grey Masses

Faust Again

I'm too tired waiting for that feeling
That seems to never come
Which I could never embrace
My senses are well trained
By long time of awaiting
Instead of this all
There's always space for
A little bit of confusion
Evoked by unable to describe
Some kind of stimulus

Still strong enough
To feel anxious being myself
Still stupor enough
To be likely dead
Yet insufficiently long ...

Always goes by
Leaves with heart soaked with grayness
Once again we need to seek for warmth

Everyday I feel the same
With every breath I'm one minute closer to death