

Near the window

Interitus

I am sitting near the window and empty eyes is what i feel
cold wind from the east blowing like the breath of the beast
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Silence - Darkness without any sorrow
Tears - are torture in my poor heart
Fear - the mirror of my empty eyes
Solitude - terrible space in my brain
Death - the only right way for us now
Death - the only right way for us

Only wings are not freedom and only chains are not the jail
I know that hope is not dead, though we aren't living anymore