

## 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