

Failure In The Process Of Identifying A Dream

Ion Dissonance

Shadows are finally freed to hover...
The wintry landscape, apart from their mated-masters,
They seem serene has they dance childishly
As for my soul...
It is floating over some greyish magenta, watching me losing consciousness from a good distance...

Solaris is dimly shining,
And he's desperately trying to pierce the pale wall of mist, blurring his vision

I cannot exactly describe this weariness in which I am drowning
Yes... it's possibly the darkest day that I've ever experienced

Yet misery don't seem so heavy anymore,
It seem more or less constant and relentless?
Sorrow slips over me like rain usually does on soft skin...
Cold as marble stone...

I'm overwhelmed by this sudden state of neutrality... of weightlessness
I am lost through an emptied Heaven...

I sense that I am no longer alone in my foreign journey
Around me they swirl silently, those little aerial beings

Little angels of demise whispering music to my hear,
Exquisite yet inaudible
I cannot understand a thing of what they're saying,

Silence is the beauty that I behold,
Profound has an eternal slumber, holding the strangest of dreams
Blindly I follow,
For I am simply drugged by their livid smile

I cannot stop... not now, so close... (to the unknown)
Frost is gradually spreading through my veins,
And toward my darkened heart,
Crystallizing my blood after its passage...
Luring me far away from what I might have once called;
Home...

Those little spirits are slowly killing me, with Purity
I know now that they want me to die, as much as anyone else

And frankly, I don't really care anymore...