

After Winter

Kirlian Camera

See this place after winter
while wind is blowing softly
and another night has gone
with no sleep and neither noise.
"Sisters" are burning in Hell,
"brothers" maybe are doing it too.
Wrapped in fire or lost with angels
till those lies will become truth.

Burn and burn my little bed,
you should understand my opinion,
after all I'm wasting time
talking with some hidden idiot.
Burn and burn dear useless voice
losing you is the best choice,
no more lies to say any longer,
just some shit to die for.

When that Light's vast sea is coming
to kiss my head once again,
an involuntary dream
is getting closer for a while
with its warm blue hands of sorrow
and draws the past of a blind crowd,
when a future made of playing shades
appears among the rays.

Our lives "dance around fires"
that somebody needs to light
thinking life is just a star
made for boring bunnies' shouts.
Time for hearing fairy tales
time to thank for all this fun,
all the teddy bears are buying
brand new tickets to the sun.