

## 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.