

Hate Net on Broken Heart

Lunarsea

Days of sun sway from past like silently waves slowly
Unable to smile at new mourning, unable to find pleasure in a little things
Uncapable to recognize the wings of loyalty
Happy when I savour bitter drops of someone under tongue
When I see minor demon eating everything, always
I have to obey not to vomit. trouble by the light on face
I've forgot who I was, forgot what heart wrote about joy
Everytime I try to escape the net tightens me, and dribble drips on the floor
Meridians, coordinates of life
Meridians, close to me a safe place
The flies that coming here will be a supreme meal
Oh, hatenet wire..
Needle to roar, to love the hate again
Binded and bedridden at the noose. hear my voice in a solitary hours
Like a spider I move back over wall, behind the door my screamed name
But staying here I can hurl desperation, icons of time that are repeating
Grating hard rust on skin
Nimbly with eight legs, weave hatenet around room; trapped among wires
Oh, meridians...