

The Attic And The World Of Emotions

Sadist

Hope on the last floor where dust kills the breath
The room is dark and wraps me in fear and sadness
Without words I look around me thinking in tears
A whole life closed in drawers under a roof

I can hear those voices calling survived and alive today
You fly and disappear and I'm watching you
In the attic and the world of emotions

One of those days so similar to many others
Along with a friend of mine destroying me within...
So many questions not any answer
Nothing outside, nobody in the storm
Just a small black bird survives
I got trapped in the children's corner standing still
I climb the stairs remembering moments
Lived and gone and the melody starts
To chant in my mind

I can hear those voices calling survived and alive today
You fly and disappear and I'm watching you
In the attic and the world of emotions

I go down stairs smiling
I leave the absence of light behind my shoulders
The oppression of that ceiling above the head
And the shades that flee where are you come out
My heart is full I listen through a darkened window
they built white walls
Like branches without life just upon
them ice crystal cold season