

## Mental Hell

### The Claymore

Since then I have to bring a flower like a curse  
All these moments lost in time reversed!  
It's getting worse!

I won't walk alone tonight.  
It is the light so white and bright  
Trying that another action!  
Misery was satisfaction  
Distraction follows my reaction!

All these scenes I have to witness  
Inevitably shatter my fitness.  
I have lost my mind!  
What is there behind I cannot find!

I fetch my breath in disgust  
Where it hides below the dust!  
I can't believe  
This is mental hell!

There, in the internal flame,  
I can see the one to blame!  
It does not recall any memories  
Of how wrong is there was glimmer.

Good riddance of forgotten tale  
Myself, the lighthouse and the gale!

I've seen so many faces,  
I have been to many places  
I threw the flower with disgrace  
For we all fall in her embrace!

Forlorn of myself up to brace  
And my inner fear I retrace.  
She picked it up and disappeared!  
Later I forgot everything feared!

Since then I have to throw a flower like a curse!  
All these moments seem to me rehearsed!  
It's getting even worse, even worse rehearsed!