

A Winter Quest For Fantasy

The Envy

At the end of the unknown eternal breath, singing voice echoed
back at night.
Hide the mind that rob into the seasons, give punishment to the
mystery of sleep.

At the end of the end I saw in my journey, monotone creation st
ill goes on.
Life makes the preparation of denial. The independence of fate
fills the gap.
The ritual of disgrace whirls.

Because of the harboring words make its way, I reread the past
and continue the question.
An indication was frightened by the sound and undulation spread
s.
Troubled days are the argument of single feet.

Put the well-considered fact on the flower, and then the pale s
ky gives the reason.
Unknown whereabouts I'll reach myself. Window pane shows the he
artless glow.
Leave here for the fruitful time.

See the ocean moving ahead in days and a way to testify the pre
sent.
Weapons put the final silence in scars.
You learn, I forget, and lend you a lie after an apology.
The evanescence inside the sunlight too bright.
Anxiety at the tip and shadow's routine.

I gather the piece on a memory and draw. Hold the past in my ha
nd and grieve.
Beauty of hope to all I know. Pressed by the subjectivity, then
the answer repeats.
Falling leaves of life arrive at the future. Echo of a vocal so
lo gets caught in deep.
Set times to sorrow. Give bond gratis to discontent.
Objections are stepped on, they turn into a tiny scream.
Judgment of the main point to the imaginary world. A fountain o
f fantasy in the vast sky.
Put all regrets on a dump collar. I behave cheerfully in the lo
ne quest, it's infinite.