

Countless dead eyes without
their dreams ever paid off.
The words of a poet reflect
in a drift of daily life
that had spit out.
Fragments of memory are on the way
and they are supposed to be right.
The fact that it is 2.
The silence swore to proceed till the end.
The crystallization of the time.

Picture a light,
a personality on my mind.
Catch the ripped wishes
with my hands.
Regulation and existence
even lost the meaning.
Fought with difference and
the doubt was born.
A smile and an answer
filled with loneliness.
A warped mirror
shows the criticism.

The group-mind is brightly decorated
and erased its identity.
You speak and go beyond
the present time to find eternity.
The times marked the painful eternity.
The same condition gained the pain.

Suppress my mind
and the last word falls.

I stand where no one would see.
We make, and steal the process.
You who read and the standart are fair.
Not a single truth, so sleep on the ground.