

Edge Of Vegetation

Trauma

Hanged between illusion and reality
I'm searching the dimension of freedom
Only my breath reminds me that I'm alive
In convulse of enslaved bird
In simultaneous dance
I've lost my own part of life
But I'm not dead
But I'm not dead yet!
Day by day I'm still searching the truth
The truth - my only salvation
My day - I'm a part of morbid race
For... nothing?
Night - in embrace of dreams
Still balancing on the edge of...
Vegetation, life, existence...
In daily struggle I'm still learning
I'm discovering this hidden way
To the truth?... or to nowhere?
In vision without colors
I can see only more shades of greyness
Searching
Waiting
Breathing