

Lethe

Miel Cools

Give me the drink of the fluid
That disintegrates
And lend me the sweet balm and blessing
Of forgetfulness, empty and strong
Lethe
Oh, lethe

Hold me near, unravel the stars
As I speed through the heavens
Speed through the night
For you are my blade and my rope
You are my lethe
You are my all

In currents of cobalt
You storm through my heart
To sever, to puncture
The memories that burn
Let sweep through the arteries
In sharp stabs of pain
Your talon-like fingers to kill me again

Steal me, invade me and charge me again
For I burn and I shudder
Burn with each movement of

So, cleansed through a floodlight
I appear, renewed and reforged
Caressed by the sweet balm and blessing
Of forgetfulness, empty and strong
Lethe

Hold me near, my one friend and guide
As I drown through your fingers
Drown through your love
For you are the life I hate
You are my

Drag me down, in passionate sighs
With the ocean above me

And flames in my eyes
And grant me a life I can live
Without
Take me away

From the life that I hate

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