

The Mind's Subconscious

Buried Dreams

Without a shape What I yesterday knew is oblivious. Reality the fantasy the truth a lie covered by thoughts betray what they see. What was part of me that...has it changed? Or do I perceive it different. Ashes reign where the fire was ruins of the reminds. Without ashes never a fire there was what burns is consumed in yesterdays mouth Day after day, a new character after the same question. The eternal quest: Only one light...without its lost

Shadow. Day after day, a new scene of hate a dream or nightmare without a sense forever onwards to the unreasonable universe!!! Time Time passes by on the trail of maya Different becomes what does not change

Without reminds everything is new The eyes without a past Time passes by on the trail of maya In our subconscious.... Raped is the pure. Uncertain our fate. Painfull weakness. that limits us of our power The reason the hunter has hunted himself forever irony.... Utopia! Without ashes never a fire there was what burns is consumed in yesterdays mouth where it casts into oblivion. Forever the same it will be never knowing what the truth is if there shall exist one that can make it through the time and stay forever in my mind!!! Without a shape What I yesterday knew is oblivious. Reality the fantasy the truth a lie covered by thoughts betray what they see Time Time passes by on the trail of maya Different becomes what does not change Without reminds everything is new The eyes without a past Time passes by on the trail of maya In our subconscious.... All you have seen, tasted and heard... Or that you may listened or felt before. All you seeked and found is now useless cause you'll never find the path to The Mind's subconscious.

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