

# All Is Silent

## On Thorns I Lay

The shade of love gives me, your hallucination,  
I need to endure the solitude, this awfully screaming  
To the sting of the atmost chaos,  
where the primordial wichness is so hideous for description  
The expression of her face, an expression of abominable malice,  
and triumph into an old, oppressive house,  
the accoustic illusions of the awfully...  
Thundering panthymonium captured by horror,  
everything around me appear like living blying image(We build dreams to get her; if I could see the hapiness of  
soul,  
as the rain from our sky is so strong)The wind from the lake of memories, the cold climate  
gives to the solitude a tone of delight and psychic beauty  
But Death seems to be forever between us  
and the last hope is like the hate that's stain with blood  
Your silent crying, sorrow and invisible feeling,  
who cares now about me, when my eyees can't speak?  
Why my God? Why even the light of your sun,  
is like the sparkling of a star, when it eraces and eraces...  
Into the deep sed of dawn,  
if I could live the beginning of your world...

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