

Abyss

Museum of Bellas Artes

The ability to see makes me wonder
Whether there is a hole in the ground
Or in my mind
Like the hole inside my heartIt swallows anything which comes close
If we dare to look down
Something lives inside this hole
And it screams from time to timeThen it pulls me down
Into the absence of all sense
Asking all the questions ever asked
But it listens only to itselfSo, I had to appear in a mirror
To the questions asked by no one
For the very first time this gave light
Into the darkness of the soulShattered dreams are the pillows
For the hurt one who lives inside this hole
And he screams from time to time
For the absence of sense like in this rhyme
Which is a shrine for all the ones who seeThe hole in his heart is the hole in the ground
The hole in his heart is the hole in the ground
Which was never there 'cause it ate itself
Within the answers always askedIt never dared to be
So it screams from time to time
It never dared to be
So it screams from time to time

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