Failure In the Process of Identifying a Dream

Ion Dissonance

shadows are finally freed to hover... the wintry landscape,
apart from their mated-masters,
they seem serene has they dance childishly.
has for my soul... it is floating over some greyish magenta,
watching me losing conscience from a good distance...
solaris is dimly shinning,
and is desperately trying to pierce the pale wall of mist, blurring his vision.
I cannot exactly describe this weariness in which I am drowning,
yes... it is possibly the darkest day that I've ever experienced.
yet misery don't seem so heavy anymore,
it seems more or less constant and relentless?
sorrow slips over me like rain usually does on soft skin...
cold as marble stone.
I'm overwhelmed by this sudden state of neutrality... of weightlessness.
I am lost trough an emptied heaven...
I sense that I am no longer alone in my foreign journey,
around me they swirl silently, those little aerial beings.
little angels of demise whispering music to my hear, exquisite yet inaudible.
I cannot understand a thing of what they're saying.
silence is the beauty that I behold, profound has an eternal slumber,
holding the strangest of dreams.
blindly I follow, for I am simply drugged by their livid smile.
I cannot stop... not now, so close...
(to the unknown) frost is gradually spreading trough my veins,
and toward my darkened heart,
crystallizing my blood after its passage...
luring me far away from what I might have once called: home...
those little spirits are slowly killing me, with purity.
I know now that they want me to die an horrible death,
has much has anyone else.
and frankly, I don't really care anymore...

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