

Wish "Monument"

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Drifting over fields of gold, I'm a monument or at least
that old

The sun never shines on me, I'm a shadow myself and
for others I might be

Catch your stare before you turn your head from my
appearance, but I saw you stare

Afraid to see my face, afraid to see yourself reflected
in my button-eyes

In a field of straws I pick the shortest ones
Harvest desire

Beside the lamenting wind nothing ever moves me, we
kiss without breath

In the midst of a tight embrace, recall the famous
phrase: "You too, my son?"

Eye for an eye, a stake for a spine, I'm the mirror that
stands before you

Birds come picking at your eyes, come picking at your
smile, just to remind you

The world ain't a pretty sight

In a field of straws I pick the shortest ones
Sowing a wish

Gazed into the sun
For far too long

Burned...
My eyes

Was I wrong to dream my dreams?
I've been holding my breath so long that I don't know
how to breathe
Like an actor in a final scene, he falls down to the stage
Never convincing though as the audience stands and
leaves
So no one ever sees that he never gets up again
And the curtains of the night will fall upon the sun
Bleeding with a smile, I try
To think of all the lies he swallowed
Pull the stake out of my heart

I won't forget
Never forgive
No excuse
No forgiveness

Was I wrong to believe in the virtue of man?
So blind that I never saw that the fields around me
burned down to the ground
So I stand tall in a withered field once more
Rooted in the dirt, I'm bound
Yet my arms stretch to the sky where I belong
I belong...

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