

Cemetery Of Scream

"Lost Flowers"

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Dust particles of the empty words like
Left wings of the invisible birds
Flowers
The storm of the words'n' feelings
H's like the wind
Frail and brittle stalks-it's time
To pass and die
Lightnings of feelings
The silence of the warm evening
Stars threw on the heaven like the seeds of
Flowers of hate'n' love

The rains streaming along the edge of the counter
Flowing down the shoulder and face
Cold blows of whip
The whisper of silent drops
Windows, panes of flashes'n' brilliance
The darkened by the grey fog of the gloom

Liberation'n' freedom
Empty cages out of pigeons
We were floated by the oceans
With the eternal prophecy in the hand

The poetry of the streets drowned in the rain
The green of the trees and the black of the night
Contrast of hope and hidden sad
Floods of tears-cold and soulless

Lost flowers
Covered by the dust of oblivion
Mercy hidden under the veil of the old splendour
The past
Immortal monument of hate'n' love
Of passion'n' desire

Someone said to the mirror
When you're alone in your world
It will be the end of your dreams
It will stay just the sad
The green of hope the next blessing

Left on the stained table

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