

Athena

"Deserts"

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Drops of her life
falling from her blind eyes,
the liquid sands
rise from this desert land.

Flying in the wings of the night,
the path is clear
made of the stone of tears.
Outside the cage there's a man,
he gets the key
to open their locked dreams.

Falling water from the sky...

In the rain of ice
she cries in the cage
like a broken glass
covered with pale dust.

All this desert land
drowning in the sand
like her blinded eyes
darkened by the time.

Clouds open old doors
to leave ancient nights.

Falling water from the sky...

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