

Asgaard "Let Me Die..."

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Humming elegiac nocturne
He strode through life poisoned with lies
And he picked flowers, which have never been offered
to anybody...
Then he kissed their petals calling them dreams,
admiring their diversity.
He always liked the wilted ones, the ones he often
found on graves.
He felt, they had more beauty than the fresh ones,
Untouched by the claw of passing time
The real forms of excellence - he felt, that the other
ones have something more to say...
When he took a flower to his hand
All seemed strangely concentrated, scared us by eerie
expectation of Something...
This Something was everywhere, in each element of his
distorter world, in his tragism;
It observed us from each precipice of mind,
It shone with a glitter of malicious stars
Suspended on the verge of reality and imagination.
Each of these flowers rendez-vous was his love
And each of his loves was something entirely new,
Something elusive - as he said.
Because you cannot touch Beauty without
understanding it, without being convinced that it is
valuable.
The years elapsed...
And he still kissed these flowers sneering at life,
Which he deprived of charm...
And finally he stole all the colours...
And even the sun stopped shining,
As there was nobody to shine for...
Then he cried... putting his head between his knees.
And his tear crossed the sky...
And bore unfaith.
Today nobody remembers him,
Today they are the New...
Humming this mournful nocturne striding through life
poisoned with lies and pick his flowers...
It is a sacrifice for Eternity,
Culmination of life...
Victory

The memories watered with divine tears.
Now, may I leave!

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