

# Beelzeb "Taciturn"

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Now I know...  
I can talk about nostalgia

That building - old building - has loosen  
His polish and rust slips down  
The gates and doors

Just longing,  
Like someone waiting and  
Sticking in the middle of the road,  
Light of the ancient gaze  
Loses her glow.

Now I'm blinded ...  
By the step of mist taking it all away.

That tree-covered alley, has got  
The ivy already dead and children no longer play in it.

Languid arms try to embrace  
A bit of stardust  
They have failed and only grope for  
The comet's tail

You  
Moving to me  
From my inside to the outside  
From the outside to my private hell

No stop  
No stop for the restless  
For the helpless one  
Never stops

I'm calling you  
Calling you  
With all my words  
With my silence  
With what's between the lines

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