

Dark Suns "Gently Bleeding"

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(Sleep took me...

... I'm unsure, so unsure)

Now september fattens on vines
And roses flaking from the wall
Here I'm holding you for the last time
And I know
All phantoms keep on passing by
Why could I not feel it coming
I hide my tears behind cold hands
Pale love lost in the winds of torture
See this knife still bleeding while
Her pulse declines

... and light since then is a keyhole
Rusting gently bleeding
This life is creaking along
But still I am seeking

I cry in praise of the lonely act
Of not feeling a strange tongue
Forced into my mouth
Do not come before me now
Do not come, visionary face
I can feel your wild confronting stare
An equilibrium that puts a blame on me

Guilt burns in me
Fear growls at me
I am crumbling
Away

A mighty nothing darkened
The unconscious years of suppression

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