

Decameron "Skábma"

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I thought I was travelling through a painful endlessness
Lontime blackened stars were on fire
I was dead, drifting from darkness to darkness

Weightless I travelled through the emptiness
Like I was washed overboard from a heavenly ship
Naked and torn to pieces
Driven through stars of fire

Life hanged on inside of me like the sun in a blinded
eye
The world followed in weak sounds

The words were lost in echoes
So many voices in disguise
Some seemed familiar and some
Spoke forgotten languages

Life hanged on inside of me like the sun in a blinded
eye
The world followed in weak sounds

Longer and longer, between my kicking heart and my
blood
The explanation started to fill me up - a scream higher
then the sound of stars,
Touched my drifting tongue

Thin echoes, the silence came to me
But you were there in fragments of skin

A silent tenderness was driven through me,
My fingers separated by light years tried to embrace
you

Embrace you!

I thought I was travelling through a painful endlessness
Lontime blackened stars were on fire
I was dead, drifting from darkness to darkness

Longer and longer between my kicking heart and my

blood

The explanation started to fill me up - a scream higher
then the sound of stars,
Touched my drifting tongue

The journey lasted longer than time itself
I was on my way to the final end,
Looking out into the silence,
Always listening back to the more and more abstract
echoes of my soul

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