

Demise

"Reality In Chains"

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Without compassion and regret, with open personality
Among the space of the universe, being someone
much
simpler
Being a dream
For the glory of constraint
The most splendid is the ascent
Blundering in the infinite expanse of interior
Give back the power to sun
Materially, significantly
I held it inside, reality in chains
Expressing it in words, I became a frosty desert
Love, hate - it's like a grain of wheat
When you plant by accident, it grows as a stone
But when in the symphony of events
You touch the lament of soul
And make the crop grow up when you are ready
Sometimes it rises, comes into existence
I can't master it, I'm too weak
Waking it in the others, I cause despair and regret
I can't feel it myself, I think about the moment

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