

Dying Passion

"Psychic"

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My soul is like a stormy sea
The sea that presage a menacing augury.
I'm entering the water.
My screaming soul broke the silence
And it's disappearing in the storm...
I don't want it to come this night
It mustn't fall on me
It mustn't enter my soul
My soul is space full of sadness
The sleeping space
Smiling at me with the eyes of youth.
In them, in their reflection,
I can see my soul's wreck.
I watch but I can't break away.
I don't want it to come this night
My soul mustn't drown yet
My heart mustn't cool down...
Under my head water
Over it - clouds, the bluish sky in reach.
I don't want it to come this night
With the dawn either

The sea in my soul's not storming any more.

My heart stopped beating...

And in the meantime I'll be sound asleep.

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