

Forest Stream "Mired"

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A pale cold haze by stealth conceals the path
As lurking shade transforms the day so fast
Rich colors fall against the bleak decay
Am I the one to pass these waters longing
For their living prey?
All where I can turn my look is a reign of Mire
I cry out but echoes die unborn
The dismal life of the Mighty Bogs
Shall go on undisturbed at all...
Perceive the stuffiness, the swamp's breathing hard
Digesting dreams of those who're now it's part
Who've been sucked in or maybe jumped themselves
They cheat all deaths and never die being dead
Let woken be those whose time has passed
And the blessed get dressed in their newer flesh
Then come to soak my fury up and join
To free our world from meanness

Wrong are those who're telling you there's nothing to
be awake for.
The Mire is enormous but not endless.
I dared to find the way out.
I've been searching all my life and finally succeeded,
yet after all I've been through it seems to me that I am
the only one who knows.

... I dared to find the way out...
Hear me call from the other side
Of the deadly mire's halls
See I could pass them through
And some other will if he wants
And all those who were killing me
For billion poignant times,
Failed again... yet my stars rise to shine
For the last time in these skies...

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