

## **Gutter Sirens "Memory Analysis"**

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Imprisoned in the enchanted theatre  
I witness strange changes  
I see a wizard who under the ballast of years  
Visits the land where heavy sleep ranges

He dreamt about days when he was young  
In what way he perceived the world  
What he would alter from the perspective of years  
Any changes would like the old

The flame of my imagination  
The wick of lit dreams  
Journey along the route of memories creation

The most precious gifts  
Sent by him  
Evoke the ideas that help us to go along

The road through thorns or covered with roses  
The one we use to departure  
The road through thorns - we avoid it to fool the time  
The road through thorns - at the end a flower  
blossoms- maybe mine  
But who dares to pick it up so early

The third act the old man wakes up  
His face is smiling  
The essential still exists, the question mark vanishes

The road...  
The road...  
The road...  
The road through thorns - where it may end  
I know at the world's end.

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