

Buried Dreams

"The Mind's Subconscious"

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Without a shape
What I yesterday knew is oblivious.
Reality the fantasy the truth a lie covered by thoughts
betray what they see.
What was part of me that...has it changed?
Or do I perceive it different.
Ashes reign where the fire was ruins of the reminds.
Without ashes never a fire there was what burns is
consumed in yesterday's mouth
Day after day, a new character after the same
question.
The eternal quest:
Only one light...without its lost Shadow.
Day after day,
a new scene of hate a dream or nightmare without a
sense forever onwards
to the unreasonable universe!!!
Time
Time passes by on the trail of maya
Different becomes what does not change
Without reminds everything is new
The eyes without a past
Time passes by on the trail of maya
In our subconscious....
Raped is the pure.
Uncertain our fate.
Painful weakness.
that limits us of our power

The reason the hunter has hunted himself forever
irony...
Utopia!
Without ashes never a fire there was
what burns is consumed in yesterday's mouth where it
casts into oblivion.
Forever the same it will be never knowing
what the truth is if there shall exist one
that can make it through the time and stay forever in
my mind!!!
Without a shape
What I yesterday knew is oblivious.
Reality the fantasy the truth a lie covered by thoughts

betray what they see
Time
Time passes by on the trail of maya
Diferent becomes what does not change
Without reminds everything is new
The eyes without a past
Time passes by on the trail of maya
In our subconciuous....
All you have seen, tasted and heard...
Or that you may listened or felt before.
All you seeked and found is now useless cause you'll
never find the path to
The Mind's subconciuous.

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