

## Ideas

### "On A Strange Land"

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Here, on a strange land in deep silence, alone,  
I'm looking through a gloomy shell towards my world,  
My paralyzed inside is contracted by beauty sometimes  
and sprinkles a silent smile towards the rigid days.

In spite of the raging storm, I can't feel the hits of the  
lash,  
with glazed eyes I wipe my racking prison's walls, I'm  
speechless

Yet the power chases, yet the longing drives,  
from dull reality my heart cries for life!  
I'm longing to be in the world of our dreams  
the moment that there wait for us are beautiful and  
real,  
there the ordered fate may become true,  
that's the way I'll find my real home

I'm staring at the distance just myself, but not alone,  
while you're looking at my summit from above, I do it  
from below,  
how the setting sun paints its slices into different  
colours  
from time to time.

Hundred days and hundred nights are burning in my  
mind,  
the passing years engraved deep wrinkles in my life,  
paying for everything by millions of bleeding wounds,  
praying for a nicer day, waiting for a shining dawn.

I can feel, I'm a shinking mote in the whirl,  
tell me, where I should go in the storm?

Yet the power chases, yet the longing drives,  
from dull reality my heart cries for life!  
I'm longing to be in the world of our dreams  
The moment that there wait for us are beautiful and  
real,  
there the ordered fate may become true,  
that's the way I'll find my real home

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