

Julius Isidro "Nocturne"

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It's points are five, deeply rooted in my mind
Clairvoyant I felt but one single mask hid all the faces
One light cast all the shadows
The picture remains incomplete
Wind has died but leaves still flutter
Chaotic universe of mind

Just an open coffin
Awaits at the wedding altar
Still the bride is beautiful
And relatives are taking pictures
And in the winter's freezing gloom
The garden has flourished to it's bloom
Chaotic universe of mind
Is there ever a picture of my kind?

It's points are five, deeply rooted in my mind
Clairvoyant I felt but one single mask hid all the faces
One light cast all the shadows
The picture remains incomplete
Wind has died but leaves still flutter
Chaotic universe of mind

If you can't make it complete
Would you try your best and lie to me?

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