

Kemet

"The Breath Through The Syone"

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Memory is a poison, to the eyes of lovers
And other rose for your grave...
... Bloody silence
And from this day, remorse devours my mind.

Is this one the last?
From this day on this dream consumes me
Wishing to feel the heat of your sigh through the stone.

Memory is a poison to me
A torture is this bloody silence.

Fantasy meets reality... feel my arms
And from the earth, from the place
No one returns, I wished so strong
That I heard

I heard the voice, I heard the call
I saw the body and the face
I felt her lips, I felt her breath
But the breath was cold.

Reason gave me up taken by the flames of silence
Reason gave me up killed by these images that torture
me

Enchained to the grave of the past
Homeless, I know that I could find
Hidden below the marble, the last whisper
Which could nurse me again
And take pleasure listening
To this voice, which sings the notes
That I used to love
And I take pleasure, remembering the sweetness
Of the words.

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