

Mythopoeia

"Bitterness Bloodred"

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Wine is color of faded red, icon of a past
No drug make me forget all this blood and this night
Gazing at the cold moon, memory of a face of doom
Which looks at me with scorn, nothing will be the same
anymore

Pictures of the past are never to be back
Bloodfingers in your back, I miss the time I made you
scars
I remember the promise of some rest in a bloodred sea
as a release
I learnt there is no rest and honesty never pays
It wasn't the eyes of betrayal but there was no place for
hope
I thought it was a place for eternity
it was just a pit in a grey endless sea

I hate looking at those mountains that make me
remember you
I'd like to hate you so more than for myself I've ever
done

I spread violence and decay, sickness is a hard thing to
share
All the scars drawing my body won't never release me
from grief
And tomorrow when the time has past I'll still remind
your name
And then return to the place it was and probably shed a
tear
For the remain of this human blaze which was blown off
this night
I just hope where you go, you'll remember what was I

I bleed for it went too fast, the wound is still opened
You've gone as those flowers died, as the bloodred
turns to black
You'll remember me as faded wine and wish me the
best
The best is still for me that I can meet you soon in hell...

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