

Neolith

"Temple Of The Silent Desire"

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Do you remember her?
You remember that you wish so!
Listening to the tunes of the past
Crumbs of memory,... of jokes,... half truths
Wandering about the desert territory of brain
Are you a remembrance of somebody
Who is going to forget you?
Are you a lie perhaps?
Are you the personification desire
Of someone enslaved you?
Of someone who created you in their memory
From meaningless shadows?
But in her eyes I saw my reflection
Now sun shines directly to my face
Hot, red curtain of semiclosed eyelids

With her I was in eden
...our garden
Promises,... words,... declaration of love.
The storming building full of clinches
Will I remember?
Do I love her?
Memory is schizophrenic always
It's an offer of arranged, disarrayed thoughts
Or reality with hallucination
Mysterious and secret
Both sides of the mirror
Full of colour fluids spent and become grey
Feeling of emptiness and discouragement
You are left alone... and memories...

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