Ophthalamia "A Cry From The Halls Of Blood / Empire Of Lost Dreams"

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I live in the thoughts where the shadows no longer dance and where my tears fall into the colours of the lonely dreaming crying songs that my works are.

The melancholy clouds of my feelings float away in the tide of faces which the soul of mine is.

I wonder about life even though death is close and as my lost life falls into its definitive end...

the light won't save me.

Tired is the blood of mine
and my brain will not speak no more.

I'm living in a prison of flesh
and my heart won't answer my calls.

I'm shaking as I'm crying
and as I feel the last drops of my life
leave my useless cold body to walk the night...

I'm one with the night... I AM

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