

Return To Innocence "Verdict"

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I remember us riding white horses
That would die for their faithfulness
With us on their backs.
Paths that went across the lands of fields,
Only your white dress flied behind us.
Hillock that extends along the path,
A cross on top guards it's land.
It extends it's hands sideways and it leaves everybody
choose direction.
Shadows and clouds are flowing towards the night
And towards the light where the sun looks, Sun looks
up by day.

You have chosen (the) way of night
Where the moon spill a shiny thin thread
It lights up trees and abandoned houses
Which are empty and where is no children shouting.

I felt like in a trap
When my legs turned to stones.
But you have chased your horse on
Up to the edge of the wood where a quarry was.

I have rambled since this moment
And the woods are my judges.
I expect my verdict and judgement on and on
Close to the end of my strength and infirm,
I give up elements in the clutches of darkness and
nightmare.

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