

Thanatoschizo

"A Promenade Portrait"

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[Lyrics by Eduardo]

And from the countenance
Of the ridiculous suspended on the ground,
From the window behind the curtains,
The broken key stares at itself.
Lost as free grains of sand
In your hand... with the wind...
In the fall's laughter,
The night's clock alters
With the dog's old bark.
Reversed and unquiet portrait of myself.
Imaginary of the inexistent coincidence.
Neither can I find my inner
Where should I certainly be!
I return with an incoherent late ticking
To the frozen street
Without knocking at the door.
Despising any company,
Inside her nobody can be found.
Inflaming me to one more promenade
Through the night.
In a night without magic...
Thoughtless among the fields of the memory.
Maybe lost.
Hurt by the dilemma that refreshes the pain,
Which has carried me until here!
Tempting me with a challenge...
A moan of a hunted relief
By the kiss in which I get rid of myself.
Excited by time. In loneliness received...

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