

Vim Patior "Oeuvre Posthume"

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I'm looking...
This is a another day I'm gazing into eyes of death
At least she knows the aim of the existence
She is the beginning she is the end
So real superior to my thoughts and feelings
They appear to be so dark and mysterious...
I can look at the skies
But I'll never touch my stars
I succumb, I fight I build and destroy
I raise my soul and fall
From the sky to the stars...

I know the stars which I haven't got the glare
Because the cosmic glare is the glare for them
(A gift from god)
I know the stars which I haven't god the glare
Why then it's so painful looking at them?
Although deprived of light they don't understand the
dark

I am a ship drifting in the desert spaces
... And I'm looking

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