

Wounded

"We Pass Our Bridal Days"

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(Our marriage?

You promised me warmth, peace and Harmony,
And what do I get instead of the wars and the lies.
Everyday since you spoke of leaving, taking the kids.
Oh, may god forgive my comparisment of you as a
Harlot.
Till death did do us part?
You will never see me again, I'm gone, goodbye)

Oh, matrimonial gods of romance,
I took refuge to your throne.
Deceived by the light of your heavens,
I passed my bridal days.
And I collapsed in a forlorn paradise.
Through forgotten fields of remembrance
As the moments of harmony die,
We cry with Ebony hearts of grief.

(They spoke of loyalty before god.
But not gods appearance could bless their lie.
The stars in number, the day's they cried.
Alone at birth, alone they died.)

I move through a murdered Eden,
Under a forsaken sky.
Where our mothers enjoyed our birth,
While they should have cried.
I revolve from need into passion,.. Hurting.
Hurting stubborn passion.

Enamoured spirits dance,
They suffer eachothers enthrallment,
In a forever lost existence.
They tear our souls into disharmony.

Tragedy and tears are kings in this world
Day by day... We live to leave.

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