

To Hate

"Black Hole Of Miracles"

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A black hole can be anything
It could be yours or mine
In the black hole everything can end
On the other hand it can give you a simple beginning

There comes a day when you have to tragically end
There comes a miracle that doesn't let you die

There comes a day when you want to leave
There comes a miracle to take you far away
To cope with it is the problem
How to write a poem when there is no freedom at all?
A black hole can be a miracle
It could be deep or deeper
In the black hole there can be an echo
Or the last day you lived

Let's be brave with a smile on our faces
We could be good killers cultivating with blood
But we never let the sunshine be taken away from us
Don't want to lose the human glow

To reconcile is a problem
To be free is like a poem

There comes the end, the end
You die

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