

Keeper Of Dreams "The Cruel Instincts"

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Nervous silence, twisted dreams
Her transitive unconcern tempts you
Eternal circulation - passion or frigidity?
There isn't any rule to correspond.

Yearning for a long since lost feeling...
Is it rests?
Sometimes it breaks forth unexpectedly.
Hold it!

Her eyes are placid and slaughterous
She has terrible words to say
...but so fascinating
Over the passion you can't see confidence...
The interminable self-reproaches are needless!

For the pleasant times you could even kill
The glue of thoughts pastes your mind
The neutrality makes you mad
But your instincts tells you to expect on,
The Cruel instincts

When you'll feel you know
everything and all about...
No more riddles -
then you will be
the most perplexed broken thinker

Yearning for a definitive reason to forget,
a force, What makes me turn
Throw it!

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