

Odd Project

"Faithless"

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Taste, Taste my bitter dreams,
The emotions which spring from
A dark sea full of sins
And cold thoughts

Feel, Feel my aura now
Embracing your purity
It's the call
To your innocence my friend

Breath, Breath my only wish
It is hiding from your eyes
Red it's color,
Like the one of passion

Burn, Burn my dead soul,
Blow the ashes in the wind
Let the night to spread
It's veils one more time

See, See the clouds of misery approach
Taking the shape of your fears

And the sun again is fading
Burning every faith I had for
For your beliefs, for your holy
Dreams of immortal happiness

And the moon again is rising
Lighting my dark thoughts of hate
Tears running from the idol,
Cannot satisfy the dead

"I gaze at the ceiling plasterwork
The meanders draw me in their dance
My happiness, I think, would be
A matter of height

Oh humble art that lacks pretension,
How much too late I admit your teaching!
Embossed dream, I shall come to you

In vertical fashion"

(Poetry by Kostas Kariotakis
Translation by Kimon Friar)

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