

Oniromantic "Windowpane"

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Did you leave it open?

The window to the pain is letting feelings fly away
from this landscape of fall

Symbolic fray, glass freedom caged
Despair is the remaining trash of our cannibal love

Virtual embrace, cold distant frames
We spread reflected images while the loneliness digs
around

Hold me now, hold me now, hold me now, I'm dead

Rush and fever, rust and scars inflicted perseverant
To find the way to destroy what we built up
Unsafe insane and cowards,
fragile basements of a wall we keep on rising
And hope it will fall down

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