

Aisles

"Clouds Motion"

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The sun is broken
I've seen the scattered forms of glass
And time is reaching
The speed of a formless demon's flight

And you've become the queen of cloudy skies
And I need brightness

Lit mad fire

The nights end sooner
And words cannot shape hands and smiles
But not a single soul will weep

Once I thrust the walls all around me
Once I rescued, the remains of my desires...

It's the whispering breeze, not me

It's the rain who strikes the blinds
And alone she left the clouds there trapped
But I was not there

Demons kill when angels die
In my head...

A sense of blind quest
Will raise my instincts to spread signs
Far beyond the ocean's end

Now, now I see what this can mean
Just an odd and perturbed mind
That is no longer to try so hard
This must be the scene to surrender and hold...

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