

Anthropia

"The Torn Off Wing Of The Butterfly"

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Blurred vision of what my life could be
With her, fade me away
Wrapping bliss is here synthetic
I know I'm dreaming, but it's so soothing
Through his eyes I see myself naked
My secret garden revealed
Why doesn't he speak to me... ?speak to me...
Slumped on settee, jack in hand
Smoke and darkness fill the air
A scene too mature for a child
(It seems I lived thousand lives)
Eyes wide open, disconnected
While my mind lives it's romance
I seem quite dead but if you look closely I smile
Through my eyes don't you see my will
I want someone who's strong
This wait, it bother me
In a strange motion of turmoil
Her braided aura evaporates

Although I hold you tight against my warmth
Your entity flees from my arms
How long will you stay in this reverie
I'm here in the real world
Perhaps, I'm wrong, don't you want me? really... ?
In a moment of pure stupor
Her braided blond hair is moving away
I leave it's not a dream, you missed the boat
See you when you'll be on board
As I see her walking away,
Such as a torn off wing from a butterfly
I try to keep her silhouette in mind
But now that she reached the corner of the street
It seems that her face is already erased from my
retina.
Is this the way humans are supposed
To forget the loved ones, lord?

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