

Diorama

"Hla"

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They say your ailing doves get caught
They say her peace will make you weak
They now obtain your words by fraud
And modulate them as they speak

Beyond her walls I shatter mine
Towards her charming lies I crawl
Her heart got sore as she found mine
Into her liquid arms I fall

Her noiseless treads delight my ears
I bury dreams along her shore
In radiant black her gliding tears
Under her surface so much more

Beyond her walls I shatter mine
Towards her charming lies I crawl
Her heart got sore as she found mine
Into her liquid arms I fall

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