

Diorama

"Kain's Advice"

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It's the feeling I won't anchor here
No rest impatient flood
A cowards' flight has turned to strolling walk
Or even pure attack

Still death is our rescue
But not this one - never this one
As apparing this end may be
It's caused grief is real heavenly and cruel

These smile-evoking silent lips
Will never speak a word again

Forgive me

Could this drama end, dazing drama end finally
All your miracles shining, miracles illusiory

I couldn't listen to, even hear your promised lullaby
Angel's wings are gone, angel's wings are gone

I'll never fly...

Still kept in motion, still operating
Scuff at the puppet
Far too late I severed like Kain from guilt
Flying from pale dreams

I was wrong

It's the feeling I won't anchor here
Follow now and drown like a stone
In a mental world cursed humanity
Reach for water like for gold

Too late now

Father never took, father never took advice from it
Brother started to, brother started to deny the deeds
I couldn't listen to, even hear your promised lullaby
Angel's wings are gone, angel's wings are gone, I'll
Never fly

I'll never fly

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