

To Die For "Descenders"

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["He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence." - W.
Blake, Proverbs of Hell.]

Have a heart.

In love and in fear
We blindly surrender.
Under divine demands,
Above everyday events.

A warm feeling
Trespassing in my soul,
Remote like an illusion
It plays a vivid role.
Under divine demands,
Above everyday events.

One of the things I don't dare to say,
I leave you to the silence of my language.

We dance to the sound of breaking hearts, it keeps on
blasting.
Closely connected, cross my heart, the sound is
lasting.

Questions I war with
Are never replied.
Again I will trespass,
Bare feet in broken glass.

The questions are never replied.

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