

One Endless Childish Day

Dark Suns

My last walk along the roadway
And the pavements grey
Knowing I've been here times before
I feel it in my deepest core

Now I know there's something wrong with me
But how should I try to flee
The fragile man, the broken
They all are me
An interplay of time

I dare not ask for bliss
I dare not beg a smile
I'd rather die for having this
And I might grow proud the while

These are my last words
A piece of broken glass
I am still bleeding
Unchain myself at last

How senseless are my wishes, yet how great!
All my life shall be drowned
Drowned in one endless childish day
Can't you see there's no answer anymore
So let me decay

I dare not ask for bliss
I dare not beg a smile
I'd rather die for having this
And I might grow proud the while

These are my last words
A piece of broken glass
I am still bleeding
Unchain my heart at last

How senseless are my wishes, yet how great!
All my life shall be drowned
Drowned in one endless childish day
Can't you see there's no answer anymore
So let me decay

I know there's something wrong with me
But how should I try to flee
The fragile clown, the children
They all are me
An interplay of light

Through my glass window shines the evening sun
I don't leave in remorse - the good not done,
My love not given, time torn off unused
The courage was mine
You know for all your faults I'm passing out
To merge serenity on higher clouds
I hear the noise of waters far below
Please let me go

My days run and I'm drifting away
Rest far away from me on my last day

This kind of feelings I know

A new beginning?
I walk on, as if out of my own old life,
As if escaping again into a younger me,
The same me?
I'm unsure.
Seasons change with my confidence...
And there are ways on all sides,
But how shall I turn?
Will I be fallen for the same?
I'm so unsure.

And if I were to turn down to the past,
Would I see her?
And if I were to turn down to the past,
Would she know me?
And if I were to turn quickly enough,
Would I save her?
And if I were to turn quickly enough,
Would I exist again?

This time I know what I am going to be
A traveller, lost in a recurring spiral
Of my own existence
(nothing more terrible, nothing more true)

My days run and
My mind blanks at the glare
My pulse as strong as wind
That curls the flood
Strange how the rain falls
Falls on my hands, my face, my neck
I see myself in mud,
A naked child
All appears new,
Strange at the first but also free
Point zero has already been
Passed before to be
I hear lake water
Lapping with low sounds by the shore
All night I hear them flowing
So I must go