

# The Euphoric Sense

Dark Suns

(Those pure and virgin apprehensions I had  
From the beginning, and that warmth I felt when  
I was young were the best unto this day  
I knew that there is much more to...)

These days will be forever mine  
...find  
(... so I celebrate again...)

Now I am standing here among your faces  
A new constellation  
Enfold me, share my confidence  
Awake now, you should be there at every turn  
All prevalent images confirm the spirit  
To search for an answer  
Am I worthy of recalling my deepest well  
From where all waters torn off?

I'll break free  
Confusion will be the audience of my existence  
The euphoric sense of the flying  
Defines me and my inner dance

(...to seem the stranger falls my lot)  
Yet all your glowing eyes reflecting slumber  
They long for a distance  
Have I seen them on the edge of dreams  
Or been there  
I don't know whatever that means

I'll break free  
Confusion will be the audience of my existence  
The euphoric sense of the flying  
Defines me and my inner dance

I see a broken (clown) man  
A paralysed shape without form  
The past lapping him  
Like a cloak of  
Pain

The more he vanished into the dark  
The deeper I felt a serious loss in my heart  
But I guess it must be the flag of my disposition  
Not to linger  
But to follow the crowd

I'll break free  
Confusion will be the audience of my existence  
The euphoric sense of the flying  
Blindfolded and turning into swans

(I didn't know that they were born or should die, but  
I know that it is easy to forget what I came for  
Among so many who have always lived here...)