

## Ruined

### Abstract Spirit

I don't remember my face,  
I don't count wrinkles.  
I have never created idols  
For worshipping and hating them.  
I keep terrible secrets  
Of those who are gone.  
When clay knocked their coffins  
I was standing alone...

If I could see the absence of a sense...  
If I could hear but not listen...  
If I could know life is so empty...  
A curtain would drop earlier...

It feels like strings vibrating  
Somewhere inside of me...  
The source of my life pulsates  
Deep in inner devouring horror...  
A torrent of words reflecting my thoughts  
Falls by downpour unto me...  
I behold a world of parallels  
Painted by withering imagination...  
Now I set free the warm of life  
Through a door closed so long ago,  
Now I get used to feel cold,  
I escape this reality... Ruined...