

Shipwrecked Affair

Ashent

We're soulmates suffocated
by self-procrastination.
In snowy beds survives the passion
stained with lies,
against the primal nature
that moves to dissolution.

Licking the scars,
creeping in the mud,
bare and disrmed.
We sink!

Pride will kill us when the storm will burst.
What we built is gonna crumble first.
Love will leave us carried by the tide.
What we fear to do is what we wish to do.

The shell of the reasons we're trying to give
is crunching like steps on thin ice.
The change of the season will bring to light
the emotive demise.

The misunderstanding is our key,
the opposition our treasure.
I follow you while you suffer for my distance,
and every tear is a new violence
we will never forget.
Because to see is no more painful,
and to know is only a sum of redundancy.
We don't belong to us,
but we share our miseries
and we belong to our miseries.
When I dream of Warsaw burning
I understand that everything ends.
They arrive, eating hate,
and drinking the indifference of the masses.
And 60 years are not enough to remove
these old fractures that we share
with this martyr land.

Lust devours the body
like needles in the skin,
there is no way to top,
there is no way to limit it.
The heart becomes blind and cannot see
the sleazy reality that surrounds it!

Pride will kill us when the storm will burst.
What we built is gonna crumble first.
Love will leave us carried by the tide.
What we fear to do is what we wish to do.

...the emotive demise.