

Vespertilia

Ataraxia

Is it to die my night ?
Tonight I dreamt a plan streaked of freshness,
today, I lied in a water urn and like a relic I rested.
Is it to die my night ?
The endless time consumes me like a rustle.
When night vanishes, a gloomy weep colour and we remain, just c
arried away.
Now that's night my life seems to be a corolla of darkness.
Is it to die my night ?
The marble kiss is on my lips, just carried away...
When I find a word in this silence of mine, it's dug in my life
as an abyss.
This sadness of returns had stolen my sleep.
Is it to die my night ?
To enjoy just an instant of initial life, carried away...