

Collection of Dead Portraits

Benighted

I feel they stare at me
With their eyes closed
Sleeping and defenseless
Like their existence were
From the past remains and pieces
Like my forgotten episodes
Confined in old book's dust

Fire
In this court you are convicted of treason
You are condemned to be erased
Remember the darkness

Colors have disappeared
Lost in the new born texture
Your hidden childhood anguish so quiet
Your faces move around the deafening silence

Lost name
I can hear your screams under my fingers
I tear the pages away, crush them
Collection of dead portraits

Never mind this desperate howling
None can understand
Killing you once again doesn't matter
Something has devoured me
Rage and conflict burn
Sweet and terrifying
You are just things
All the pages I've ripped will be back in vain
To torture me and play my inner theater again

The candle's flame makes the lines of your silhouette dance
Mom you look so beautiful in pieces