

The Dream

Darzamat

Swimming on black wings of winds
I am flying up in a gravelly valley of my dream
I am falling in the tub full of blood
I am dreaming about crying portraits

I can not die - this night is so bright
I can not cry - my eyes are so dry
I can not wait - my blood is dying so fast in my black heart
I can not be silent - the sore in my throath is so hot

The scream is burning
The dream about crying portraits