

# At The Border Of My Nation

Diary of Dreams

The sky ranges the past  
Enclosed in ancient walls  
Captured in memories  
A kingdom to survive  
Immortal silence gathers illusions inside  
I see the desert sand  
Whirled up by the feet of war  
A mournful eye in isolation  
Blinded by a silent spell  
Slaved to my debility

My future in those hands  
That I can't move  
Like a victim  
On his knees  
The guidance still mine?

I take the blame

To find salvation  
And I await  
The worst to come  
The guidance still mine?

Tomorrow seems remote, so distant  
My expectations evaporate  
Leaving nothing to breathe  
Another day to survive in silence