

Dead Souls Dreaming

Diary of Dreams

And with these words you ask for justice?
And do your deeds make you feel better?
The sound of voices echoes deep into the touch
Of my fingers, fragile, asking questions

You seemed like yourself
Until you slaughtered,
Until you raped these feelings,
Until you couldn't tell apart,
What true and what false is in your life,
What dream or what reality is in your sleep.

And then you see them rising
Born into your sleep
Rising towards your horizon
Feel these
Dead souls dreaming
In your sleep

Last night I heard you speaking,
Whisper in your sleep
You were talking about strangers,
Longing for your dreams