

Unclean

Sad Harmony

Nature is the temple with alive colonnade
tangle of silent voices ring here now and then
people are walking in this symbolic forest
which is wary watching them

there are fresh smells gone away
just like red cheek of a child
with the sweet oboe with freshness of the grass
why dearest shall pass

as the echoes fuse into deep dark unity
so the colours, parfumes, will be the same for ever
high above the trees, high above the lakes
flow my spirit, fly away

somewhere in me I found true passion finally.
Drug is sneaking around me
nothing change its vanity