

Artrosis, White Page

Stone of no value
Appeared as a diamond
Although it's always been unbroken
It's gone into a dream long ago
And you're white page again
You efface words with rain
That bitter like a wormwood
You will find your breathe
In unwritten verses
When you master their plot
You're white page again
You efface words with rain
That bitter like a wormwood
Her touch of your burnt feelings
Will never come back
Wormwood - your sing
You fight with dream and night
That is memory's queen
Everything is being brought to dust
In your inner-self and together with you
In the gallery of phantoms and shadows
You stand stock still alone
With new hour hoping
Something will let you move
But again
You're white page ...