

Sylvan, Given-Used-Forgotten

Seek emotional collisions
Live, we live through imprecisions
Need imaginable visions
To be vulnerable and so weak
Meet fragile indecisions
And see they're making it worth to live...

No more weakness - I tried, restrained and kept it inside
Grew up and now that it's time I can feel...

Hesitating dreams and empty promises
Kept it up but never knew what for
Lacking all those treasures that I used to miss
And then eventually to suffer more and more

Propagating spaces chasing feelings prophylactically away
Disgorging disinfected vacuums to stay

Holding back my tears it could not ease the pain
Always on the edge to lose it all
Waiting for the reasons but they never came
And while I waited I built up my proper wall

Isn't it a paradox to hide and to avoid so sterilized
Which in the end you realize exactly is for what you strived
But now I'm giving in to visions that I tried to circumvent
And visualize my new experience for real ... given, used, forgotten...

Apathetically sick and restrictive
Bureaucratically hollow and pale
An abstemious agent of victims
Agonizingly wrong it'll fail

Meditative deliciously thoughtful
Melancholic poetically free
Just spontaneous sadness though painful
With a pinch of a powerful seed

Feed your soul with life - and you better believe it
Breathe it right inside so you know that you need it
Read your lines and find there's no way to delete it
Deep within you hide...

Even while I listened could not hear the wind
Wasn't there a light I did not see?
Always found an end before I could begin
What I saw reflecting wasn't me

Crucified a moment for eternity
Spoke in words I could not understand
And I tried to find it - tried it desperately
But always saw it slipping through my hand