

April A.

1. Associations

My days remind me of the endless autumn rain,
The fascinating, charming melancholy.
The sky is crying for my bitter loss -
The loss of one hour's eternity.
And I know the rain is bound to cease,
But my sorrow will shape just another rain cloud,
And the steps on our crossing ways
Will be only for always erased.

And my freedom reminds of a foreign land,
No destination is one, true home
That has never existed at all.
And wherever I go, I will only get lost.

And my love reminds of a wilted rose,
Its eternal beauty is evanescent;
While you're breathing in its light April scent,
Least of all you expect it to hurt you,
But time leaves you just pain of its pretty thorns.

And my truth reminds of an ancient language,
Mystic manuscripts only few can read,
But no one's ever got to the core,
Where the mystery is way too obvious.

So, my whole life's like a chess game
With one possible ending - it's draw.

2.If

My pen is bleeding on the paper,
As love is bleeding in my heart.
Each word's the bare truth -
Put these words to music,
Play this music on the strings of my soul,
If you don't tear them, I'm yours.

If you see me dying,
Will you hold my hand through this hell?
Will you save me like you did once?
You know where to find the way
To the temple of my hope.
And I don't know...

If only I had died tomorrow,
Would you've turned back time,
So that tomorrow'd never come?
And if I asked you
To kill me with your bare hands,
Just not with your indifference... would you?

I can't breathe the air of fear.
I'm suffocating... will you hold me in your arms
To chase the fear away?
Will you breathe life into me?
Will you forgive me the weakness of one day
If I'm your shield for all the lifetime?

If I could live an hour of your life,
Dwell in your inner world that's just your own,
I'd turn to real your most precious dreams.
And if you realize
I love you with each ounce of my heart,
Will you ever say goodbye?

3. Victim

You wake up at six: intercourse with your spouse.
You're under the blanket with tightly shut eyes.
At seven a postman arrives to your house
With two printed portions of scandals and lies.

You turn the TV on. Your damn daily dose
Of lies is exceeded with fresh morning news.
You firmly believe global changes are close -
You have no idea they've hidden the truth.

In life you've achieved less than nothing, you're poor
Though you were the best both at college and school.
Well, man, who are you? You are not even sure.
In fact, you're a pawn in the game of a fool.

4. Hope-less

Deceptive freedom. Honest lies.
A charming, yet so dreadful guise.
Forgotten memories. Two hearts
Are in my chest, both torn apart.
Strong weakness of a wilted rose.
My two reflections, one disclosed.
A shadow of changing shapes.
The sorrow of different shades.
A bleeding wrist of strangers' faith.
A crystal tear on no one's face.

Odd soulless hearts in mystic frames,
You have no voices, know no shame!
Just when you're dumb, your words are true.
I'm hopeless. Well. But who are you??
You're nothingness behind green eyes,
Mistakes that never happen twice.
You're just a riddle for a day
To figure out - and stay away
From all this simply perfect mess,
Where I am hope, and you - are less.

5. Proud

The same nasty job and the same decorations,
The desperate faces of helpless sweatpals,
Bright shouting ads at half-dead metro stations,
Then evenings with you in a dark empty cell.

The price of ten dollars for some inspiration,
Some spirits, some sex and a pointless nightmare,
Brain womitting words for another creation,
The words squirting hatred and bleeding despair,

No money for life, but great plans and beginnings...
They hate me for pride and the truth brought them ripe.
I've chosen life with just one subtle meaning,
They've chosen one of a stereotype.

I say what is true and I live what is fair!
I laugh at those dull social-networking mugs
Who tell me: "Young thing, you're nothing in square",
The kids of myspaces and audiodrugs.

The lights in the streets take me back to November -
Complete isolation of heart, blood and mind.
The ones that I loved still forget to remember
A beautiful devil - the one of this kind.

The guise of my freedom has changed. Don't you care
That everything else has remained? It is me!
Alone in the crowd, both here and there,
And fucking damn proud - more sober, more free.