

I can see a blink of an eye in the darkness, rhythm of a heart in a silenced world, pace of lungs in motion colour of life on an empty canvas, eyes looking blindfolded to see the future, shutdown to know about the past, in front of a masterpiece Hands touching the invisible, grasp crushing the magnificent, words nourishing the dead and a voice singing songs for the sadhearted Will to rebuild a burning fortress, power to discover unknown places, belief in lost heroes, an essence that could catch the wind Mind like a shield against the mad ones, hand that chokes the resistance of fiends with icecold grip, hunger to smite evil Emotions like birds on the firmament, love of the world over all, yet so fragile like dry roses, thin thread of life glows like a sun, it keeps on going I can feel the earth trembling, I can see the marching armies, abandon all hope Is everything gone? When can we feel the breeze again and not to taste the ash? But behold, I can see the sun rising, shine that hurts my eyes, light the days of glory - and for a moment all hurt is gone