

Loud banging on the walls  
let my spirit struggle into the heavenly bodies.  
Open my mouth and let it cry

—Wooden night, wooden sky  
No window, no opening  
Splinters in my eyelids—  
Can't see anything but nightmares  
That which isn't here nor there.  
Hoping for a second the pleas might reach far and wide.  
Begging for just a shiver of your time.

Another cup of ale in the sea of faded memories  
Welcomes bleeding fragments of reality

How can I write about the feeling of your face next to mine?  
How can I dare; ever imply?  
I'm writing these words hoping you remember me.  
Once again hoping you are fine.

I wish this is now the last time,  
But I can never decide if this is my last goodbye  
Or maybe just another lie.

Stone cold catatonic, dropped once again in the streets  
Like a blanket over stones  
Another broken stiff aged leaf cracks under the weight of its  
thoughts  
An image with no comment underneath.



What can I say now that everything's done?  
the door now locked,  
the blood running amok.

What can I say when I'm the one ripped the bones?  
Opened the carcass, looked inside  
The promises broken like pearls of glass on the floor,  
Or were  
Teardrops of rain shining failure  
Like marbles reflect their prayers.

Would you have danced with me knowing how it ends?  
If we could go back to a time before the glasses came  
crashing down  
When does relief come as regret?

I feel my memories like statues next to me,  
Knowing someday I'll be them  
Another piece in this garden.  
It's dying,  
I can sense it now  
It's been so for a while

But for all my training there's nothing I can do  
No magic to bring this one back from the dead  
Do you want me to hold its hand?  
Or do you wish for me to get lost again  
Wondering how I became a souse  
Poisoning myself in a withering hole  
Where the cheerful fellows go to vomit their truths.

Who'll bury the undertaker?



Who'll bury the last man standing?  
It's all gone to waste now  
It's all rotten away.

Tell me when you think that we became so unhappy,  
wearing silver rings with nobody clapping  
The smiles growing stiffer than corpses  
When did your touch became so gelid?  
Did the dead I see around me rub onto you?  
When will the ghosts of my mistakes take their toll?

What did I want to say, what did this all mean?  
No walls can keep a howling soul from escaping its being  
There'll always be a hole among the dark and rusty  
Who'll wish you goodnight, will this letter ever reach you?  
I sat down to write about you —about us, and about then—  
I tried to construct your visage with the lonely droplets in  
the bottom of my drinking glass  
I punished myself for so long, keeping the deceased in order  
Maybe it took this long to learn  
Not all deaths are failures  
Some patients can't be saved  
Some things must remain dead  
All that liquid showed me was nothing but my reflection.