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dikt på engelska

A return of the dead was my first spring of light
a certain way to keep my memories afraid.
Cleen upstairs and not downstairs.
See my hurt and my broken safety.

Let yourself come to the conclusion
of my rights or my wrong.
Crawl into my portrait of sanity
aware of the dangers of satisfaction.

Rip out your feathers in the birdcage
show your insanity, please me.
Carnivals and clowns, please enter the scene.
Borrow a mind and hurt me no more.

Poison strikes outside your soul
makes you a better man and rolls
down beneath the path of understanding
right in the hole of my unknown.

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