

Heaven and Hell

Prosa

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What's heaven and what's hell?

The night has come
It seems like an obsessive dream
While walking over the narrow path of truth,
I ask myself:
"What's heaven and what's hell?"
It's raining rose petals
which are deep red like bloody wine
I look into the mirror,
but I do not see anything
Memories, forgotten by everyone,
hurt in a horrible way
Turning away from the path
and falling into the sea of death
I still do not know...what's heaven
and what's hell
Smelling the tempting fragrance of freedom
I enter the garden of life
there are these mortal roses
crying out their endless pain
The whole hate I felt before
is fascinating me like the taste of blood
An evil laugh overcomes me
and leaves all of the sorrows and fears behind
Suddenly everything turns into madness
My life...that's my heaven...
...and my hell...