

mes poésies de circonstance...

Von Rose-de-Noire

Inhaltsverzeichnis

Kapitel 1: Spiegel	2
Kapitel 2: Black Rose	3
Kapitel 3: Wonderland	4
Kapitel 4: Galleon	5
Kapitel 5: won't surrender	6
Kapitel 6: presque	7
Kapitel 7: Tempted	8
Kapitel 8:	9
Kapitel 9: Oh angel	10
Kapitel 10: forsaken	11
Kapitel 11: Collectors	12
Kapitel 12: Your Name	13

Kapitel 1: Spiegel

gewidmet, meinem Liebsten und dem Phantom der Oper, aka ERIK...

SPIEGEL

Ich blicke in den Spiegel, sehe mich nicht
blicke in den Spiegel, sehe nur dein Gesicht
Ich starre die Wand an und sehe sie nicht
Starre die Wand an und sehe nur dein Gesicht

Ich schliesse die Augen zum schlafen,
Doch schlafen, kann ich nicht,
Denn ich sehe nur dein Gesicht

Ich streiche über dein Gesicht,
Doch berühren, kann ich es nicht

Denn DU bist soweit entfernt von mir

Doch, blicke ich in den Spiegel
Doch, starre ich an die Wand
Doch, wenn ich die Augen schliesse
Berühr ich dich
Streichel dein Gesicht
Bist du mir ganz nah...

Rose de Noire, 22.12.09

Kapitel 2: Black Rose

Black Rose

Did I ever tell you the story
Of my unfaithful glory?
Did I ever tell you about the black rose
About the only place where she grows?

Did I ever tell you why she live in darkness?
Did I ever show you my vainglorious fortress?
Did I ever invite you over the edge?
Did I ever show you why I'm on the ledge?

If I never did, let me welcome you to my dark home!
My shady Mausoleum build of precious stone!
Is only here in the darkness of the underground,
Where the black rose can be found.

She was always full of blandness
and all made of kindness
She never rested to set me free
She never resisted to me.

And in all end she set my free,
Because she never resisted to me.
Here poisonous thorns where my salvation.
Her black petals falling on my grave...

Kapitel 3: Wonderland

Wonderland

I'm hidden in the shadows,
listen to your voice,
An I feel, feel like Alice,
Alice in her wonderland
I see the world, between mirrors,
An I listen to your voice,
Feel the sharp cuts,
leaving by the shattered glass,
from all the bitterness,
they leave her marks on your soul
An I listen to your voice,
you sing a song of loneliness,
your melody, is full of emptiness
An I'm hidden in the shadows,
join in to your song,
I will fill the melody with love
healing all your sickness,
I will destroy the cage,
you're captured in.
You look up from the stage,
seeing nothing but shadows
An your voice begin to rise
in an begging plea.
An I
I'm hiding in the shadows,
bounded by the rules,
an the duties, of my name.
Feeling like Alice,
Alice in here wonderland.

Kapitel 4: Galleon

GALLEON

Some time I feel like a galleon out in the stormy sea.

Lost and alone.

Then I remember:

You can't sail all by your own, if you're a galleon.

So, if I'm a galleon, there will be always someone at the helm to guide my through the storms.

There will always be someone to heave and strike my sails.

Even someone to clean up my planks.

So I have to thank my captain and his crew.

And to try my best to bring them save a shore.

Kapitel 5: won't surrender

I'm freezing from the inside out
I'm still burning with agony
And I'm drowning in the air
Falling through the endless night
And there's no escape
The beast is still scratching on my souls door
And it tries to hunt me down once more
But I'll still turn my back to this door
Won't open it
Stay out of my fading hope
Let my lone
I don't care your claws
Your fiery breath
Your blazing eyes
I still fight
Even there's no strength left in my weak bones
I won't surrender
I won't surrender
I close my eyes
I fell to my knees
My feelings are broken
But I won't surrender
Hope is a fading light
But still worth to care
I won't surrender
'Cause this is MY life

Kapitel 6: presque

Presque

C'est toujours presque,
mais jamais tous.
J'ai vu mon temple, ton bercail,
de faîtage à premier sous-sol,
Je suis passée par portes fermée, par salles abimée,
J'ai chanté à un auditoire sans audience...
Avez même me cachais dans l'ombre d'Apollon.
Mais jamais tu auras laissé me passer ce portillon.
Le portail à ton royaume.

Mais:

Tu m'avais dit où elle est ce petite porte.
Tu m'avais dit comment la débâcler
et toi même m'a dit tu m'aimes...

Je t'aime mon ange
et n'est pas seulement presque:
Je t'aime par le fond de ma l'âme.

Kapitel 7: Tempted

Tempted

I'm tempted to runaway,
Just to brake out:
Crashing through the wall.
Nothing more.

Tempted to ride in to the sunset,
Just singing:
I'm so faraway from home.
Nothing more.

Tempted to make sail,
Just set a new course:
Fast ahead to my home port.
Nothing more.

Tempted to hit the gas,
Just pushing it to full speed:
Careening home.
Nothing more.

I'm tempted to say goodbye,
Just leaving a note:
I'll go home.
Nothing more.

I'm tempted to do it so.
Just this doesn't mean:
I'll do it.
Nothing more.

Kapitel 8:

bouncy ball

Sitting on the street,
playing with bricks,
drawing with chalk,
running after the bouncy ball.

Climbing trees,
hopping down,
chasing neighbors cat,
running after the bouncy ball.

Barking with the dog,
feeding the ducks,
lie in the field,
running after the bouncy ball.

Watching the clouds,
dreaming away,
living a fairytale,
running after the bouncy ball.

Pretending to be a prince,
saving the princess,
riding a dragon,
running after the bouncy ball.

All those memories slightly fade away,
all toy-cars wretched, all dragons gone,
but I'm still running after my bouncy ball.

Kapitel 9: Oh angel

Oh angel, Oh angel,
Broken chords and empty notes,
Framing your pictures, wound in circles,
Thorny veins adorning your sculptures,
Ashes heavy with rotten roses scent
And foul of dying hymns,
Oh angel, Oh angel,
Oh perturbed heart,
Oh lost soul,
Oh angel, Oh angel,
There's no save heaven, no paradise left,
No shiny light, no warmth of hope,
Just the coldness of your stony tomb.

12/11/11 R. de N.

Kapitel 10: forsaken

Forsaken

Crusted blood, red and rusty.
Cold marble, green and dusty.
Broken mirrors, dull and cold.
Shredded curtains, tattered and old.

Lackluster ebony, shattered and worn.
Scattered music sheets, ripped and torn.
Forsaken pipes, muted and silent.
Splintered coffin, abandoned and spent.

Erik left the building.

Kapitel 11: Collectors

You're breaking me apart
Ripping open up my heart
Your bloody fingertips
Tracing ancient spells on my lips
Siguls forgotten, old
And eyes so cold
Dark magic feels like home
Chills me to the bone.

One day in a million years from now
I will write our story down
Scarlet letters iron flavoured
Traced in my blood
No inkwell on my desk
But the quill in my veins
Scribbles down the tale
Like angry stitches in rotten flesh

There's no such place
Where angels live
Where silent harps are plucked
Only wings and feathers.
Or souls and debts.
They come to collect.

And in the end we all will have to pay.

Kapitel 12: Your Name

I hear your name in the wind
Whispered on butterfly wings
Spelled out by a birds trill
Drawn in the path of a bumblebee

I see your name in the sunlight
Written by dancing shadows
Woven by speckles of dust
Painted in the pace of clouds

I feel your name in a soft touch
Inlaid In a dreamy smile
Caught in a soft kiss
Trapped in a low moan

You're all I feel
In the night
The day
And between.