

## 'Cry no more'

I never thought that I would feel something like this,  
a sudden sorrow born from a passionate love.  
I wanted to believe that all the tears that I have hidden in me,  
had been poured out some moons ago.  
Nevertheless, I lied to myself...  
because they seem to be endless.

Such nature comes from an infinite disappointment,  
that drowns my heart in to the abysm of despair,  
which is filled with blood,  
it is surrounded by the desert of desolation,  
with no hope to be saved,  
with no more dreams,  
without love.

The bitter water of the abysm is filling my lungs,  
keeping me from breathing,  
from living,  
but allowing my tears to come out.  
I am trying to stifle them,  
however I cannot contain all the sorrow,  
it must leave me,  
some how, some way.

I feel weak,  
with no more strength to keep me afloat from this sea,  
I am about to faint,  
I am about to abandon myself.

There is a voice inside,  
it yields at me,  
it has anger,  
it says that I cannot be forsaken.

I suddenly realize that this ocean of pain,  
Was created from all the tears of blood that I have cried.  
I must stop crying,  
He is not worth any of these,  
I must keep swimming,  
And pride myself from now on.

The voice now talks to me gently,  
It says that there is a price to be paid,  
I am aware of it, and I am willing to pay.  
I believe in love,  
But the cost is that it is not meant for me anymore.  
At least not the way I loved.

It does not matter, because my being,  
Has a crystal-clear conscience,  
It owns peace of mind and heart.

The moonlight will guide me in the night,  
The sun, during the day, might dry up this sea,  
Letting me see the shore,  
So that I may walk again with my sight and dreams higher than ever,  
And live my life with and in the light,  
The light once was taken away from me,  
But will never be stolen, again.