

Chennel – “Lost in Translation”

Lost in translation
To hang on my last thoughts
A beating of such
I cannot remember.
Essential valve
Of what is so innocent
In a state of mind
Words cannot describe.
Lost in my head
with what has been done
I can't be helped here
Because
What was the beginning
is now the end
and what had ended
is now a revolution.
Lost in translation
of what cannot be found.
New incomings
hide all that was
and presents a creation,
of all that could be.
In all this time
I wait for the presence of my mind
tried to save myself room
and get to the other side
but in my mind
the snow covers up the tracks
of what I started to begin
and carries away with the wind
from my ongoing storm.