

["What is a cynic? - A person who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." - O. Wilde - Lady Windermere's Fan]

Passing by, consuming time,
meanwhile always the same smile.
Estranged.
I wait till I am alone, yet so afraid to be on my own.
Dog me unto death or stab me where I stand.
I'd tear out my tongue, bleed before I weep.

Inferno below zero, ordeal by fire.
I seek a door in each and every wall.
Volcano below zero, ordeal by ice.
Blistering by degrees, but there's no easy exit.
Fool!

Recollection blurs on purpose, it comes to grief.
An exhibition of belief, where confidence goes when it dies.

Trouble created by instinct comes around and strays,
determined to reduce my days.

Inferno below zero, ordeal by fire.
I seek a door in each and every wall.
Volcano below zero, ordeal by ice.
No easy release, no release at all.

Never more delightful than when missed,
but if and when received,
satisfaction's followed by revolt
as if it never was achieved.

Inferno below zero, ordeal by fire.
Volcano below zero, ordeal by ice.