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KATHARSIS

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KRZYSZTOF FISZER

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Do you know that every now and then my mind likes to travel back in time,
To see once more with the eyes of a child the rising sun of a summertime?
In those times it was easy to feel joy
Flowing through me with every sunbeam.
In those times it was easy to feel great.
It was easy to have young heart without a heartbeat.
Why do I feel like I have to stop?
Am I getting everything wrong?
Was it different than I remember it to be?
Was there never place for love in my world?

Are you scared when my eyes become empty like painted balls of glass,
When my thoughts are diving into the land of ever-fading past?
It is so difficult to go through my pages.
So many of them were forced to scream.
It is not easy to love all those pages,
So, I would be allowed to peacefully dream.
Why can't I feel like I have to stop?
Was it alright for me to be wronged?
They will never show someone I would want to become.
There was never any place for love in that tome.

Now I understand myself as I never did before.
But I still mourn over that broken child grinded for years in dysfunctional wheels.
Now I can create myself as I never could before.
Despite all I still love to remember that morning mist rising from the summer fields.

And always when I get tired my mind becomes thin and frail.
And always when I get tired, I'm no longer able to tell a new tale.
I believe that it will always be this way.
I believe that life should be filled with pain.
I believe that it will always be this way.
I believe that past will always bring me pain
But at the same time, I believe in nothing,
So filled with nothing my life will remain.

I disagree.
That's not what I want and it's not what I wanted.
I disagree.
That's not what I fight for and it's not what I fought for.

Sharpness of my sight may not be as good now as it used to be when I was a child.
But now at least my mind can see further, deeper and wider.
Memories of feeling alive are harder to recall since I already forgot how to be a child.
But now at least my mind can see further, deeper and wider.
Anxiety and paranoia still knock on my kitchen door to make sure that I'm still frightened.
And when it happens my mind can't see further, deeper nor wider.

I am tired and yes, I know you are tired too.
Do you even want to hear the truth?
Is that why you knock out my door?

I am worried and maybe you are worried too.
Do you even want to hear the truth?
Is that why you push me on the floor?

I'm not ready to stop.
I'm not ready to leave.
I'm not ready to go.
I'm not ready to live.
I'm not ready to climb.
I'm not ready to fall.
I'm not ready to run.
I'm not ready to go.

Pointless, is it not?
Walking ahead.
Walking around.
Sliding and slipping.
Wrecking and stroking.
Pointless, is it not?
Looking ahead.
Looking around.
Soaking and dripping.
Loving and loathing.
Pointless all, is it not?
Now I feel it.
It's time to stop.

Restart.
Restrain.
Restart.
Remain.
Restart.
Redo.
Restart.
Redo.
Restart.
Redo.
Restart.
Redo.
End.

Don't follow.
Don't follow me.
Just stay away for tonight.
Don't come closer.
Don't come close to me.
Just stay away for tonight.
But who are you?
Who are you?
I only made you up with my mind.

You don't live.
You don't breathe.
You don't lie.
You don't cry and you don't laugh.
You only speak with my voice.
So, after all it is I.
Not you.
It is I.
It is eye.
It is sight.
Of what I want.
Of what I lack.
Of what I long for.
Of what I lack.

Get me out of here.
Skin me out, drag me out of my skin.
Bring my walls down.
Bring my walls down.
Drag me out of my mind.
Free my sight from my mind.
Skin me out, drag me out of my skin.
Let me feel the rain.
Let me feel the breeze.
Let me feel that I live.
Let me know that I'm still here.

Stop. Don't speak. Stop talking to the wall.
No one will come to get you out.
No one will come to watch you die.
No one will stop by your door.
No one will pick you up from the floor.
It has to be you.
Your feet, your hands, legs and arms.
It has to be you.
Your brain, your heart and your mind.
No one else will do it for you.
No one else was made to care.
Only you can do it for you.
Only you were made to care.

My burden is for me to carry.
My life is for me to sustain.
Your burden is for you to carry.
Your life is for you to sustain.
No excuses. No complaints.

Dead end.

With no way in and no way out I spread my arms, I cast them wide.
Without the moon, without the stars I start the darkest night.
Worn out habits I cast aside. Lying on the ground I spread my legs wide.
Without the moon, without the stars I start the darkest night.
Mending with the soil I let the earth to eat me whole, to take my light.
Without the moon, without the stars I partake in the darkest night.
Fading into hollow sound I let the wind to blow, to scatter me like light.
Without the moon, without the stars I partake in the darkest night.
Sleep.
Please, sleep my inner child.
Your heart is too frail to see the dark.
Sleep.
Please, sleep my inner child.
Your eyes are too blind to see the light.
Sleep.
Please, sleep my inner child.
Continue your dream about hollow lark.
Don't wake up.
Don't wake up.
Let me to carry on with my fight.
Give yourself a chance to regain your light.

I'm done, am I not?
Why do I even think about getting shot?
It's done, is it not?
Why do you speak about getting cut?
Slow down.
Record.
Slow down.
Record.
Slow down.
Rewind.
Watch it.
Watch it.
Watch it.
Dream.
Clean your eyes.
Clean your mind.
Clean your tongue and guts.
Clean your face.
Clean your sight.
Clean your mouth and guts.
Record.
Record.
Redo.
Rewind.
Record.
Record.
Flee or fight
Record.
Record.
Redo.
Shot.
Record.
Record.
Redo.
Cut.
Redo.
Redo.
Redo.
Redo.
Redo.
Redo.
Redo.
Shut the fuck up!

And when you will ask me:
Are you alright?
I will answer to you:
I'm okay. I'm fine.

I'm fine?

Cut me down and rape my roots.
Rub me out and nail my boots.
Tickle my horrors until they will scream.
Abandon me, darling.
Kill me with your sin.

I don't want to wall another door.
I don't want to wear another face.
I don't want to suck on useless gratitude.
I don't want to miss another taste.
Sincerity was the sweetest part of you.
Now I want you no more.
I no longer need a whore.
I just want to feel whole.

Lick me up and blow my flute.
Squeeze me out and do me good.
Suck on my horrors until they will squeal.
Abandon me, darling.
Kill me with your sin.

I don't want to be the one you love.
I don't want to be the one you seek.
I don't want to witness your fake gravity.
I don't want to think that I'm too weak.
Sincerity was the sweetest part of you.
Now I want you no more.
I no longer need a thriller.
I don't want to kiss a killer.

If you will ever grab me.
Detach me. Detach me.
Detach me.
If you will ever love me.
Outcast me. Outcast me.
Outcast me.
Darling, sip from my lips.
Get down. Get down.
Get down.
Kiss my feet.
Abandon me, darling.
Without you my life will be sweet.

I don't want to be the one you love.
I don't want to be the one you seek.
I don't want to witness your fake gravity.
I don't want to think that I'm too weak.
Sincerity was the sweetest part of you.
Now I want you no more.
I no longer need a whore.
I just want to feel whole.

Black button eyes
Sewed on so tight.
Murderous smile.
I'm flying so high.
Fluffy soft belly.
My fibreglass is smelly.
Tickle me, tickle.
Tickle my cheek, cheek.
Wiggle me, wiggle.
Wiggle my wig, wig.
Hold my arm and grab my leg.
Don't be so shy and break my neck.

Go ahead and stab me, stab me, stab me away.
I'm still gonna hug ya, hug ya, hug ya next day.
Dress, undress me, poke me, punch me, kick me away.
I'm still gonna love ya, love ya, love ya next day.
Welcome to my Puppet Show.
Care to know about my destiny?
Welcome to my Puppet Show.
It is life full of love and misery.
Misery. Misery.
Misery.
Pull me by my wig!
Misery. Misery.
Misery.
Give me one more hit!
Maybe one day you'll appreciate me.

Black buttons out.
Threads hanging down.
Blackened teeth and crooked smile.
When you throw me I fly so high.
No more fluffy soft belly.
Now in its place I have jelly.
Tickle me, tickle.
Tickle my cheek, cheek.
Wiggle me, wiggle.
Wiggle my wig, wig.
Hold my arm and grab my leg.
Don't be so shy and break my neck.

Go ahead and stab me, stab me, stab me away.
I'm still gonna hug ya, hug ya, hug ya next day.
Dress, undress me, poke me, punch me, kick me away.
I'm still gonna love ya, love ya, love ya next day.
Welcome to my Puppet Show.
Care to know about my destiny?
Welcome to my Puppet Show.
It is life full of love and misery.
Misery. Misery.
Misery.
Pull me by my wig!
Misery. Misery.
Misery.
Give me one more hit!
Maybe one day you'll appreciate me.

Moonlit Shore

29 sierpnia 2019 r.

Outsink. Outsink. Outsink. Out.

Pearlighten me.

Cast your gaze at me, Moon of Light.

Pearlighten me.

Let me cast my shade, Moon of Light.

Reshore the outline of mine.

Smoke out my pearl feathers.

Pearlighten me.

Pearlighten me.

Could you ever love me as I love thee?

Would you ever see me as I see me?

Outsink. Outsink. Outsink. Out.

Starlighten me.

Embrace my pearl cocoon, Cosmos of Night.

Starlighten me.

Hatch my egg throughout, Cosmos of Night.

Reshore the face of mine.

Smoke out my pearl feathers.

Starlighten me.

Starlighten me.

Could you ever love me as I love thee?

Would you ever see me as I see me?

Find your peace on the moonlit shore.

Bathe in the starlit surface of the sea.

Reflect the Cosmos of Night.

Fall in love with the Moon of Light.

Outsink. Outsink. Outsink. Out.

Proliferate

29 sierpnia 2019 r.

Therefore, I conclude this meeting.

Leave and close the door behind your tail.
Be sure to take with you your wicked tale.
Proliferate it, split your tongue.
Spread your gossip, weave your song.
Conquer unconquered piles of shite.
Let your piss fly as high as a kite.
No matter how high you aim.
No matter how loud you shout.
You will never even touch my feet,
Not to mention my diamond crown.

Therefore, I conclude this meeting.

Shut you up?
Just tell me how.
You're screaming more than a dying crowd.
Hold you down?
Just tell me how.
You're fighting more than a frenzied crowd.
Explain to me my uncertain future.
Can you explain to me at least that much?
Show me how it works.
Show me how it dies.
Darken my skin, I can live with that.
And in exchange enlighten my mind.

Craving now.
I'm craving now.
Find me a liquid that would refresh me.
Starving now.
I'm starving now.
Could you finally leave and forget me?

I don't want that.
I don't want to have this feeling.
I don't want it to linger.
Colours of fibre endlessly fade.
I don't want them to go away.
I don't want this sadness to linger.

Kill it now.
No, you kill it.
Kill it now.
No, you kill it.
Kill it now.
No, you kill it.
Now I die.
Now I cry it out.

From deep pit and through your eyes.
I'm gonna sip you until it dies.
Like a crow I'll gouge your eyes.
I'm gonna reap you until it dies.
Hand it to me.
Hand it over.
Serve to me your tarnished leaver.
Sing it to me.
Sing it over.
Turn your throat into ashen river.

Reckon me.
Reckon me.
Reckon my words.
Knot your spine and dance through the night.
Beckon me.
Beckon me.
Beckon my soul.
Kill your hounds and perform the rite.

Shaking now.
I'm shaking now.
Find me a liquid that would refresh me.
Waiting now.
I'm waiting now.
Could you finally stay and accept me?

Helplessness

2 – 5 września 2019 r.

Walking back to my place.
Or at least to the place I call my home.
Rain pouring down on my face.
Resignation moves my legs towards home.
I see you ahead, all alone.

Why are you even here?
Why are you standing here with eyes full of fear?
How could I ever help?
How could I ever ease your pain?
Helplessness is all I have.
My own life is filled with little that remain.
I swear I want to stop on my way.
I swear I want to ease your pain, but,
Helplessness is all I know.
Dried out well is all I own.

Carrying bags in tired hands.
I pass you by with no glimpse, no smile.
Rain streaming down my hands.
Resignation makes me walk another mile.
I left you behind, all alone.

Why were you even there?
Why were you standing there with eyes full of fear?
How could I ever help?
How could I ever ease your pain?
Helplessness is all I have.
My own life is filled with little that remain.
I swear I wanted to stop on my way.
I swear I wanted to ease your pain, but,
Helplessness is all I know.
Dried out well is all I own.

Crowbar gives the rhythm to breaking glass,
And your mind prays to never hear that crash.
You want to run away, to flee from fear.
And you want to stay to watch in fear.
Those slaps and punches — violence at its finest.
Mind breaking, heart shaking — pain at its finest.
End even if you're not there.
Even if you were away that day.
That terror will find some way to get you.
Its echo will find some way to wreck you.

Red Rain Umbrella is your home, sweet child.
Remember to stay awake every single night.
Remember to wait for them to fall asleep first.
Your fear won't allow you to do it before them.
Don't make a sound when you drown in tears.
Unless beating is what you want to get from them.
Red Rain Umbrella is your home, sweet child.
Don't forget to apologise even if you are right.
Be the ghost, be the clown or the guilty one,
If that is what it takes for you to survive.

Radio goes loud to cover crying of your dying dog.
And when you see it, you can't even dare to sob.
There's no room to disobey, there's no room to be good.
You can only be broken; you can only be malformed.
Those insults and screams — violence at its finest.
Heart breaking, lips shaking — pain at its finest.
End even if you're not there.
Even if you were away that day.
That terror will find some way to get you.
Its echo will find some way to wreck you.

When you don't even have the choice to leave or stay.
Don't forget to drown in self-pity.
Don't forget to let this pain to linger.
When you don't even have the choice to leave or stay.
Don't forget to do your self-beating.
Don't forget to let this pain to linger.

Red Rain Umbrella is your home, sweet child.
Remember to stay awake every single night.
Remember to wait for them to fall asleep first.
Your fear won't allow you to do it before them.
Don't make a sound when you drown in tears.
Unless beating is what you want to get from them.
Red Rain Umbrella is your home, sweet child.
Don't forget to apologise, even if you are right.
Be the ghost, be the clown or the guilty one,
If that is what it takes for you to survive.

Piercing the Veil

11 września 2019 r.

So long it has been.
Too long I have waited.
Allowing myself to feel like a victim.
Lying in slumber under the Veil.

So many years lost.
Too many years taken.
Allowing myself to feel like a victim.
Sobbing in slumber under the Veil.

It could have been longer.
So much longer till I would run out of time.

It could have been shorter.
If I would only have the strength to snap out.

You gave me that anger.
You blessed me with shame.
And for that I owe you so much.
You gave me small glimpse of how I drowned in self-pity.
And for that I owe you so much.
Maybe one day I will meet you again,
And then I will give you my deepest thanks.
You started the process of healing my pain,
Because that anger you gave me pierced the Veil.

I'm sorry for all the trouble I caused you.
I'm sorry for crossing your way.
I hope you are happy, wherever you are.
I hope that your life is well.

It can only be about you.
Your life can only be your tale to tell.
Deep darkness around you doesn't have to be your final place to stay.
So, leave it behind. Leave it behind.
Leave it behind and only look ahead.
And solve it all out.
Solve it all out.
Do you hear me saying?
You are more than enough!

One last pain will go away.
What's wrong with chanting out of tune?
One last pain will go away.
Your voice is nothing without you.
One last pain will go away.
If not you than tell me who?
It will go away. It will go away.
Do you hear me saying?
Once upon a time there was a broken heart.
Its life that wasn't fine would only bring it pain and lot of endless longing.
Love is not a crime. You know it in your heart.
Your life that isn't fine can also bring you joy and lot so heart-warming.

Never dare to give up on you.
Make sure your song will be the longest tale.
Soft light that is within you spreads from your heart to always guide your way.
So, give it your time. Give it your time.
Give it your time, and always love yourself.
And build it all up.
Build it all up.
Do you hear me saying?
You are more than enough!

One last pain will go away.
What's wrong with chanting out of tune?
One last pain will go away.
Your voice is nothing without you.
One last pain will go away.
If not you than tell me who?
It will go away. It will go away.
It will go away.
One last pain will go away.
What's wrong with chanting out of tune?
One last pain will go away.
Your voice is nothing without you.
One last pain will go away.
If not you than tell me who?
It will go away. It will go away.
Do you hear me saying?
You are more than enough.
You are more than enough.

