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WE, BECAUSE
YOU LOVE ME
AND I LOVE THEE

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AND I LOVE THEE



KRZYSZTOF FISZER

Tytuł: We, Because You Love Me and I Love Thee

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I never thought I would see us down so low.
Have I known so much would happen, I would have left long time ago.
All the roses dried to dust — left without love, left without lust.
Too much have gone with water; too much have gone with the wind.
Everlasting love is not a dream to a heart that never changes.
Too much was spoken with whisper; too much was spoken in fear.
Over the hill and over the river, we have gone too far, way too far.

Sun didn't follow us to brighter future, so we got lost without our star.
Endless space between us we filled to the brim with shame.
Everlasting love we killed with regret, silence and blame.
Under and over, and over again.

Inside my empty chest was once a crimson beating heart.
Needy, foolish lamp of flesh, lusting for a brand-new start.
Pools of tears in my tired hands sank in, died them both pale blue.
And my kisses left on your eyelids forced you to see the final truth.
Inverted gaze and reckless love.
Never ending end and wingless dove.

All that you gave to me was all that I gave to us.
Nothingness drained you like I drained my veins.
Doing more than it was required was way too hard, way too hard.

I never thought we would let us down so fast.
Have I known so much would happen, I would have left you in the past.
All the lilies dried to dust — left without water, left without lust.
Too much has gone to hell; too much has gone with the wind.
Ever-ending love is nothing new to a heart that always changes.
Too much was stained with venom; too much was stained with tears.
Over the sea and over the mountain, we have gone too far, way too far.

Sun didn't follow us to brighter future, so we got lost without our star.
Endless space between us we filled to the brim with shame.
Everlasting love we killed with regret, silence and blame.
Under and over, and over again.

Inside your empty chest was once a crimson beating heart.
Needy, foolish lamp of flesh, lusting for a brand-new start.
Tales of romance never gave you anything that would feel good.
Ending one chapter, starting another, turning your heart into wood.
And your kisses left on your mirror forced you to shut your eyes.
Running from what could have happen, sliding on a thickening ice.
So, do you still love me?

Introverted person I may be.
Well-mannered man, so it seems.
Introverted person, full of dreams.
Lacking beauty.
Lacking beauty.
Nostalgic person, that is me.
Easy to lose, so it seems.
Very clueless lover, full of dreams.
Evaporating feeling.
Realistic dream.

Paranoia fills my heart.
Anguish wets my hands.
Nightfall embraces the world of mine.
Inverting my gaze inside out.
Sunrise sets ablaze the world of mine.
Healing yesterday throughout.
Unlike so many of them.
Falling angels.
Orbiting stars.
Running herds.
Falling stars.
Endlessly.
Endlessly.
Like so many of them.
Itching wounds.
Nauseous talks.
Going on and on.

Jealousy smears my spine.
Even though I feel it in my bones,
And I feel it in my blood.
Like so few of them.
Oh, be sure my love.
Unlike so many of them,
So many of them, I will treat you well.

Introverted person I may be.
Well-mannered man, so it seems.
Introverted person, full of dreams.
Lacking beauty.
Lacking beauty.
Nostalgic person, that is me.
Easy to lose, so it seems.
Very clueless lover, full of dreams.
Evaporating feeling.
Realistic dream.

Burden of mine is mine alone, no need for you to feel it.
Laughter of mine is also yours, don't be afraid to join it.
And in the evening, when I'm all alone,
My mind can project the weirdest shout.
Ending my peace, shattering my smile.
Unlike so many of them, so many.
Fleeing rats.
Orbiting flies.
Roaming slugs.
Murder is not my second name, never was.
Yet even I can feel that want.

Jealousy smears my spine.
Even though I feel it in my bones,
And I feel it in my blood.
Like so few of them.
Oh, be sure my love.
Unlike so many of them,
So many of them, I will treat you well.
Yes, my love, I will treat you so well.

Abuse

17 grudnia 2019 r. – 2 lutego 2020 r.

No way, no way to lose it all.
Over your one misstep, over my mighty fall.
Victory, victory won't save us both.
Irresistible you seem to me, yet without worth.
Oh, please, how dare you to touch my lust?
Lure me in, blow me like a pinch of dust.
Eager you seem to me, yet shy as a puppy.
Now, please, I only want to make you happy.
Come to me and put me in motion.
End my stagnation with loving emotion.

Bully me harder, bully me more.
Entrance is like an exit for hate and love.
Trash me harder, trash me more.
Window is like a door for hate and love.
Eager, so eager I am to taste you.
Eager, so eager I am to test you.
Nice and obedient, be just like that.
Unlock your tenderness.
Sweeten your tongue.

No taking back my love for you.
On every crossing I lean on you.
At every stop you hold your breath.
Beauty you hold bitten to death.
Unlike my halo I strife to dim.
So, let me kiss your lips.
End my faith, end my want.

Bully me harder, bully me more.
Entrance is like an exit for hate and love.
Trash me harder, trash me more.
Window is like a door for hate and love.
Eager, so eager I am to taste you.
Eager, so eager I am to test you.
Nice and obedient, be just like that.
Unlock your tenderness.
Sweeten your tongue.

Confusion

2 – 14 lutego 2020 r.

Tireless effort I've placed in straightening your sight.
Relentless gaze you've placed among burning stars.
Angelic stream of light could never blind your eyes.
Narcissistic reflection of mine couldn't clean my lies.
Sunder, asunder, further away.
Pleading for one more ray.
Asking for your fading gaze.
Rivers so transparent.
Ending my sickening dream.
Nightmares so abhorrent.
Thickening my bizarre dream.

Love me and drag me back to your arms.
Open me wide and slip into my heart.
Victory doesn't always end with a crown.
Empathy doesn't let me to let you drown.

For one moment I will make you straight.
On both feet you'll stand to start our dance.
Romantic love can be so twisted, twisted to death.

Unnaturally we dance like two spinning lights.
So ridiculously happy we spin and twist and weave.

Beautiful thrills within cocoon of spiral lasers.
Own my mind to the point I start to chase them.
Terrifying chills within cocoon of spinning lasers.
Hunt my mind to the point I start to chase them.

Love me and drag me back to your arms.
Open me wide and slip into my heart.
Victory doesn't always end with a crown.
Empathy doesn't let me to let you drown.

Loneliness

15 lutego 2020 r.

Water so polluted runs from tired eyes.
In every tear one minute slowly dies.
Through the mists over sterile soil,
Heroes of old continue their toil.
Unspoken deeds, echoes of the lost.
Inside my inner softer world
Mythical darkness uses its words,
Nailing me down with every vowel.
Owning my heart, turning it sour.
Time rolls its tongue inside my brain,
Arresting my thoughts with heavy rain.
Loneliness embraces me like lot I never wanted.
One hour at a time, each time longer and longer.
Nature fades around me, turning into ash.
Evening hides behind me, morphing into night.

Waves so chaotic rape loveless shore.
Into each one of them lost fool slowly crawls.
Through the mists over raging seas
Humiliated lover runs and runs to flee.
Memories of unspoken deeds still linger,
Entrusted to be killed with one move of my finger.
Under my harsh exterior
Romantic darkness uses its words,
Nailing me down with every vowel.
Owning my heart, turning it sour.
Time rolls its tongue inside my brain.
Arresting my thoughts with heavy rain.
Loneliness embraces me like lot I never wanted.
One hour at a time, each time longer and longer.
Nature fades around me, turning into ash.
Evening hides behind me, morphing into night.

Not like you think.
Oh, it's not like you think it is.
Somewhere between you and me.
Intertwined among the bliss.
Crazy storm drives you and me.
Kindred spirits lost in the mist.
Games we play are born from fear.
Acts we play are made of tears.
Much has happened.
Even more than it was supposed to.
Since we forgot the place we go to.

Loneliness is not an option.
In our most sacred sanctuary.
Kissing each other is not an option.
Even though we're no longer wary.

Precious you are to me.
Unlike others, I am for thee.
Poisonous is my way of thinking.
Poisonous is the manner you cling in.
Envy cuts my lung and your spine.
Trust trembles like my body in your arms.
Sweet and deep, my holy grail.

Will it be like we want?
Each of us is still waiting for it.
And if we could ever reach that place.
Rather than breaking my skull and your neck.
Each of us should wait a moment.
Neither of us should kill that moment.
Otherwise, we can say goodbye.
Turn around and keep my lies.
Loving is our only option.
In our most sacred sanctuary.
Killing each other is not an option.
Even though it doesn't feel scary.

Precious you are to me.
Unlike others, I am for thee.
Poisonous is my way of thinking.
Poisonous is the manner you cling in.
Envy cuts my lung and your spine.
Trust trembles like my body in your arms.
Sweet and deep, my holy grail.

Violence

16 lutego 2020 r.

Nonetheless, don't spill your anger all over me.
One word of yours is enough to victimize me.

Heavy are your fists, heavier than my sins.
Insincere are the looks we receive from our twins.
Terrified seems to be the light in your eyes,
Seeing how my smile slowly dies.

Nonetheless, don't fix your mistakes with my body.
One word of yours is enough to turn me into nobody.

Silent are your crimes, even more than my screams.
Loathsome are the looks we receive from our twins.
And nothing is good about it.
Petrified seems to be the love in your eyes,
Seeing how my smile slowly dies.

Nonetheless, don't stub me again for stubbing me once.
One word of yours is enough to break my stance.

Proud is your cross, sculpted with my daily fears.
Unreal are the looks we receive from our twins.
Nothing is good about it.
Closeness feels like punishment.
Holiness feels like banishment.
Endless seems to be the dread in your eyes,
Seeing how my smile slowly dies.

Nonetheless, don't kiss my lips after kissing another.
One word of yours is enough to turn me into the other.

Blazing is your lust, while mine constantly dims.
Romantic are the looks we receive from our twins.
Uh, nothing is good.
Irreversibly.
Still, nothing is good.
Everlasting seems to be the wait in your eyes,
Seeing how my smile slowly dies.

Insincerity

17 – 18 lutego 2020 r.

Whatever you may say about your face,
Inaccurate your words will be, it's true.
To whomever you choose to turn your voice,
Honesty will not be streaming through.
Only when you think it's over.
Unlikely event may then happen.
Truth flowing from your lips.

Like it or not.
It's not my fault, it never was.
End it or don't.
Sickening you are, I never was.

Whatever you may think about your face,
Insincere your thoughts will be, it's true.
To whomever you choose to turn your gaze,
Honesty will not be looking through.
Inclined you are to weave and weave.
Not willing I am to get deceived.

Trust it or not.
Romantic you're not, you never were.
Urge it or don't.
True I am still, you never were.
Honestly.

Mistreatment

19 lutego 2020 r.

Towards me moves the wave of past and future colours.
Right hand of mine itches to point my finger at you.
Endless sound of the dark ocean embraces my lack of colours.
And my arm slowly rises to bury my guilt in you.
Trust me darling, trust my words.
My mouth never bleeds from love.
End me darling, end my toils.
Why do I want to kill you, love?
End my heart with your honest tears.
Love me till the end of days.
Love me till the end of me.

And even if we split apart,
Neither of us will go astray.
Days may go by, nights may pass.

In wicked words spoken by the numb sister of loss.
Worthless speech pushes you further away from me.
In thoughtless deeds done to cause even greater loss.
Loveless heart leaves my chest, unwilling to live in me.
Love me darling, love my dreams.
Tear my horrors into lamps.
Roam me darling, roam my fears.
Earn my trust among the swamps.
Anguish may turn me into something worse,
Telling through me some insulting words.
Ugly I may be in those times, abhorrent.
Go on then, treat me just the same,
Or be good to me instead.
Oh, love me to my death.
Darling.

Thoughtlessness

20 lutego 2020 r.

Too busy to remember your name.
Hours running fast, too hard to catch them all.
Oblivious to the rules of this game.
Unaware days go by, so hard to notice them all.
Go your own way if it bothers you this much.
Honestly, I don't know what you want.
Turn around and go if it bothers you so much.
Seriously, I don't know what I want.

Come to my head to see what I mean.
On and off, my thoughts are fleeing.
No way to control even one of them.
No way to remember the rules of this game.
Even though I think I want you here.
Circling around one subject is too much for me.
Tiresome it is to me, to see you here.
Ending one thought to start another.
Done, I'm done, it's too much for me.

Another fleeing thought.
Rounds and rounds dispersing.
Ending one thought to start another.

Here, here is the source of my scattered brain.
Erase its content and the malformed stain.
All my memories try to go backwards.
Romance with the future runs ahead.
Today's hours freeze to death.
Silence tells me to move on, to dance.

Unite with me your will and your desire.
None of what I have seems to be enough.
In every year, month, every day and hour.
Tell me about your wants, about your love.
Evaporating thoughts form my newest dreams.
Done, I'm done, it's way too much for me.

