

She is beautiful and sad
Just like her eyes
Tears stream down your face when
You lose something you can't replace
Just like her
She become her own ghost
Haunting the memories
She loved the most
She is floating in a sea
Of thoughts she never told
And she'd rather drown
Than ever let someone know
A woman's heart is a deep
Ocean of secrets
She were always on the edge of disaster
That flower blooming up the side of a volcano
Terrible, tragic, magnificent her!

Παναγιώτα Σιάντου

THE NIGHTMARE

Let's travel on the streets

In a place you perhaps have seen in your dreams

Can you see all these people?

Don't be afraid, they are real

They aren't ghosts that disappear

You think you found hell

Well, it's time for the secret spell

Round and round and repeat

Suddenly you feel the sweaty bed sheet

It was a nightmare of you and I

Now we have to say goodbye.

Χριστίνα Ψωμά