

Fading Moon

Von abgemeldet

Fading Moon

There is an odd feeling within my soul. It's hard to describe... maybe like some kind of hole.

I know it wasn't there a while ago.

My memories are starting to return and still I cannot feel satisfaction. More and more I'm beginning to long for them.

This night is cold and clear.

The fading moon is shining so devoted in the night's sky.

I'm aware of the truth that he is whole but does he know that himself as well?

In the end I guess he will never be able to understand the reality of his own existence with parts of him missing.

No, I'm not sad. How could I possible be?

But I'm confused, starting to realise that defining myself with tiny fragments of my past is as impossible for me

like it is impossible for a fading moon to remember it's former shape.

And who are you gentle-eyed boy?

Can I entrust you this heavy burden to support me on my way to find the scattered memories of mine?

At least I can find shelter in the knowledge,

that the moon is like me. Changing in our eyes from the distance but stays the same for all night and all eternity.