

Poetry Series

Chris Noir
- poems -

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Chris Noir(Every time anew)

My old enemy died so I was born,
a same face and hands we wear,
Yet I live and he is gone,
Once our mind same eyes did share.

A Raven Told Me

A raven once told me.

A raven once told me, whispered in my ear,
Don't let the words of songbirds cradle you,
A raven once told me, still his voice I hear,
Don't let the feathers of the peacock carry you.

The raven is loud with his raspy noise,
The song of a songbird, of such lovely tones,
And the peacock's featherseemed a better choice,
When gaze I upon the raven in funeral clothes.

Now I wish, I have listened, with my heart,
and I wish that with my mind have I seen.
Past the beauty of music,
Past the colors of deceit.

A raven once told me, he growled inside my mind,
Don't let the winds of summer shape you,
A raven once told me, don't be blind, don't be blind,
Don't let the waves of autumn take you.

The raven mocked the grace of wind,
Of summer that was warm,
And feared the coming of the fall,
Feared the echo of the storm.

Now I wish I have taken, the advice that keeps from harm
Now I wish instead of summer, the winter wind to shape my arm.

A raven once told me, it sang a song of old,
Don't let the restless spirit sail you.
A raven once told me, every word was gold,
Don't let the tides of tomorrow fail you.

A raven once told me.

Chris Noir

Ab Irato

The world I see, not the world I want,
What I am, not what I ought to be,
The red sky above announces the hunt,
Those who seek freedom shall never be free!

The Man I see, not the man that was,
The wretched, the sick, the vile and the weak,
Share the rule, by rule of mob,
Future ahead seems desolate, bleak.

So I propose....a *DIFFERENT approach!
Uphold the rights the freedoms the law!
Don't let *FASCISM show it's ugly snout!
Don't let the seeds of hate, in hearts of men to grow!

The righteous path will take us far,
The self-righteous one will be our fall!
So leave behind old rage and old scars!
Don't let *MANIACS ever take control!

Chris Noir

Abandon All Hope

The night was young
As we wasted the last
Glimpses of conscience
To the void they were fed

And bit by bit the reality
Crawled out of the bodies
Of the deceased
It went away, away with ease.

Through the last gasp of Erol
I could hear them erase
The last piece of serenity
Out of the desolate space

The sighs of the dying planet
By the wind had flown
Everything fell apart
Through the floor of the bedrock

Abandon all hope
He who enters and loses the course
tie the ropes
And leave the room with dignity

Paper suffered the blood
To pass through its dismembered pale,
Body that once was
Another being in the air

Those words crept in
By the hand of Thoth
Through the abandoned temple
Of human existence.

Those who await the hand of
A loving god in their life
Will wait a century more
For their failed prayers

Denial fills the hearts
Of puppets folded in rows
As the fog of morpheus
Closes another door

Abandon all hope
He who gets born into this world
tie the ropes
And forget the sight so stunning to behold

Abandon all hope
He who sees the infinite truth
Tie the rope
And say goodbye to the dream.

Crave, and wish, from the moment you leave the womb,
And then feed your soul with disappointment,
Until there's no more sorrow to
swallow and digest,
as the ravens indifferent to suffering
look upon this world
With the eyes of the keeper
of the invisible bridge,
Of light and of color
And death,
By the fire of infinite
Drops of oil.

Chris Noir

Acta Est Fabula

All the craving of this world
Turn to ash before their eyes
The path has been foretold
And it leads to plains of myst.

Existence in between these walls
With the ceiling so close.
it feels like a prison for mortals
And gods alike, inescapable.

The chains that hold them are their own
With them we were born
To wear and to tighten, as the picture
Is getting smaller.

Once free from the knowledge
Of imprisonment,
As we get more and more aware
the less we get to choose

It has all been written down
In a muddy swamp somewhere in time
It has all been played out,
a long time ago, outside our grasp.

Heavy rains tear down the sodom
Not the fire or wrath
As our sins drown us
with no one to judge them

Just empty temples on mountain tops
And distant chants of their dwellers
Just empty words tossed into a well
Like so many ancient coins.

And the worlds will remain
long after the last trace of life
As *yggdrassil shrinks and dries
And falls asleep under volcanic ash.

And the footsteps in snow and sand
Will all be erased by the wind
The north and the south and the river time
Will suffer under the press of infinite void.

It has all been written down
in the sand on some beach by the sea
It has all been played out
In a mind of a newly born child.

*Yggdrassil-norse mythical world tree

Chris Noir

Angel's Kiss

Through the veil of salty rain,
a face gazed upon my soul,
The eyes so warm, yet deep with pain,
Upon my misery of all,
Through the veil of salty rain.

Her hands reached mine by the cloud,
of what was, will or could have been,
such words i fear to say out loud,
Of the beauty so rarely, rarely seen.
Her hands touched mine by the cloud.

And the skies have cleared and opened,
At that sight i was amazed,
An angel lost, lost and forgotten,
upon my soul has kindly gazed.
And the skies have cleared and opened.

From that moment, to bitter end,
my heart shall always empty stay,
Until again i feel her hand,
When i get lost along the way,
From that day to bitter end.

And one kiss, before the grave,
One kiss from the angels wings
To whom I'll always stay a slave,
until the end, the end of all things,
just one kiss before the grave.

Chris Noir

Ashes

Through a broken mirror
The queen has took a peek
She saw her beauty gone
Beyond the point ov return

She faced the dying demon
With whom she dared to speak,
Her charm is undone,
her soul is gonna burn!

Eat the heart,
Of unsullied youth,
Take your soul apart with forbidden fruit!

Praise the ash,
ov things that wash away!
Take back what is yours!
Take it to your grave!

On a strange far shore
A fisherman was drowning,
He took the hand of life,
From a perfect stranger.

The breath in him once more,
Started the uprising,
A pure heart in the light,
The walk of the savior!

Break the bread,
With enemies of sight
Forget how much you weep for the shores ov light!

Praise the ash!
ov things bound to remain,
And fall to the pit of tar to be born once again!

Chris Noir

Ask Ov Fire

How can you see when for eyes that believe,
nothing shines brighter than well polished lies,
How can you see when your eyes are bleached,
By those who want your soul for their paradise.

How can you feel when love is not real,
and all your emotions are worthless and dry,
How can you feel when love is so cheap,
That it disappears the moment you die.

Come and look at what you have,
The sight you wasted on invisible signs!
Come and look at what you are,
When after the storm you're left behind.

Cry out!
At skies and the emptiness you eat!
Bleed out!
Your head lies beneath your feet!

Ask of fire, Ask of breath
Ask for mercy ov relief!
Ask of spirit, Beg for death!
Ask to betray your belief!

How can you breathe, the air that you feed,
and it shreds your lungs with sharp stones and sands
How can you breathe, when you start to bleed,
Every time you inhale, the poisonous gas!

How can you see when for eyes that believe,
nothing is clearer than shit tears and mud,
How can you see, and still fail to be
An image of your capricious vision ov GOD? !

Come and look at what you are,
A spec ov sand in the desert of failure
Come and look what will become
Ov the world buried in prayers!

Cry out!
And take the sword out ov the sheet!
Cry out!
And let heads roll beneath your feet!

Ask of fire, Ask of breath
Ask for mercy ov relief!
Ask of spirit, Beg for death!
Ask to be more than asleep!

Chris Noir

Beyond The Gallows

'Look beyond the gallows! ',
said to me a priest,
'for if you repent, your doom you'll prevent,
and you need not fear God in least! '

'Look beyond the gallows! '
Philosopher said,
'And when you are gone, your works will go on,
and live long after you are dead! '

'Look beyond the gallows! '
Said my friend to me,
'And long after you perish, your memory, I'll cherish
You will be remembered, as fondly as can be! '

'Look beyond the gallows! '
Said my lassie fair
'And I will never find, such love you left behind,
And never will I stop crying in despair! '

'Look beyond the gallows! '
Whispered a fellow thief,
'I'll make some smoke and cut the rope,
And insure our release! '

'You just make a touching speech,
About the loss of life and joy,
And when we escape needles to say,
We'll have plenty of that to exploit! '

Needless to say, I ran a way,
With my criminal old friend,
I left that place, without a trace,
And once more my life began.

So i leave the priest to his god,
And philosopher with deeds,
I leave my wife with heart of strife,

And my friends memories!

I leave behind, and I don't mind,
It's life that I value most,
I'd rather be a refugee,
A convict, rather than a ghost!

Chris Noir

By The Shores Ov Time

Do we look behind us
when we hear the call,
Counting every loss til we
Dissolve in pools of rain

Do we stare with pride
With the dead cold eyes
Or we fall asleep on
shores ov oblivion

With the marching rain
Memories will return
Haunting ancient thoughts
That burn us when we find our peace

In the glare ov sun
and the song ov birds
There's a calling voice that
reminds us
Ov our crying.

Do we sit so idle
While time passes by
Or we look behind us
mourning our lives

Do we drink to silence
Distant chants ov past
Or we fall asleep on
Wings of broken dreams

With the raging storm
The dead scars reopen,
To the grave were born,
To the grave we lay to rest

By the shifting darkness
By the shores of time
The beginning and the end are

just sides of a coin!

The luck is with the martyrs,
for those who endure,
For those who taste suffering
And yet come for more!

Don't drown in woe, o thou who weareth the scars, for thine is the pure joy
and blessing of unrest,
The endless torment and the bliss of fire
On this far shore ov existence!

Chris Noir

Certainty

Look in the eye, the vastness, the space,
Touch the oblivion ov what will become,
And fly with the stars that left no trace,
While dust ov the ages carves us undone.

Pray in the presence ov darkness, the void,
Pray for punishment and guidance through air,
Receive the gift you can't destroy,
That cant be burn'd by mere despair.

And what gift is worth eternity?
What blessing weighs equal to soul?
What is it, what can it be?
Can it be anything, any thing at all?

Simple reply to that I give thee,
Simple voice for simple words.
It's certainty, a gift from me,
That strangles the song unheard.

The greatest gift to top all gifts,
As certain is the sun will rise,
More than that, death certain is,
More so than we realize.

Chris Noir

Children

Soon will the world suffer again,
Turning coldest stones into searing flame,
The children of the days to come,
Carve the fate of world undone,
Bring chaos and ruin for the sake of fame.

Soon will the skies surrender,
And the summer sun will be our greatest foe,
The children of the days to be,
Will die and earth will bleed,
And the coming day will only tell of woe.

Soon will the mountains crumble,
Giving up their prideful undisputed peaks,
The children of tomorrow's wars,
Will in vain be put in rows,
To defend the breath of life against their own disease.

But back then is when it happened,
Not in the future's forges, not in the smoke of today,
The bitter children of the past,
Who's pride will forever last,
Brought upon us burning, drought war and dismay.

The children of the century past,
Have sealed our fate with prideful sin,
Their vanity remained,
Long after their brains,
And now we fight a battle that we'll never win.

Chris Noir

Da Pacem Domine

Although I am not a man of faith,
I find myself in need of hope,
Of hope that it's not yet late,
To get off this sliding slope.

Although I'm not a man of honor,
I find the need to become brave,
Brave enough to face the horror,
Of the Man so dreadfully behaved.

Although I am but an ape,
It's a fact, Apes we all are,
I struggle to regain the faith,
In human kind so deeply scared.

Although I am a selfish man,
I hear the call to give, to share,
So I pray, (without response) ,
To any god that may be out there:

Please give me wisdom to stop the war,
Please give me strength to knock down walls,
Please give me reason to kill the faith,
Please give US peace until it's too late.

Da pacem Domine, in diebus tenebris,
Da pacem Domine et Ora pro nobis!

Chris Noir

Death And I

One morning, down a lonely path,
Wandered two friends, Me, and Death.
One morning while the sun did rise,
Walked the path my friend and I.

And came we across a man,
Whose life was sad, whose life was cruel,
And came we to understand,
Man was but a poor, poor fool.

And came we across a horse,
Whose riding days have long since passed,
And came we on our morning course,
To shame the first and pity the last.

To all things this might be true.
You shame me, I pity you.

And came we across a crow,
While the sun behind did shine,
And blackened it the early glow,
Yet it's darkness was divine,

And came we across a sheep,
In its curly coat of wool,
And as is likely to repeat,
Sheep was also but a fool.

To all things this I might say,
You block the path, I fly away.

And time to choose came all too soon,
Which of them to take with us,
On our lonely path to noon,
Whose time here did really pass?

In the end we chose the man,
Or rather HE, he makes the rules,
He told me, as only death can:

I never learned to pity fools.

After him, HE chose the sheep,
Grim reaper swung his fingers forth
And as blood ran, no man did weep,
Said HE: cries are but for human sort.

His mercy did end to receive,
Neither sheep nor the fool.
Neither stupid nor naive,
Are free from His grip cold and cruel.

To all things this must be true,
We're only sheep, both me and you.

One morning, down a lonely path,
Wandered two friends, Me, and Death,
As soon as the noon light shows,
Death will walk this path alone.

Chris Noir

Death In A Bar

A ragged witch sits on my shoulder,
the other has long been gone,
As the day is getting older,
road to madness just begun.

The walls are getting ever tighter,
Smell of boredom so intense,
Against the way I daily suffer,
There's no cure and no defense.

A tattered whore sits in my lap,
Another comes to pour my gin,
A man's life is always filled with crap,
When he cannot ever win.

Raspy voices curse the stage,
As my ears bleed with satisfaction,
A sound only drunken rage,
can compare to near perfection.

Almond fragrance fills the air,
Rope calls louder than before,
The day I'm beaten by despair
Will see my feet swing above the floor.

Tiles are bloody with defeat,
Fists are yearning for a kill,
A sinners life played on repeat,
He'll never win, he never will.

A loser's shame will bring no glory,
A loser's loss will not fetch fame,
A loser's wishes bring melancholy,
No one knows a loser's name.

Dreams are big but wallet shrunken,
Dreams perverted laced with fear,
So I'm always acting drunken,
Even if I'm ever clear.

Smokes will form a comfy chain,
Around the lungs and drive the blood,
Meds will take care of the brain,
A sly steel razor prays to god.

And now the vision gets so blurry,
Lights of stage fade to the abyss,
If you want something from me, hurry,
Soon, I feel the reaper's kiss.

Chris Noir

Death Ov The Immaculate

Brought back to the land where sparrows fall like snow,
The embrace ov void through the morning light,
Brought back to the land where no earthly glow,
Casts its blessings down by day or by night.

This glimpse ov dawning time, caught in a snow globe,
Brought to the place where silence rules the lakes so stale,
And where no bells chime on the mountain slopes,
To the place where triumphs, die and there's no tales.

From the clouds ov innocence,
fell and shattered the ground,
From the skies so virtuous,
Into the darkness to drown.

Nothing stays immaculate,
nor succeeds,
nor survives,
Only dread reciprocates, when to fall is to die.

From the many stars, to a starless sky,
Trough the waters heart, to a boundless space,
Sounds ov the last songs, the road I travelled by,
Amidst the worthless gold and devoid ov grace.

Broken wings unbound but they never healed,
Mists that fall and rise cover empty eyes,
No secrets remain, worthy ov being revealed,
Tears frozen and dry fall from paradise.

From the lies ov innocence,
falls and touches the ground,
all the lies through ignorance,
let the echoes to drown.

Nothing stays immaculate,
nor unchanged
nor alive
Only darkness stays the same everything else doomed to die.

Chris Noir

Depression

To shiver while Sun shines bright,
To cover and crawl, in shadow to hide,
To praise the cave and lack of sight,
To run from something you carry inside.

To cry for help in an empty room,
To slit a wrist with a notebook page,
To try to chase away the gloom,
To try and try, but things don't change.

To live and die not knowing why,
Happiness you never felt,
Lets only your wishes slide,
Into drainpipes of contempt,

To laugh at your own demise,
To let irony build a wall,
To make sarcasm as sharp as lies.
To let hate warm up your soul.

To kill the one for he feels better,
To kill yourself because you're worse,
To not know why you're doomed to shatter,
To truly hate the universe.

To live and die, not knowing when,
The laughter will turn into screams,
And fill your heart with a calming sense,
When my nightmares are your dreams.

Chris Noir

Even You?

Crooked liars every last,
stinking
one of them,
Snakes in the grass!
To hell I send!

I lasted too long to
feel so wrong,
I smiled too much
to shed
a tear,
I don't want I don't belong!
I don't know fear!

I drank too much to be,
at home,
alone with everyone,
I cry! I crawl, I scream!
The filthy deed is done!

Homo homini lupus est!
A carnivorous pest!

Sons and daughters
Whores and paupers!

Ad cineram nihil est!
All the calims have been refuted!
Beware the snake, Beware the traitor!
Et tu, Brute?

Chris Noir

Faith

And what little faith I had,
I had because-I was naive.
I hoped so strongly, at the end,
Many blessings to receive.

Then I saw death, I saw up close,
I saw no soul that left the corpse.
I felt not, nothing at all,
And I stood so close, stood so close.

Then I saw famine, on the news,
I fear poverty and war,
But, is that the reason to let fear rule,
And let lies through my minds door?

Then I felt, a thing like cold,
A cold dead darkness through my spine,
I have no faith, I have no soul,
There's nothing after, I leave, I die.

Then courage sneaked right into me,
And put my poor brain back on course,
There are lots of things to do and be,
Before I myself become a corpse.

Chris Noir

Fallen One's Anthem

Asmodeus!
Rise o rise,
Praised be the sinner's void,
Eat my fire, take my eyes,
And with them judge the wretched soil!

Take it with you!
Life for life,
For all those who have burned before!
Let every man know fear and strife!
Let every man know price ov war!

Fallen one, arise once more,
Sanctify the hidden flame,
Let it burn in natures core!
Let it flow through scorched plains!

O Abraham!
On your knees!
Praised be the offered goat!
Eat the earth that lays beneath,
Kiss the feet ov thy foe abhored!

Your sons will die!
Death for death!
For all those martyrs with no names,
Let every man know price ov breath,
Let every man know woe and shame!

Lucifer! Reveal your light!
Sanctify your rightful throne!
Lend me strength and will to fight,
Let me celebrate alone!

Chris Noir

False Joy

In this temple one might find,
Everything that heart desires,
Every flavor of passion, of fire,
Every way to quench the thirst of mind.
In this temple you shall find.

Through these gates one goes alone,
And never leaves, nor wants to leave,
Through these gates, those who believe,
Go beyond, And on and on.....
Through these gates, I go...alone

By this lake one soundly sleeps.
While the waves gently bring the calm,
While the waters drowns them slow,
And takes the soul to boundless deep.
By this lake, I dare not sleep.

From these woods, there's no return,
The trees cover the morning sun,
Their dark green dubs the day undone,
There no nightly fires burn.
From these woods, you won't return.

I'd rather pray where there is truth,
I'd rather go where there's no gate,
I'd rather sleep where's dry and safe,
I'd rather go through woods I leave to you.

For If a temple offers nothing,
except what you want to hear,
And the gates lead far,
far away from here,
If sleep makes you weak and dull,
And woods hide the light from you,
Wouldn't you choose another path,
A path more righteous and true?

In this life, one might choose.

Everything that they hold dear,
They might even disappear,
But those who don't try are bound to loose.
In this life, I FIGHT to choose!

Chris Noir

Far North

Far up North on the
solitary shore,
Far where the clouds fall
with the morning rain.

North where no flowers
grow upon the stones,
where sun drowns in darkness
of the freezing sea.

I see a lantern
shining neon blue
and the waves are calling
calling unto you.

Hear their roaring whisper
Hear the ocean moan
Feel the winter rising
From its icy throne.

Look into the distance
To the lead gray sky
give up all resistance,
let the voices die.

Bathe in their silence
breathe in the waves,
let icy tears touch it.
Then float to me, your grave.

Chris Noir

Fire

Life will sometimes feel uncanny,
Weird and void of understanding,
Life will sometimes let me tell,
Be loveless, and will hurt like hell.

Love will sometimes feel so forceful,
Leaving you to face the cold,
In that time to be remorseful,
Is to really hate your soul.

Life will sometimes feel like falling,
To the endless pit that's calling,
All those who betrayed their wrath,
Downwards surely strays their path,

Love will sometimes be disgusting,
You will sacrifice your dream,
For someone who is neither lasting,
Nor are fully who they seem.

Life will sometimes feel unchanging,
And all the joy in it like fading,
But no matter where you turn,
Wrath should always brightly burn.

Chris Noir

Holy War

It has been proclaimed, a drawing on the stone, a wall ov a cave!
It has been foretold, by the ancient scrolls,
Markings on the graves!

The sand and the wind,
The quill and the ink,
This world was a blank page for too long!

Thine blood, and thine fire,
The sacrificial pyre,
The desert of your birth, rewrite the songs ov war!

It has been before, a carving on a blade,
A promise ov a king!
it has been ignored, since time that we know, that we kill everything!

The cloud and the rain,
Left and right of damaged brain!
The disease will spread ov rats and flies!

Thine love and thine hate
Thine will to vigoate!
The waters ov your doom, befall Meka tonight!

Chris Noir

I Feel Blessed

days just come and go,
before, before we know
The world makes us confused
Afraid, afraid to lose

i close my eyes in peace
breathing, in so deep
Every time i smile,
These words come to mind

I love you,
You make me be my better self
if it's the last thing i do,
I'd do it all again.

Setting me so high,
The look that's in your eyes
When i felt so low
When i lost all hope

Grab me by the hand,
Lets run to neverland,
My soul is light as air
You erase despair

I love you
You make me feel true happiness
If it's the last thing i do
Id feel blessed, i'd feel so blessed

Chris Noir

I Remember

I remembered then,
When it was too late to remember,
And the night was passing and hovering away,
It will be replaced with people hate and anger, monsters who take shape in the
light of day,
I remembered.

If I was faster, I would catch the wind,
I would follow darkness wherever it may go,
I wouldn't feel the stench of half rotten things, glorious in hatred of the coming
glow,
I remembered,

Too late to keep a promise,
Too old to drench the blood out of a cold dead stone,
Too late to catch the shooting star and fly away alone.
I remembered.

When my soul was not half empty,
When I called time my friend,
When the beauty wasn't descending towards a horrible premature end.
I remember now, but I knew not then.

Alas, the hour is late,
The light tails me where ever I hide,
Reveals all the secrets buried deep inside,
Leaves a hole where I once stood and with an all seeing eye,
Gazes at the abyss.
I remember.

Chris Noir

I Won't Be Cryin' Anymore!

I won't be cryin' anymore
Like times and times before
I've cried my eyes out for thieves and whores
So i won't be cryin' anymore.
Dont u ever look into my eyes
Not even to say good bye,
Your mouth is filled with utter lies
Dont u ever look into my eyes.
My pain is mine and mine alone,
Inside the hate has fully grown,
It doesn't burn through the smiles i show
My pain is mine and mine alone
But i won't be cryin anymore
No matter how far i fall
with a sarcastic grin I'm heading towards the storm,
But i won't be crying anymore

Chris Noir

If I Fall Asleep?

If i fall asleep, will time pass fast,
Or will i be caught in a nightmare,
Tween this dreamworld and the last?
As the world unchanged is turning,
As the starlight keeps on burning.

If i close my eyes, will the stars all disappear,
Or will i be blind to all things out there,
With nowhere to go from here?
While the trees are slowly growing,
while the sun just keeps on glowing.

If i die today, will i wake up again,
Or will there be nothing to grasp
till existence slips away?
As the clouds are moving, forming
As the rain just keeps on falling.

If i sing a song, to the depths of void,
Will it echo somewhere in space,
Or be forever lost, destroyed?
While the lungs of earth are breathing,
While her children keep on bleeding.

If i fall asleep, will time pass fast
Or will i never wake and unwillingly
Meet my end at last?
As the night is coming, changing,
as the light's forever fading.

Chris Noir

If, When And So It Seems

If I release my rage,
my armies will undo,
let out of the cage,
every last of you!

If.

When I send my ire,
You'll be badly burnt,
A fire of an empire,
That cannot be turned!

When.

I am here and I'm free,
Now my anger you shall taste,
All of you will taste of fear,
All of you will become waste!

So you are,
So it seems.

Chris Noir

In The Days Of Flame

In the days of flame
I call to the nameless
The ones who have fallen
To the same world that i did.

into The rotting sun
I scream in agony
Like an abandoned dog
left on the street bleeding out

With shadows rising
Behind my wounded back
I come bringing the pain
Hiding `til i atack,

The hands attached to
Me they are not mine
Graves are longing empty
the names still unassigned

Arise arise you fallen ones
Today your tomorrow comes
See the scorching of the sky
Arise arise arise

angels have left me
The light has been vanquished
And now it's the time
To burn their open wings

With mouthfull of curse
And nails dripping in blood
i sacrifice the worms
Of tribes and their gods

The swarm of the beyond
Ancestral infection
prayers waitunanswered

In divine aggression

Arise arise you rotting ones
to day the day of vengeance comes
Hear your prayer in their cries
Arise arise arise

Chris Noir

Love And Hate

Must one who loves the Moon,
be the one who hates the Sun?
Must a man who loves his honor,
hate a man who loves his lust?

Are all those who love the sky,
doomed to hate the lower ground?
Do all those who dwell on land,
hate all those who dwell in clouds?

Why does love senselessly create,
another side, a side to hate?
Why does love so warm and close,
with friends and lovers give also foes?

Must a man who trusts in God,
hate the ones who disbelieve?
Must a man who freely gives,
despise all those who receive?

Are all those who love the life,
doomed to hate those who talk of death?
Do all those who pass away,
Hate us for we still have breath?

Love does not make hate to appear,
It merely leaves it room to grow,
Why is that, how can it be?
That's not meant for men to know.

Chris Noir

Love?

Is it fate or just dumb luck,
That we find love before we die?
Are we blessed or thunderstruck,
Under weight stones ov divide?

Are there really words so sweet,
As is joy to human soul,
Are there, any, cosmic feats,
That can question love at all?

Why, oh why then, some do find,
While ugly wander through the stones,
Why oh why then lov'd am I,
While the wretched die alone?

Chris Noir

Lust Incarnate

Mind, lust
the burning ov your soul,
starving of your muscle
for a spec ov control!

You must,
let me through your walls,
Deviant a and murderous,
master to you all!

We trust,
We only have one goal,
Procreate, reciprocate,
The hate that slowly crawls!

I lust
for flesh and blood!
I must
Appease my thirst!
I lust
For death and life!
You must
Satisfy me first!

Chris Noir

Madness

Searching for the thrill from long ago,
Where memories are floating dead and gone,
Solace found in madness never known,
Love found in the dreams of chaos.

Her face, the beauty of lost eons,
Her voice a song of nightmares past,
Her love a furnace of oblivion,
Her touch warm like blood of fallen stars,

Madness,
My knife is the brush and your body is the canvas.
Madness
Searching for something that never has been there.
Waving scarlet wings with pleasure of despair.
Madness

Remembering a dream from a different world,
Timeless warmth of love burning in the core,
Remembering the music that I never heard,
Craving devastation of angelic voice.

Her gift, the eternal erection,
Her stars shine brighter than my pyre,
Her coal, burning my reflection,
Her eyes, the grave of my desire.

Madness,
My bombs are drops of paint and your world my canvas
Madness
Digs over and over into gaping void.
Painting blood of angels over tainted soil.
Madness!

Chris Noir

Memento Morri

When one loses the direction,
Or goes a safe way of ignorance,
When the forest thickens
with the trees as reminders.

and as the ravens look down.
There is pity in their wings
the gods of yore have forgotten
the words of eternity.

The rain clouds laugh with thunder,
As the drops of life turn to vapor,
Eyes fill with glimmer, of tears
And the voice calls for me to remember

As we fall!
as we rise!
As we choose the way we die!
As we crave
As we gain
as we drink to dull the pain!

As we cut our way through life
As we bask ourselves in glory
quod vivimus, quod amamus
Memento morri memento morri

Chris Noir

No Prayer For You

Today I sing no song of praise,
Like I did in time before,
An utter shame that in those days,
What I know now, I did not know.

Today I will not kneel faced down,
With a prayer on my lips,
I will not cry nor will I bow,
With a cross so tightly gripped.

Yesterday I was but deceived,
I thought I was very thankful,
For all the good things that I receive,
Now I am just so regretful.

Today I read from other books,
One might find them not so holy,
But judging from the way it looks,
I feel much less melancholy.

I am not grateful, for those who drowned,
When waves knocked their houses to the ground,
I am not grateful for bombs and guns,
And smog that destroys my lungs.

I don't thank the god for death,
of a drunken paupers brat.
I don't hail lord Jesus for,
All young men who die in war.

Today I sing no songs of praise,
Like I did in times before,
Today reason guides my way,
Today myself I'm fighting for.

Chris Noir

Noir Du Jais

As I turn my head and look,
beyond the thin white curtain of the day,
The sun shines fair, but the road i took,
Through days it goes, noir du jais.

And the hands got lost in waves by night,
The dawn revealed they could've prayed,
Another glance, that dreadful sight,
A glimpse of life, noir du jais.

Breath of sea salt the Wind will spread,
And his songs sing, What I dare not say,
Through clouds and cold, deep blue and dead,
lies lost hope, noir du jais.

And the leaves get blown beyond return,
The wind still hums the tune death plays,
On this grave still fire burns,
Undying flame, noir du jais.

Chris Noir

Odyssey

When empty glasses go to sleep,
And the night falls and so do we,
Follow the only escape,
Down the spiraling stairs
that lead to nowhere.

As the corridors become crooked
and you realize there's no coming back,
Dream of before again
Make it matter, descend
Towards the scorched dreamland.

And as the wheel of Minos impales us
we shall proudly deny
The circle that steadily awaits us
Even before we die

They have made a reservation for two
In the depths of Tartarus a table for me and you.
Don't fight the bell
listen to the tale it tells
Of human life, a story of hell

Obvious mismatch of sentience and emotion
became our greatest opponent
In this fight for nothing
In this race to rotting
Just bid them farewell

And as the wheel of Minos impales us
We proudly cease to belong
to The world that is set to hate us
Before we were born

We roll the boulder uphill,
Even if the gods stopped watching
The world lives in fear and hate
Of those who are not afraid
We take punishment before the verdict,

it's the fear of being wrong in the eyes of fellow vermin,
it's the foolish children's hate towards the unknown.

As the wheel is turning
more of us yet join this dance
Drunken puppets to their own lack of reason
Dance away their life
while their dreams become
Another patch in Circe's tapestry
Another failed Odyssey.

Chris Noir

Old Ones

In those odd distances, the fire is cold,
The mist is of the ages, and the stars don't shine,
In that strange abyss the hatred is old,
The vast bloody plains of vengeance divine.

Darkness lies beyond the gates,
its spirit dead, floats there fast asleep,
Beyond the gate of time or space.
Vast dimensions dead, buried black and deep.

Yet its priests are among us still,
Chanting prayers for its return,
To bend us all to iron will,
Of the eyes that pierce and burn.

In those odd dimensions, the stars are dead,
The ruin is of today, and it keeps piling on,
In that jaw of void eternity spreads,
And it will see us leave and triumph when we're gone.

Chris Noir

Other Side Of The Wall

It was fifteen or so years ago
the summer on the rise,
With the flowers sprung, scent filling the lungs
Of people who pass them by.

Young moon was still pale in the sky
As the twilight roamed the parks
And the roses bloomed and their perfumes
Crawled softly through the dark.

A curious sound caught my ears
A silent voice that cried and moaned,
There I've heard sighs from other side
Of a ruined garden wall.

Now my brain came quite alert,
my feet running on their own
i quickly crawled over the wall
And was startled by the sight i saw.

There stood alone amidst this grove
An old house covered with mushrooms and leaves
And from inside its walls on upper floors
Came the eerie sighs and screams.

So i climbed the stairs, walked to the door
and rang an old and rusty bell
And i swear the sound that rang so loud
Was coming from the depths of hell.

Then the doors have all of a sudden
Opened, and there stood a man
His face was pale, his scent was stale
And he calmly waved his hand.

He showed me in said not a thing
Though there was pity in his eyes
He walked on forth on the squeaky floor
And i followed, on my own surprise.

The main room Although not too big
Was arranged in vintage style
With antique chairs put in a pair
By the old gramophone on the other side.

In one of the chairs below the stairs
There sat a shadow or a ghost
and more have roamed this ancient home
whose threshold i unwillingly have crossed

The old man again had waved his hand
And showed me to go up the stairs
To the floor, from which moments before
I heard those sighs of pure despair.

Up there was darker, and the air stank of meat
Rotting and putrid, the reek of death
As i walked by tears filled my eyes
From the houses ghastly breath.

Finally i reached my destination
A marble bathroom, smelly and cold
Tiles blood splattered and a mirror battered
its shards all over the crimson floor.

A wave of the hand, and the man again
Is telling me to go,
Closer to fractured glimpses of my reflection
Was that what he wanted to show?

I gazed to the depths of the reflection so dead
I could hardly say was mine
It slowly bled from its open head
On its mouth a desperate cry,

So it was me, who made those screams
nightmare fueling sighs of death
then a mirror shard pierced through my arm
And i started running out of breath.

I bled out for a good long while

on the marble bathroom floor
the old man smiled as i laid dying
covered in my own gore.

Then a shrieking sound rang out loud
and to it i was awakened
It now seems twas just a dream,
Induced by all the pills Ive taken.

So my sleepy arm found the alarm
And slammed the clock until it stopped
the sound has died, but so did the night
The sun was high when i awoke

I made some breakfast and drank my tea
went to school and then back home,
but for all those years, that dream i fear
When i walk the park alone.

It will always stay engraved
In the back of memories graves
To this day, it has remained
And it never ceased stay.

It was fifteen or so years ago
The sun announced the coming fall
Now the roses bloom with toxic fumes
From the other side of the wall.

Chris Noir

Otrovno Drvo

Na prijatelja bejah ljut,
Rekoh gnevu, stadoh mu na put,
Na neprijatelja bih gnevan,
Ne rekoh mu, gnev sazreva.

I strahom ga zalivah svojim,
Danonocno placem bolnim,
I osmeh moj mu sunce bi,
I šapat zlobni ga okrepi.

I dan i noc raslo je drvo,
Dok ne dade voce vrlo,
I moj krvnik vide sjaj,
I znade moj je mlad plod taj.

I u mome vrtu stade,
Pod velom noci da ukrade,
A jutrom zadovoljan videh,
Pod drvetom gde pogibe.

Chris Noir

Pilgrim's Doubt

'Will there be pity or mercy for my soul,
Will there be the rays ov gold at the pearly gates,
Or is there nothing, nothing after all,
That can save me from the hostility ov space.

Can hear Thee my cry, O merciful One,
Or art Thou simply Satan wearing a disguise,
Can you bless my suffering, Thou that gave your son,
Or will there never be a blissful paradise.

I need light, and I need food,
A simple fruit ov Thy blessed seed,
This foreign ground is barren Lord,
I beg Thy help in my hour ov need.

My hair grows gray, my children fall,
I have fallen sick and old,
Can Thee help me, I beg Thee Lord,
Can Thou hear my voice at all.'

Silence reigned that morning gray,
The ground still barren, dead and dry,
No one there to dig the graves,
Or place a cross at pilgrim's side.

They rot, and rot in the mid-day sun,
The prayer told into the wind,
They rot, and rot, and it is done,
Matter not their deeds or sins.

God gave not a single word
Or He wasn't there at all,
Just a void where this wretched world,
Sends it's hopeful, wretched souls

Chris Noir

Pitiless Justice

An angel's wrath is like but thirst,
A thirst impossible to quench,
Fire resides in angel minds,
That covets for revenge.

Demons rage is all the same,
Like hunger, never satisfied.
There's no restrain in Demon's brain,
To provoke it is suicide.

*Man's minds are of different sort,
A man is equal to a man,
So the rage is but the last resort,
And no angel or demon, could ever understand.

In the eyes of a man, a different flame,
A different desire can be seen, be heard.
When a man's heart is torn apart,
The inferno of pitiless justice burns.

Chris Noir

Purpose 1- Gene Vessels

Through what gloomy cold of space,
Came you to my hands to grip?
And why O, why, does molten grace,
Drown all living but one ship?

Through what darkened dawn of time,
Came you for my eyes to see?
And why, O why, do sinners fry,
Down where core of earth should be?

By long roads of strife I come to you,
your hands do grip to replicate,
And grace sprays out of it's foul mouth,
To let one living propagate.

By centuries I come to you,
Your eyes can see for there is light,
And there's no sin save what you imagine,
And Earth's core's ought not fuel your fright.

Through smallest things that taint the air,
Does come the answer to your grief,
breathe in, breathe out say a prayer,
Until the sweetness of release.

Chris Noir

Purpose 2- Carnivorous Microbe

Skin is but a thin, thin leaf,
Flesh is meat, and meat is good,
Bone is hard, but bone is sweet,
Under that, who knows, who could?

Blood is sour, blood is blue,
Veins are stringy, tasty too,
Heart's a muscle, not the soul,
And I don't mind even lungs at all.

Nerves are tender, tender things,
Pluck them, and make for spicy meal,
Play them as they were guitar strings,
And see how gourmet that soup would feel.

Eyes, oh eyes, exquisite blue,
(Brown and green as well will do,)
Look if what they see is true,
Look before I eat them too.

Chris Noir

Purpose 3- Perpetual War

Fire!

A primordial tool,
To roast, to make,
To harden, to brake,
To burn your neighbor, or a school!

Steel!

One of fire's strongest sons
He cuts wood,
As good steel should,
But also pierces hearts and lungs!

Sword!

A savage descendant of steel,
There's no confusion
Or illusion,
His only purpose is to kill

Gun!

The great grandchild of the sword,
Why not make killing
Fast and fun,
Isn't that what guns are for?

Bullet!

This one took years to perfect,
At first so small,
And not good at all,
But now no armor could deflect.

Tank!

Put a gun upon the wheels,
Put more guns slide,
From either side!
Fire, Fire death and steel!

Put some steel into a bomb,
Put your bomb in a combat plane.
Make it's damage last so long,

Radioactive one might say!

HATE!

Hate burns more houses than fire!

Without hate fire would be used

To burn wood and, and hunt and make satellites fly higher!

Without hate steel would be used for:

EVERY PURPOSE BUT THE WAR!

Chris Noir

Purpose 4- Futility

LIFE

EVERYTHING

POETRY

MUSIC

SEX

WAR

FAME

GENE PROPAGATION
SLAVE LIBERATION
FINAL DESTINATION
OF ALL THINGS IS THE GRAVE!

Chris Noir

Requiem

pie jesu domine dona eis requiem

I tried to assemble
The pieces of osiris
But all the stars aligned so
That i should fail again

I tried to revive the
Body of lazarus
but the tomb had swallowed
The words of the messiah.

Long rang the bell
My soul had come to bitter end

Desperate chants
blood does glimmer on their hands

Hammers dance on nails
They urge the dead to stay contained

Slayer eats the slain
Til the end of time til last of days

I struggle to awaken
I'm morally braindead
But all the bloody effort
sticks me to the ground

The burden of atlas
Lays on my two shoulders
if I drop my sky
will anyone notice

Long live the king
The reaper hand in hand with me

choir commence to sing
heaven weeps for apathy

Hades take away
All the strife and all the pain

Pie jesu domine
dona eis requiem

Chris Noir

Room 453

As sky was dancing in the warmth,
And world drowned in the midday light
I walked the square in midst of nowhere
And killing the time til 9 pm flight.

I roamed the suburban streets
Near the airport, a lovely lane,
Not aware that some place out there
Waits to play tricks on my brain.

As i passed a quaint old garden
With hedges trimmed and with ivy vines
By a man of odd sort was i approached,
Who asked a minute of my time.

And since i was bored i did not ignore
but now i know that would've been wise,
But i stopped to chat, take this he said,
and gave me a flyer with weirdest signs,

I looked up close to ones and o's
written on the papers face,
It's not that odd i thought, a binary code,
Some geeky joke no doubt in place.

As i looked more signs formed a door
(On the backside i did see)
the picture formed, a hotel door,
Assigned a number-453.

How strange, i said and scratched my head,
and my curiosity awoke,
the sun still shined and i had some time
To play along this stupid joke.

So i walked into a bar called the 'Southern star',
And inquired about what i did see
and what everyone tells me there's only one hotel,
In the town with room 453.

so i ordered something fresh and wrote down the address,
And was quickly on my way out
half past one, and my drink was done,
to the hotel i took the nearest rout.

And as i gazed the flowery maze
of streets and lanes and slim young pines
from everyone i met, the same look did i get,
A look with concern in their eyes.

An old woman screamed, bumping at me,
nearly brought me to the ground,
you're going the wrong way, the woman did say,
And i realized what she was talking about.

all the folks that went this course
All of them except for me,
Moved the to the opposite end from where i did head,
To find the room 453.

at 14: 12 i'm at the hotel,
I walked in through lobby door
And i asked the man behind the desk
To show me to the floor.

To show m the floor with the corridor
That leads to where i want to be
He looked half amused by my serious words,
and he did reply with a smile on his lips.

You've been fooled friend, said the man
Looking at me with a smiling face,
From the room one and through to room 452
those are the rooms we have in this place

There used to be one more on the furthest floor,
But log since it was closed for guests
Twas a scene of a crime and from that time
it is vacant and not available for rent.

Show me to it nevertheless

i did go all this way,
I have a flight, at 9 tonight
And i have no intention to stay.

So we walked to the lift and went up with it.
he was holding the master key
Cuse the original one has long been gone,
To the room 453.

as we walked to the door on the furthest floor,
He turned the key and opened it wide,
Inside was the same in every way,
To all the rooms i've been to in my life.

A couple of chairs and a single bed,
In the corner was a lamp,
A Bible sat on a little nightstand,
but the air was stale and the room was damp.

But something inside caught my eye
in the corner to the left,
this little part was darker than dark,
and something there slowly crept,

The air became heavy with sulphuric stench
The thing wore a face resembling mine,
It wore same eyes and same old smile,
but somehow dead and warped by time.

Now, i was scared like never before,
And walk to the exit of the room
But the door, so nigh, was locked from outside,
and i couldn't escape through.

'Don't you remember', i heard a voice,
there was mocking in its words
And that awful thing did start to sing,
But i felt as only i've heard,

'Long ago, you've been here before, You've
Been here and you met your end,
That ancient july we both did die

on this same old hotel bed.'

'There was a gun and a bottle of scotch
no one ever found the man
No dna, nothing but the same
Bible on the small nightstand'

'What does it matter, i asked in anger,
As i regained the strength to speak
Every hotel in this redneck hell
has one in every room, you freak! '

'Every but one, and it's this one
i hoped you would be aware, son
This one never had no books by the beds,
Just a bottle and the gun.'

'Didn't the sign tell "Dead End Hotel",
when you was walking in
It's a place to die, none leave alive,
Here you pay for your sins! '

'I read the signs as i walked by
It said hotel, and nothing more
just a normal ad for meal and bed
And two stars above the door.'

'That's the door you came in by,
To look outside i dare you to,
From this hotel you go to hell
And there's nothing you can do! '

And he started to smile with a grin so vile
It almost made me blind
He said rapture came and i so vain
Was one of those left behind.

'Look at your Bible' said the thing
With a sinister smile,
Without hesitation i opened the revelations
and no verses did i find.

'Its empty you creep', i said while i did weep
'Thats right' the creep replied,
thats `cause nothing is revealed to those who end up here,
And by their own hand do die!

He grabbed me and he dragged me
There opened a hole in the floor,
The air left me when i tried to scream
And in panic clawed the door.

Now i reside on the other side,
In a mirror on the bathroom wall,
I take the face of the unfortunate waste,
That comes in through the hotel door,

If you can read this, your end is nigh,
you are coming to stay with me,
in the dusty hell of a two star hotel
In the room 453.

Chris Noir

Rune Ov Madness

A rusty blade tears the skin
as i carve the rune if madness
No escape from jaws of void,
as the vision slowly blackens.

Shapes of life all lost the form
as i climb the peak of fire
storms of salt and smoke arise
while i fall to gaping darkness

names of gods on cavern walls
lye dead dry scorned and forgotten
those who lost themselves at night
Through my eyes fall to the rotten

As the rune burns in my skin
i can feel blood slowly cooling
breath gets lost in dreams of sun,
is this life all that we get to Feel.

All that we were
or will ever be
Was long before the time
Was long before what we are.

We are all forgotten
dust is all that remains.

Chris Noir

San U Snu

Poljubac ti ovaj dajem!
Dok sad od tebe se rastajem,
Za ove reci se ne kajem-
U pravu si kad kazeš znam,
Da mi dani behu san;
Ipak ako nada ode nama,
U sred noci u sred dana,
dal u javi il u snu,
Je li onda jošte tu?
Sve što vidim, mislim znam,
Sve je samo u snu san.

U sred bure strašne stojim,
Na obalama nespokojnim,
I steze mi ruka desna
sitna zrna zlatnog peska,
tako retka! Ipak pašce,
kroz prste mi u dubine,
dok ja placem, dok ja placem!
O Boze ne mogu li steci,
Svoju ruku jace?
O Boze ne mogu li spasti,
Barem jedno od propasti?
Zar je sve što mislim, znam
Samo jedan u snu san?

Chris Noir

Sky

All the way through sky and land,
Struggles man to understand,
All the tears that taint the face,
Fall down for earth to embrace.

Trough the eye or looking glass
Light does suffer dark to pass,
And trough surface of the lake,
You see but what dark did fail to take.

Every hand can grasp a sword,
And kill and choke when comes to war,
Seldom can one make a change,
Mans but tricky beast to tame.

A mind they tell is so like clay
Shape it, lest it goes astray,
yet if too wet it becomes,
Goes back to a slimy lump

Yet if it is to be to dry
It would crack and it would die,
And if there would be to much heat,
Cracks are likely to repeat.

So ought a mind be shaped with care
Once broken hard is to repair
And sane and less so are alike,
When a crack its surface strikes.

Madness has a way to crawl
Trough smallest cracks in thine house walls
Rage can take your hand and kill
Let it and see that it will

Tears let loose will make thou drown
When they flow o'r thine gloomy frown
And greed and lust breed agony,
Fruit on thine cherry tree,

What I want is what I am,
Struggles man to understand,
What Thou are is what thou make,
A life Thou get Thou dare not take.

And wanting can be cruel as well
It turns all that one has to hell
Matters not that thou have done
And have all that the others want.

All the way Trough land and sky
One falls if they don't learn to fly
All the way trough sky and land
Man still fails to understand.

Chris Noir

Stars

Where are the stars, in this dreadful night?

-There they are behold them shine.

Why so cold and dim their light?

-They are dying, they are dying.

Chris Noir

Straying

Velvet river slowly flowing,
As the autumn wind is blowing,
Just a glimpse of life it's showing,
Is taking you away,

Tired trees who's solemn sleeping,
Reminds a human soul of weeping,
And a brave, brave paw of rabbit leaping,
will make you into prey.

The green lanes of sunshine winding,
Golden light of city blinding,
The feeling of so gently sliding,
Is marking your own grave.

The rush and rumor ever stirring,
In the cauldron, reassuring,
That flame under you is burning,
Wherever you choose to stray.

Chris Noir

Summer Child

In your dreams, long ago,
You have felt it, it pushed through,
Cold wind a winter breeze,
That has come your root to freeze.

You dreamed of it, you hoped so hard,
'tis but a dream, a nightmare passed,
And in sickly sweet Sun of July,
Nothing cold, has met your eye.

You have questioned, and forgot,
Said to yourself, you ought fear not,
And in August's raging rays,
You let the nightmares fly away.

You have swam and jumped and ran,
And played in waves of autumn leaves,
You forgot, You ought fear not,
You forgot the Winter's breeze.

You watched as more leaves turn color red,
You watched the clouds becoming grey,
You didn't know, You couldn't have,
That the Frost is on it's way.

Then in some December day,
You got caught, you were afraid,
Your dreams of yore, have come to pass,
The Winter kissed your lips at last.

Chris Noir

The Funeral Pyre

Close my eyes with the fingers of clay
there will be no bells or chants
No one knows i died today
No one to whom i could repent

The fields of unknown now awaits me
The void welcomes my arrival,
A pleasure for those who hate me
They will join me in denial.

Touch my hands with the fingers of fire
And place them over my sword,
i leave this world so cold and dire,
I am nothing but this corpse.

Touch my heart with the fingers of death
and eat it as it rots away
Breathe in my last gasping breath
Then leave me to decay.

Chris Noir

The Gate

Born out of chaos, the chaos that sleeps,
Crept out of the Nameless Mists,
Spawn of void and boundless deeps,
Knows and sees all that can exist.

He knows, knows all he knows and sees,
He sees all and broods and waits,
He stands guard and holds the keys,
He knows the gate, he is the gate.

He's as great as space is vast.
By the unnameable's dreams he's brought,
The present, the future and the past,
All are one in Yog-Sototh.

Chris Noir

The Grave

I found a pretty apple tree and dug myself a grave,
In it I've left my body, words and a sad mind,
All those things in life to whom I were a slave,
All will in the end be gladly left behind.

On every face I see, the same old tired smile,
That always hides a riddle, a story or a myth,
Always full of secrets, always full of lies,
That turn around the smoke o'er the fire pits.

Through rainy eyes I see the dawning of the day,
I admire sun in its morning glory,
I feel its healing beams carrying me away,
And the final darkness- the end of my story.

I picked a snow white flower, and saw in it my death,
In every petal written the end to my pain,
I've crossed this cursed field the path to my last breath,
My soul thus has left me in the light of day.
I found a pretty apple tree and dug myself a grave.

Chris Noir

The Last Days Of The Sun

Through the veil of waters of sea,
Embraced by an icy mist,
A face with an open mouth i see,
That pierces wounds with light of bliss,
Through the veils of waters of sea.

In the glory of that day,
As if I could sense the doubt,
of weightless darkness that betrays,
Choking sunlight all about,
In the glory of that day.

At the end of sunlight's reign,
The breath and heartbeat of a sleeper,
Impure dreams of calming pain,
The birds that dig the wounds yet deeper,
At the end of sunlight's reign.

On the surface of a red-bricked wall,
Names long lost and sunken deep,
Without bodies like roaming souls,
No home to which they could retreat,
On the surface of the wall.

In the last days of the sun,
No more people or the wide blue sky,
No one awakes, as dawn is undone,
And the ocean wallows on corpses of time,
In the last days of my Sun.

Chris Noir

The Last Words Ans Will Of A Sarcastic Nobody.

I want you to bury me, outside the graveyard, somewhere in the woods.
I want no cross, I want no priest,
And no stood?

I want you to cut my body, In half,
With a dull old saw,
I want my head upon the spike,
On the northern city wall.

I leave everything I have, granted, it's not much,
But every debt and every doubt,
that I will take with me,
Those things, I can't do without.

I want you to kill a goat,
And spray it's blood upon my door,
And turn my head around three times,
Before noon just to be sure.

Then when my soul is light and free,
Separated from my bones,
I will go and I'll meet God
In heaven on his brand new throne,

And I'll ask him with a grin,
Why wouldn't you leave me be?
Why of all the lying bastards,
Did you ruin life for me?

Chris Noir

The Old New Year

As time drags on, it's hard to keep
track of things that happen by,
Whether awake or fast asleep,
Whenever did I laugh or cry?

The mills grind on, away away,
No matter if I walk or ride.
No matter if I leave or stay,
The mill will turn, the mill will grind.

As time treads on in army boots,
I long for what I've had and lost,
As time brings rot and brings new fruits,
I fondly gaze at winters frost.

Countless years have faded, died,
And it's only twenty-eighteen,
Millions more come marching by,
In times timeless war machine.

And as time goes on, to shade, to dust,
Every year since was the same,
Full of Joy, of hate, of lust,
And some good old-fashioned fame.

The mills still grind, around, around,
and another day will fade, will fly,
Another decade without a sound,
Will perish and so will the Mind.

So this year as any other,
Will die away to ne'er be seen.
Soon succeeded by another,
That's the year twenty-eighteen.

Chris Noir

The 'old' Ways

Old ways are old indeed,
No one cares much for such things,
Old ways are obsolete,
Yet nothing new has quite the ring.

Old times were so full of strife,
No one remembers them quite fondly,
Something made some things in life,
New things cover melancholy.

And yet the forms were lost completely,
Mediocrity played on repeat,
Color coded, stacked up neatly,
Celebration of defeat.

Politics still fully corrupted,
Art worse than it's ever been,
Volcano of waste soon erupted,
The saddest ejaculation I've ever seen.

People still are mean and nasty,
Sickness still kills by the bunch,
War, famine, and breasts of plastic,
iron cuffs and organic lunch.

It's the same it always were,
It's just more mixed and toned down low,
Things are just blurry and impure,
But one can see how new shit grows.

Old ways are old indeed,
New ones are not even slightly better,
Every age has it's own breed,
Of vermin, all that's changing is the weather.

Chris Noir

The Tyger

*Tigar! Tigar! plamti sjaj,
U šumama noci taj,
Kakvog besmrtnika rad,
Taj uzasni stvori sklad?

U kom paklu ili rajju,
Te plamtece oci sjaju?
Sa kakvim se krilom dize?
Ko ukroti plam što lize?

Koja snaga, kakve sile,
Uviše tvog srca zile?
I kad ono kucat stade?
*Kakav ud uzasa nastade?

Koji lanac? Koji malj?
Gde se skova zli um taj?
Kakav nakovanj i stisak
Zarobi taj gnevni vrisak?

Kada zvezde koplja baciše,
I suze na nebo sliše,
Osmehnut li bog sad gleda?
Zar ko jagnje stvori, stvori njega?

*Tigar! Tigar! plamti sjaj,
U šumama noci taj,
Kakvog besmrtnika rad,
Sme uzasni stvorit sklad?

Chris Noir

Through The Pines-Beyond The Pale-Out Of Mind

Going down this road,
There's no telling what,
Lurks behind your eyes,
So perfectly still.
As the way unfolds,
Everybody dies,
But only few of those
Ever get to kill.
And the music plays so
Softly far behind
Through the trees
Kissed by fire.
The sound caught and
Swallowed by the ancient pines,
Quenches the eternal life
Of empty desire.
One more step and there's the abyss.
No matter how many blessings you can count.
Death is the only way to bliss
And the only way out.
How perfect this face of God
Shines cancer down our throats.
And still we breathe the air we burn.
One more step and ours is the blood,
Of the veins of earth.
Once we dig it's what's done is done
And there's no return.
Every tear is a lake soon
You'll understand,
What it means
There's enough water
To drown an ant
In it in all of them
A human being.
Count them if you will
You will have to dive
As everything turns to light
Your lungs and heart stand still
If you get out alive

Don't forget the sight.
There's sorrow of some billion souls
In the dust we inhale.
On it we thrive.
In every breath I hear them growl.
Beyond the pale
Well out of mind.

Chris Noir

Tiana-For My Dearest Wife

And my thoughts strive to be dreams,
And to be real outside of me,
And the dreams that dive throughout my mind,
All wear your face it seems.

The shapes, the scent, the colors
that haunt my inner being,
All sing of you, and through and through
the pictures on the ceiling.

my body free of me is
yearning for your closeness
to exist and to persist
Is to live on your hearts doorstep

And the days are as long as years,
when your smile i do not see,
And all the pain is real again
until you sleep right next to me.

Chris Noir

Vatra I Led

Neki kazu da svet ce skoncati u vatri,
Neki, u ledu.

Sa onime što znam od zudnje,
Za vatru se zalazem bez sumnje.

Ali ako dva put skoncat mora,
Mislim da ja dosta mrznje znam da
Kazem led je jednak kao plam,
I on je dobar,
I bice dovoljan.

Chris Noir

Wall

I look at my wall,
and see the world.
I look at the world-
and see a wall,
Like an imprisoned mockingbird,
Like a toothless wolf in winter's cold.

Chris Noir

Wandering

Wandering and loudly dreaming,
Think I better than believing,
Any stray path, so deceiving,
No matter how brightly clear,

Walking further calm and breathing,
Air so sweet and smoke misleading,
Never shall it spark the meaning,
That so often comes with fear.

Paradise is where I'm striding,
Whether downpour or sun be shining,
And I don't find myself denying,
The cost of my freedoms gleam,

To hell, to fire or to battle,
Towards the snake's tail that rattles,
When the mirror finally shatter,
You too will know, it's just a dream.

Chris Noir

We Are

We are the few,
The ones that remain,
Spineless and dry and
Waiting for rain.

We are the final,
The ending is nigh,
The world in denial is
Waiting to die.

Soft and bloodless fainting whispers,
Never knowing truth or lies,
Never known the cruel from gentle,
Never lived, and time flies by.

Mild and tender bleeding lilies,
Roses died 'cause they had thorns,
There's a plot to drown all feelings,
That can rise with songs to war.

We are the blood,
The earth and the steel,
We are impaled on,
Ever turning wheel,

We are the bone,
The flesh and the brain,
We're being erased,
But we don't complain.

Scattered loveless, crawling wisdom,
Never cared for never loved,
Waiting for the true affection,
Burning rocks fall from above.

Plain and proper blinded peasants,
Always happy and content,
Products of a diseased planet,
That awaits a freezing death.

We are the few,
The chosen, the last,
Powerless peons,
Scorned and surpassed,

We are the core,
The craft and the art,
We are rotting and
Falling apart.

Chris Noir

Where To Look?

Reality's good if you know where to look
It sounds like old movie moral cliché
Once that it bends you dare not pretend,
Dreams become real and take you away,

Once that you try, to live and to fly,
You learn? to separate is not a real choice
To see is to make to make is to brake,
And say you're awake if you still have a voice.

To see the sky by day and by night
Quite the extreme opposite shades,
But once the clouds form in eve of a storm,
Day and night look just uncomfortably? same.

Regret can sting like no other thing,
the key to be sincere at all
The punishment comes from inside of us
For things we think are worth punishing for.

So sour and sweet come in same treat,
and both kick the mind out of the gray
and stray roads lead to just what? you need,
And something you want, might show long the way.

Slippery slopes don't work at all,
As long as the land is completely flat,
And frequently walls are not walls at all,
But doors to those who wish them to be that,

And none can pass through a wall of glass
but can see perfectly the other side
Whilst concrete walls that have a door
Leave an? element of surprise.

In every dream, a glimpse you might see,
something important you don't control
As time goes by to stay a child
is a greatest gift, as far as gifts go,

A mind of a child a tear in the eye,
joy is but a break from woe,
and the sliding stairs that take you nowhere,
Dont lead you to places they did before.

And at the end, the way we went
was a journey but also a race
And as we turn, the years quickly burn,
And all, save you, stayed the same place

Chris Noir

Why?

A lonely cloud did roam the sky,
I wonder why, I wonder why.

And rain did fall amidst the field
And earth drank and it was healed.
And all who hungry felt the pain,
All went out and praised the rain.

A lonely cloud, the sky did roam.
Far from home so far from home.

And the thunder struck amidst the field,
And a poor peasant man was killed,
And all who prayed rain to appear,
All ran inside and hid in fear.

A lone cloud still sky did roam,
All alone all alone.

And the rain did fall and mixed with sand,
And made for soft and traitorous land,
And now peasants did begin,
To call walking in rain a sin.

A wisp of silent wind did blow,
And let cloud go and let cloud go.

And after rain there came the Sun,
And repaired the damage done,
Came the Sun and dried the land,
And dried the places of quick sand.

A ray of sun, In sky did shine,
I wonder why, I wonder why.

And the sun's rays came and dried the crops,
And peasants dead began to drop,
Praises that they had at first,
Turned to rants, The Sun they cursed.

A ray of sun did slowly fade,
To the shade, to the shade.

And they started to pray twice,
A day and sacrifice,
And they chanted and they prayed,
For rain to come and go away,
And lots of people they did kill,
to appease the weathers will.
But no matter how many died,
Or how much smoke did touch the sky,
Nature kept it's normal pace,
Rain and sun switched others place,
No matter praise or words of curse,
It's a random universe.

A lonely cloud did roam the sky,
There's only HOW, but there's no WHY!

Chris Noir

Woeful Doe

Crying lilies bent in greeting,
Coming of the summer winds,
While the heart is sadly beating,
To the rhythm of lost spring.

Yellow dry gold blades of grass,
Give newbeauty to the field,
Which bore so many, many colors,
Bore them proudly as a shield.

A cheerful doe leaps o'er the meadow,
Following the faintest scent,
Carried by the soft winds slowly,
From afar, where lilies went.

Branches of the trees in forests,
Still coated in royal green,
Crowns that autumns will forget,
And replace with memories.

A woeful doe still roams the field,
With naught but golden blades around,
Looking for the crying lilies,
Which are no more to be found.

Chris Noir