

“In This Very Lack Of You”

In this very lack of you which my view is remained
My Voice is my chummy, oh wait, my fie's remained

Don't feel shy on my life, cause my life is chained
With your windpipe poniard; which is everywhere attained

Beat the time benchmark on my corpus cause it's inane
Whenever my corpus is alive out of your wain

See me through this iconic endeavor again
May be you'll find another me of golden insane

It's calling me over 'n over for you, these nights
Those tear drops moving on your squamation of face bites

I will fight till this harmony of memories wanna fights
To the day which you come and turn of your absence lights

"Hossein Bayat Pour"