

SOLO

My heart is no longer red,
now it's blue
after all I cried for you
and all the ache it has kept.

It is all a mess,
everything has lost its sense,
I don't know what's going to happen next.

I feel clumsy and dizzy,
everything's mixed up,
and it is a pity
that it all feels so raw.

It doesn't follow the score
now it isn't part of an orchestra, its home,
because it's no longer part of your all.
Now it's on its own
playing alone.

It's no longer a sweet song,
it doesn't beat regularly.
It's a bitter storm,
it only thumps madly.

Its beat is not a river flow,
it doesn't beat in tempo, no.
It only throbs uncontrolled,
it has hardened like gold.

It's no longer a mellifluous melody,
its beat isn't moderate.

Now it's an unpleasant symphony,
it beats unrestrained.

And it's really confused
because it doesn't want to lose
the reason to keep beating: you.