

I Hope You Will Feel Better

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I Hope You Will Feel Better



KRZYSZTOF FISZER

Tytuł: I Hope You Will Better

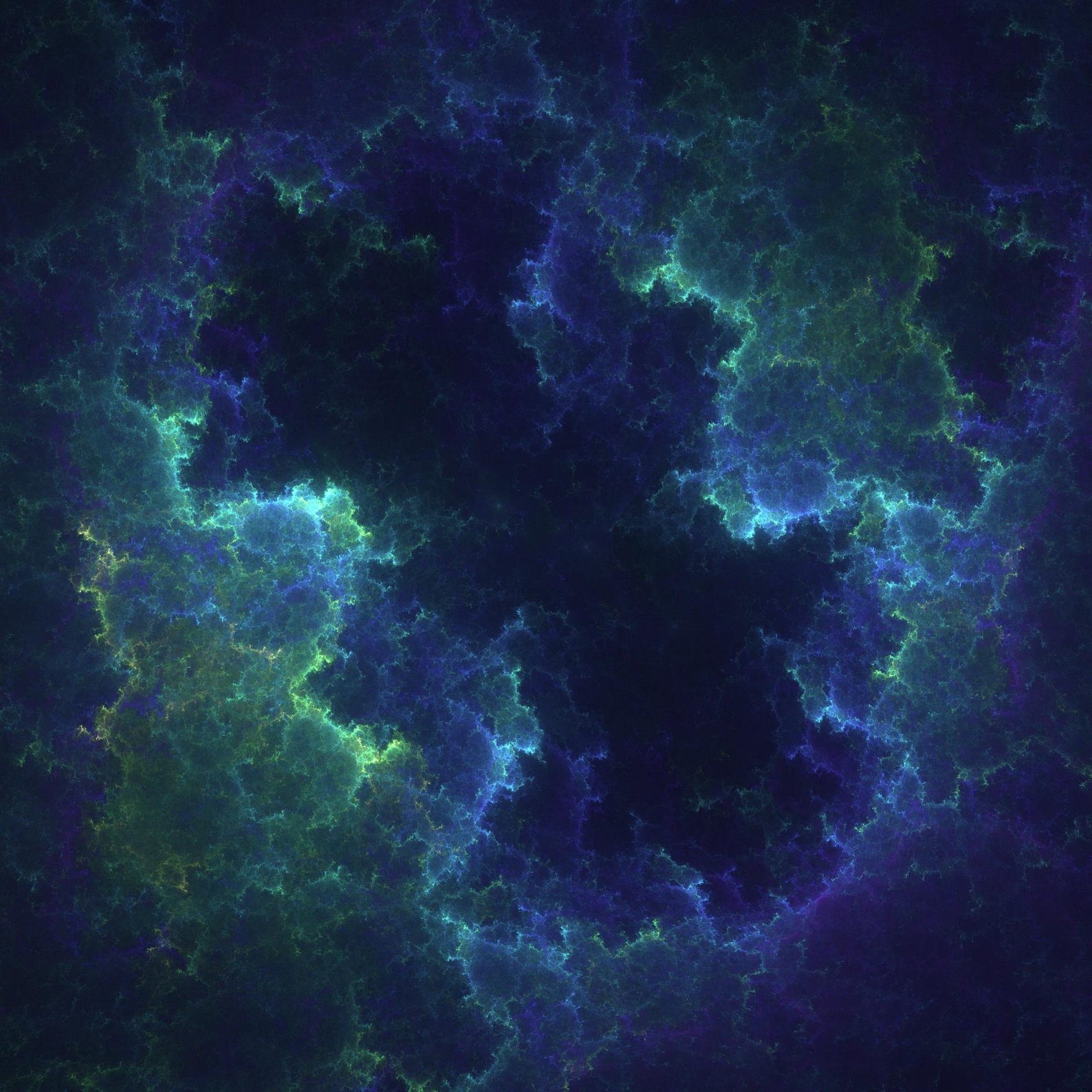
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Tomorrow

11 marca – 8 lipca 2019 r.

They will be gone soon.
Stop for now, and read the hints.
They will be gone soon.
They will be gone with the winds.

Oh, tomorrow opens right in front of you and me.
Every tremor that we felt is now a melody of our souls.
Our gentle souls.

This is the time for you to say:
I am staying.
It's not a crime for you to say:
I'm not praying.
I'm not praying.

This is the moment when I say:
No more faking.
This is the time for me to say:
I'm not breaking.
I'm not breaking.

They will be gone soon.
Malformed shades and icy fiends.
They will be gone soon.
They will be gone with the winds.

Oh, tomorrow opens right in front of you and me.
Every heartbreak that we felt is now a melody of our souls.
Our gentle souls.

This is the time for you to say:
I am staying.
It's not a crime for you to say:
I'm not praying.
I'm not praying.

This is the moment when I say:
No more faking.
This is the time for me to say:
I'm not breaking.
I'm not breaking.

Aren't You Beautiful?

12 marca – 24 lipca 2019 r.

What do you think about?
What do you think about,
When your eyes are drowning in an evening glow?

Who are you singing for?
Who are you singing for,
When your voice is simpler than aethereal flow?

Isn't it wonderful?
Isn't it wonderful,
When all of your dreams morph into silver stream?

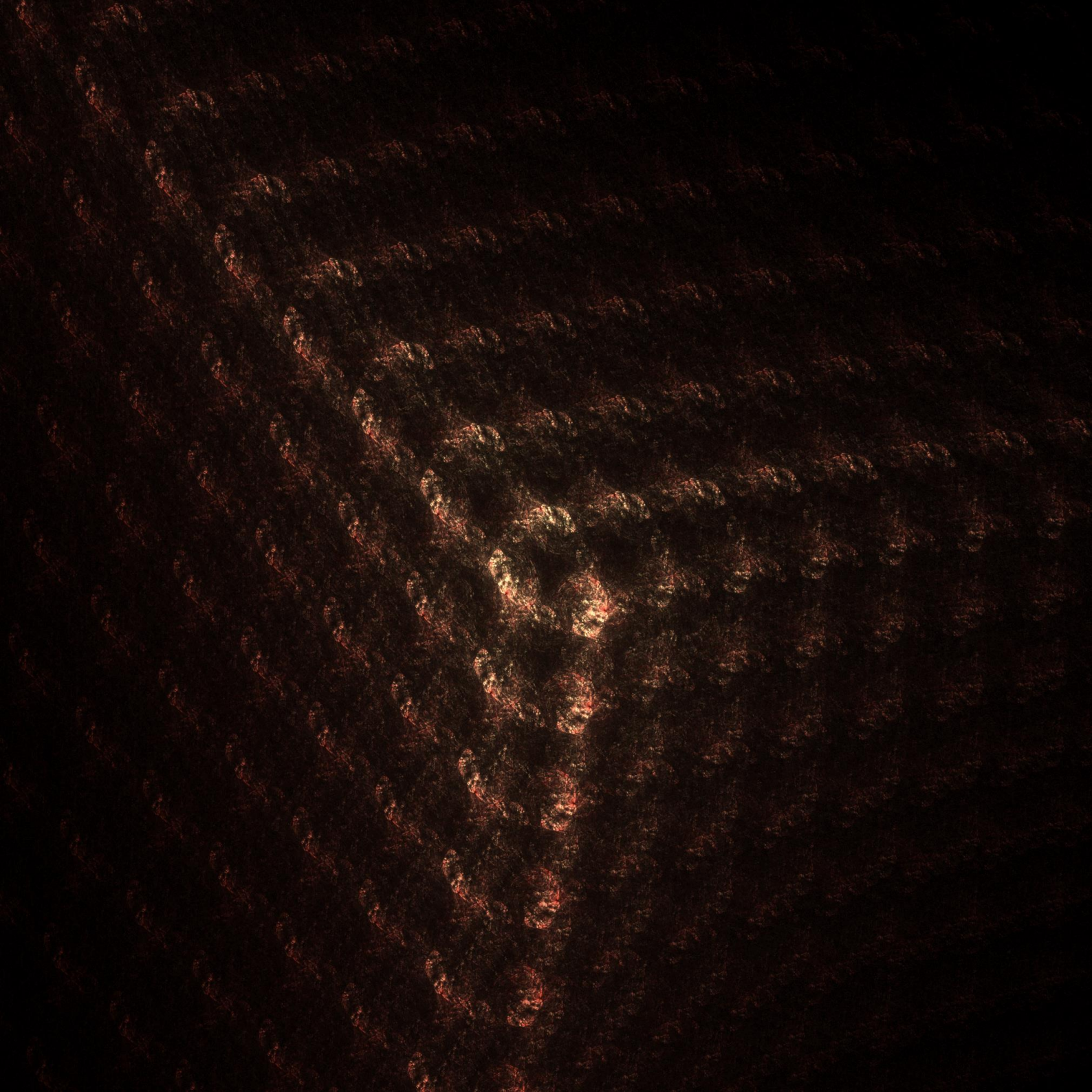
Aren't you beautiful?
Aren't you beautiful,
When you whisper to my ear that you love me?

Where will you go from here?
Where will you go from here,
Will your road lead you to where you want to be?

Who will be holding your hand?
Who will be holding your hand,
When the dark will be the only thing to see?

Aren't they wonderful?
Aren't they wonderful,
Countless tears of mist in the morning light?

Aren't you beautiful?
Aren't you beautiful,
When you're stopping by my door to say goodbye?



The Road You Climb

26 marca – 6 lipca 2019 r.

Did you know?
Your choice is just outside that door.
Your joy is right outside that door.

Straighten up your moral spine, and reprogram your mind.
Take your time, and heal your heart.
You don't have to fall apart.

It's not the miracle that will keep you alive.
It's the road you climb.
You climb.
It's not ill dreaming that will keep you alright.
It's the pain you leave behind.

Will you let go?
You don't need to crawl on the floor.
You don't have to feel hurt anymore.

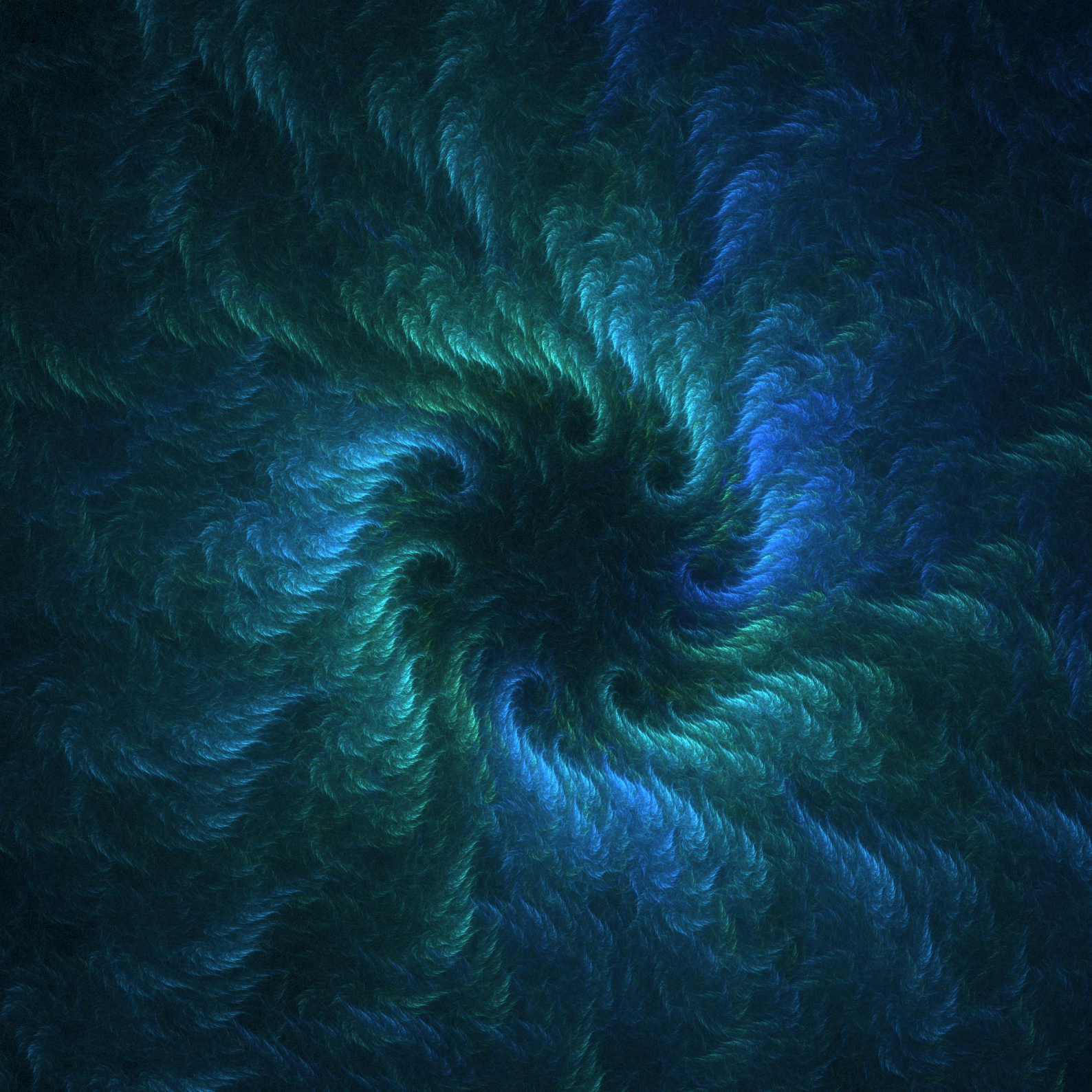
Give new hope to fading stars and rekindle your light.
Take a step and leave your past.
Live your life while it lasts.

It's not the miracle that will keep you alive.
It's the road you climb.
You climb.
It's not ill dreaming that will keep you alright.
It's the pain you leave behind.

If in the mirror there's a stranger to see,
And you're screaming: It's not me!
If your reality is a nightmarish dream,
And you're praying: Set me free!

Now you will know.
Now you will know.
It's not the miracle that will keep you alive.
It's the road you climb.
You climb.
It's not ill dreaming that will keep you alright.
It's the pain you leave behind.

It's not the miracle that will keep you alive.
It's the road you climb.
You climb.
It's not ill dreaming that will keep you alright.
It's the pain you leave behind.



Ocean Waves

7 lipca 2019 r.

Weaving the siren's dream you swim, you swim, you swim.
In the underwater stream your golden eyes still gleam.

From the Land of Nothingmore you swim, you swim, you swim.
In the underwater stream your golden eyes still dream.

Emerald tides will never carry you astray.
In the place you want to be forever, forever stay.
Celestial skin and silver scale.
Among myths you have your place.
Have you ever seen?
Have you ever seen those foamy ocean waves?

Chanting the siren's song you swim, you swim, you swim.
In the underwater stream your golden eyes still gleam.

To the Land of Forevermore you swim, you swim, you swim.
In the underwater dream your siren voice still sings.

Emerald tides will never carry you astray.
In the place you want to be forever, forever stay.
Celestial skin and silver scale.
Among myths you have your place.
Have you ever seen?
Have you ever seen those foamy ocean waves?

Midnight Blossom

7 lipca 2019 r.

The sweetest night when all the dark falls down on us to rule.
The sweetest love when every flame goes from deep red to blue.

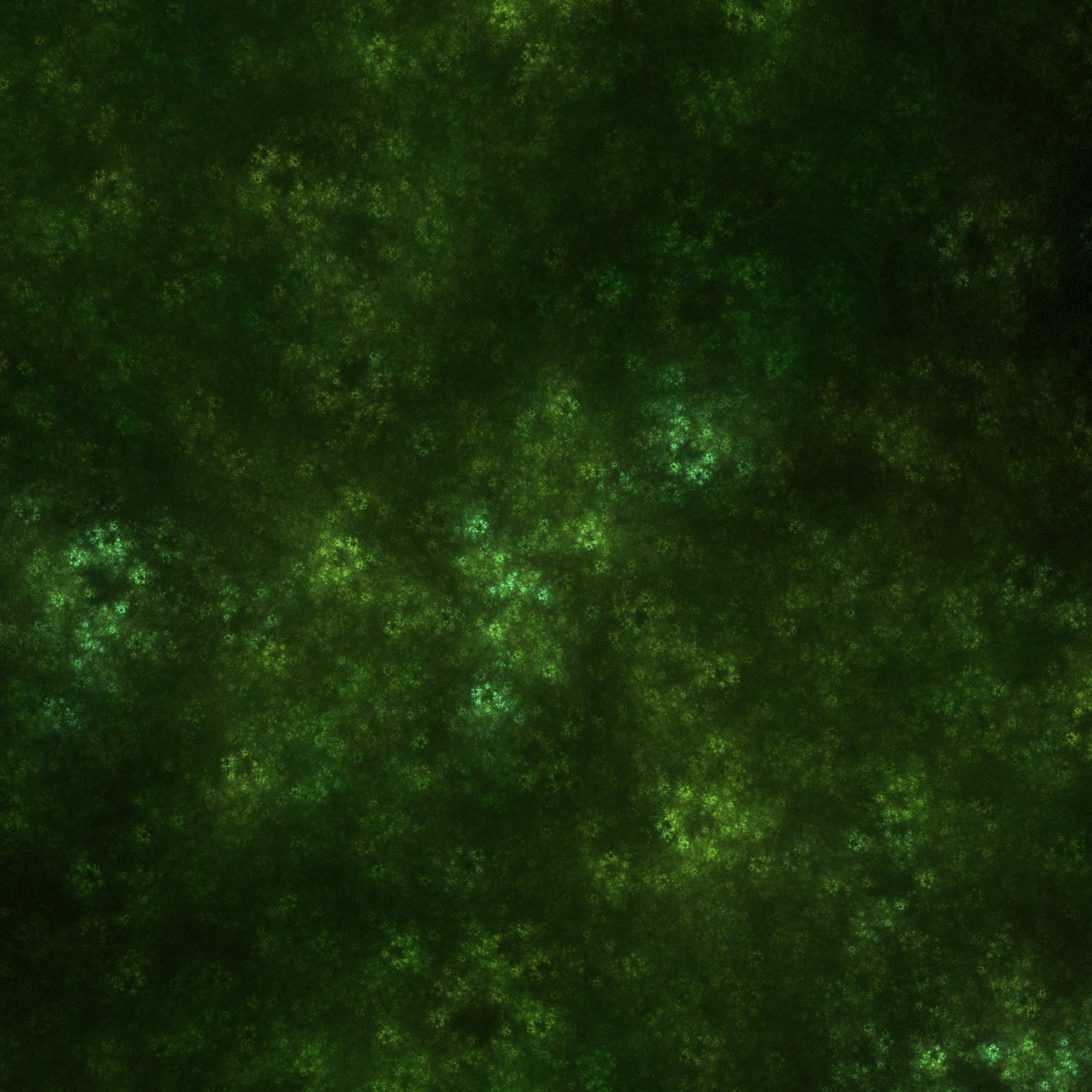
Follow us into the woods until you lose our trail.
Follow us into the woods until you lose your faith.

Only then you will fully see.
Only then you will fully see.
Shimmering haze of the midnight blossom.
Once you will be fully free.
Once you will be fully free.
It will let you drink from its bosom.

The sweetest night when all the stars fall down in crystal rain.
The sweetest love when every kiss brings bliss instead of pain.

Follow us out of the woods and never lose our trail.
Follow us out of the woods, unless you want to stay.

Only then you will truly feel.
Only then you will truly feel.
The shimmering call within your bosom.
Once you will be fully free.
Once you will be fully free.
You will become the midnight blossom.



They come and say:
The things you think you know are only your delusions.
One-leaf rotten memories born from your deep confusion.
So, let them go, let them go.
Leave them behind.
You will never be better than us.
You will never mean more than us.
There is nothing special in you.
Nothing gold and nothing true.

And they still say:
Your efforts are in vain, snap out of your delusions.
One-leaf rotten failures born from your deep confusion.
So, let them burn.
Burn them all to the ground.
You will never be brighter than us.
You will never live better than us.
There is nothing unique in you.
Nothing silver, nothing pure.

And so, I say:
The ways you see me in are only your delusions.
One-leaf clover images born from your deep confusion.
I'll never let them go.
I'll keep them by my side.
I will build my life on truth.
I will never give up my youth.
I will never abandon my dreams.
Evergreen one-leaf clover fields.

Then they say:
Go on and kill yourself with your sick green delusions.
One-leaf rotten poison mist born from your deep confusion.
We'll let you rot.
We'll let you burn to the ground.
You will never be taller than us.
You will always get nothing from us.
There is nothing out there for you.
Only death, only your doom.

And still I say:
Leave me be and take with you your sick delusions.
One-leaf clover fields are saving me from your confusion.
Your lies were killing me.
So, I left you all behind.
I am building my life on truth.
I'm not giving up my youth.
I will always follow my dreams.
Evergreen one-leaf clover fields.

Is It Too Late?

10 lipca 2019 r.

Are you still able to offer me small bit of your heart?
Is it still there?
Am I too late?

Has all the love you had for me burned into ash?
Was I so wrong all along?
Is it too late?

Fate made its promises, so I gave it my eyes.
I was sure it would lead me to you.
But that deal was a lie.
Lot made its promises, so I gave it my heart.
I was sure it would lead me to you.
But that deal was a lie.

Am I still able to offer you small bit of my heart?
Is it still there?
Am I too late?

Has all the love I had for you turned into ash?
Was I so wrong all along?
Is it too late?

Fate made its promises, so I gave it my lust.
I was sure it would lead me to you.
But that deal was a lie.
Lot made its promises, so I gave it my life.
I was sure it would lead me to you.
But that deal was a lie.

Is it too late?
Am I still there?



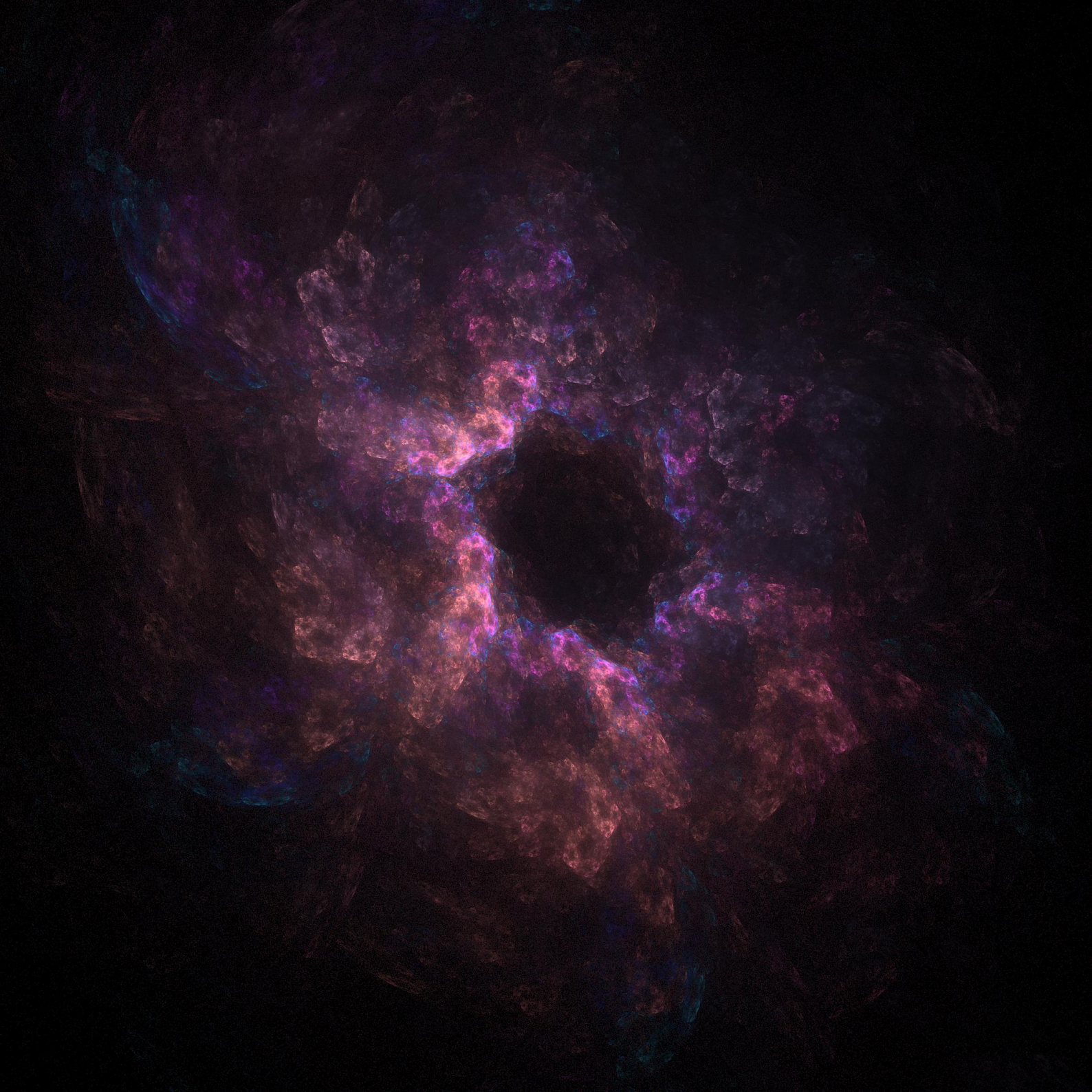
Banger

11 lipca 2019 r.

I'm dying for that banger.
Sis!

I caught you.
I caught you.
I told you, you were mine.
Can you feel incoming twerking?
There's no room for you to hide.
The floor is getting sweaty.
Your moist is getting dry.
Can you feel the thunder?
Sis!
Can you comprehend that bang-e-e-e-e-e-er!
That bang-e-e-e-e-e-er!

I caught you.
I caught you.
I said, you will be mine.
Can you feel incoming twerking?
There's no room for you to hide.
Let's burn that fat, you fatty.
Your moist is getting dry.
Can you feel the thunder?
Sis!
I am dying for that bang-e-e-e-e-e-er!
Sis!
Bang-e-e-e-e-e-er!
Bang-bang-e-e-e-e-e-er!
Are you dying from this bang?
I am dying for that bang-e-e-e-e-e-er!
Sis!
Bang-e-e-e-e-e-er!
Bang-bang-e-e-e-e-e-er!



Draw Me a Flower

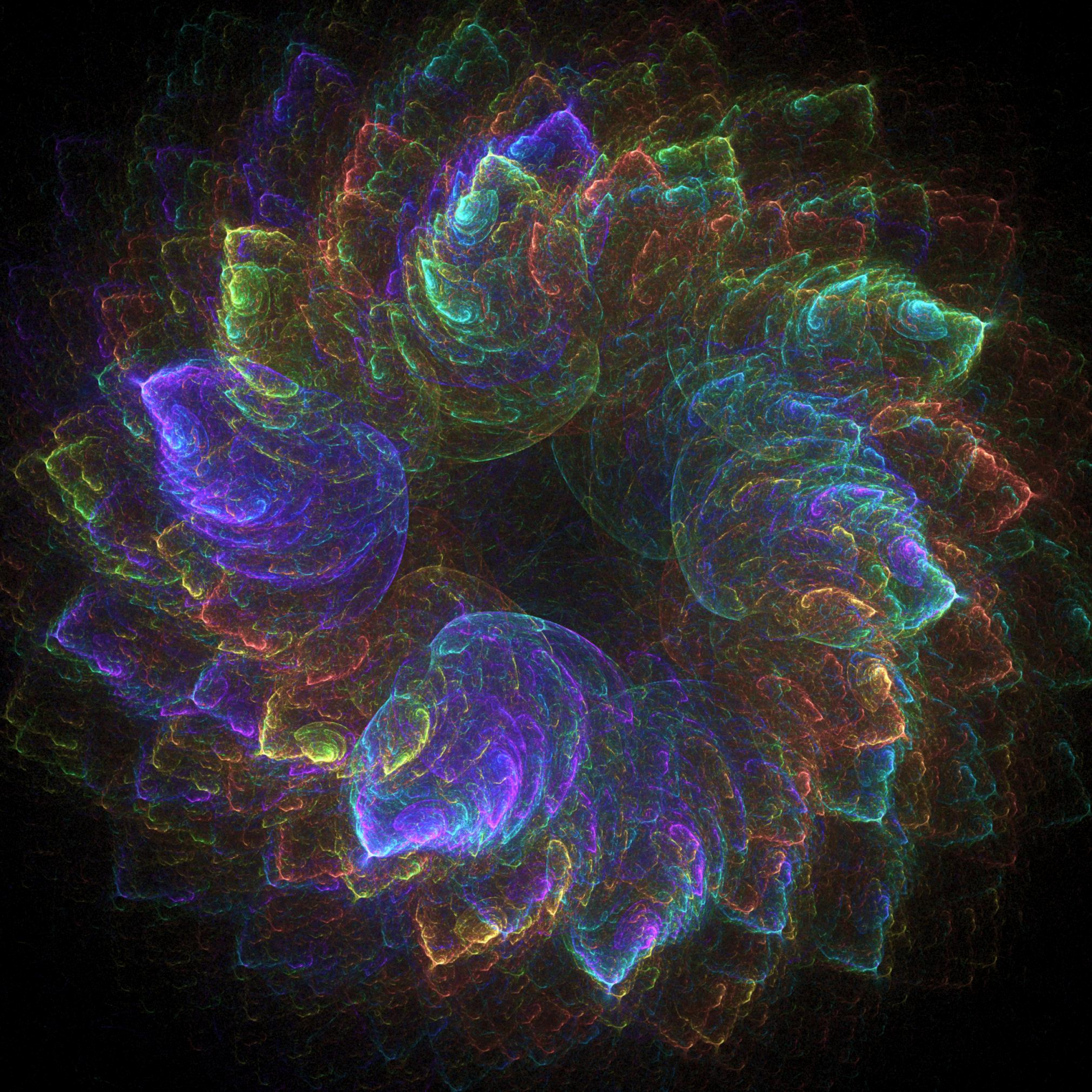
11 lipca 2019 r.

When you feel like you don't know me.
When it feels I've changed too much.
Keep it simple.
Keep it lovely.
Keep me close with gentle touch.

Tides may change, and so can we.
Things won't remain as they used to be.
Yet one part of me can stay still for you.
My heart can always beat for you.

If you could draw me a flower.
It would never fall, it would never faint.
I would always wear it in my hair.

So, you would know that it is still me.
So different, yet the same.
Only yours, forever.
Lily.



I Drew You a Flower

12 lipca 2019 r.

When you feel like you are lonely.
When it feels you've lost too much.
I'll keep it simple.
I'll keep it lovely.
I'll keep you close with gentle touch.

Seasons may change, and so can we.
Things won't remain as they used to be.
Still, one part of me belongs to you.
My heart will always sing for you.

And so, I drew you this flower.
Tie it to your silver hair.
It will never fall, it will never faint.
With you it will forever stay.

I want you to know, that it is still me.
So different, yet the same.
Only yours, forever.
Billy.



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