

MAYBE NOT THIS TIME

CHRISTOPHER NUIN



Christopher Nuin

Maybe Not This Time



KRZYSZTOF FISZER

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Autor: Christopher Nuin

Oprawa graficzna: Christopher Nuin

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Wydawca:

Krzysztof Fiszer

www.christophernuin.online



Such a Beauty!

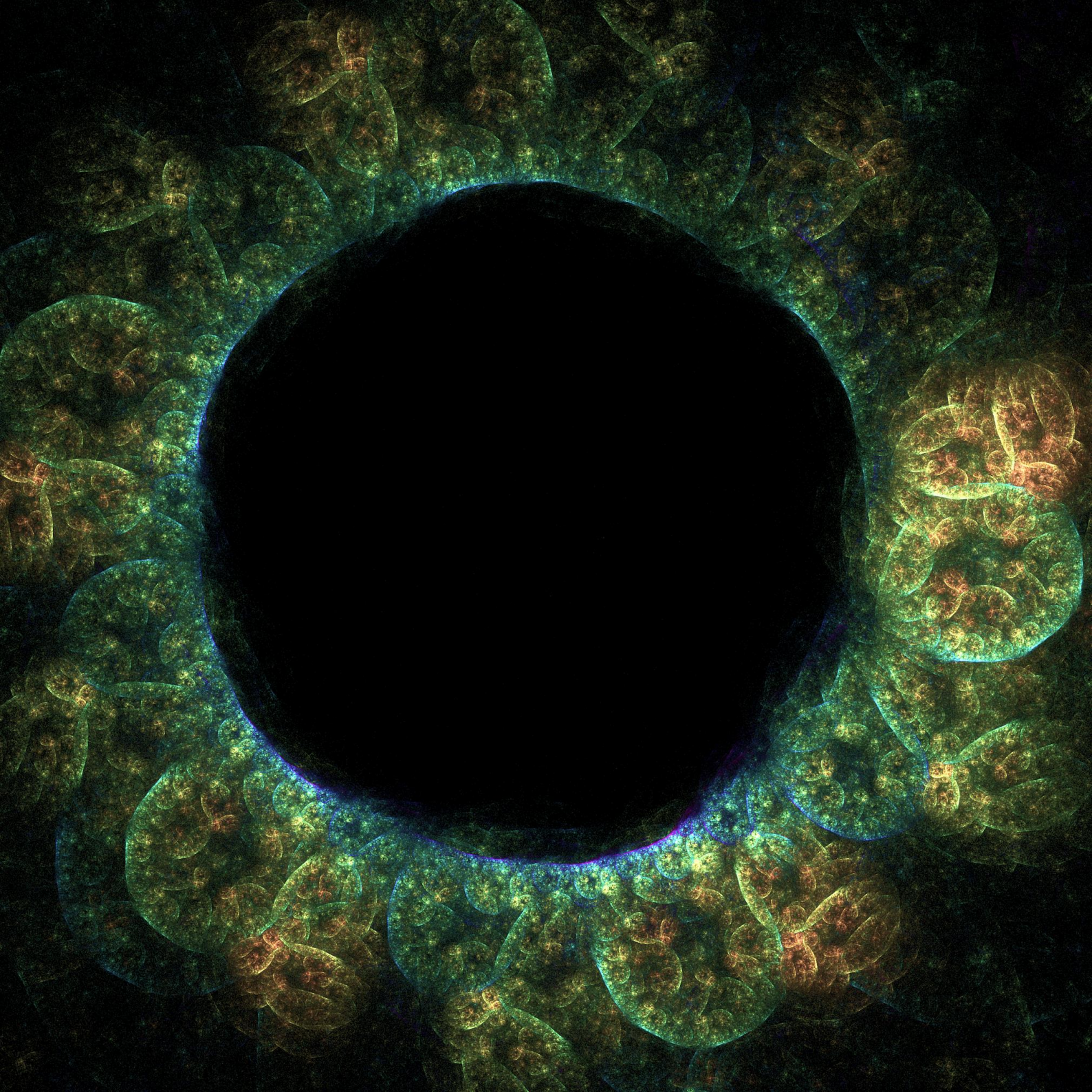
26 lipca 2020 r.

Such a beauty!
Where do you come from?
Can you fix me, Beauty?
Why are you waiting?
Come and slice my face.
Come and spice my taste.

Such a beauty!
Where do you come from?
Can you make me cutie?
Why are you waiting?
Let me change my name.
Let me gain some fame.

Such a beauty!
Where do you come from?
Come and lift my booty.
Why are you waiting?
Can you smooth my face?
Can you fake my grace?

Such a beauty!
Where do you come from?
Can you fix me, Beauty?
Why are you waiting?
Come and change my game.
Come and give me fame.



In The Eyes

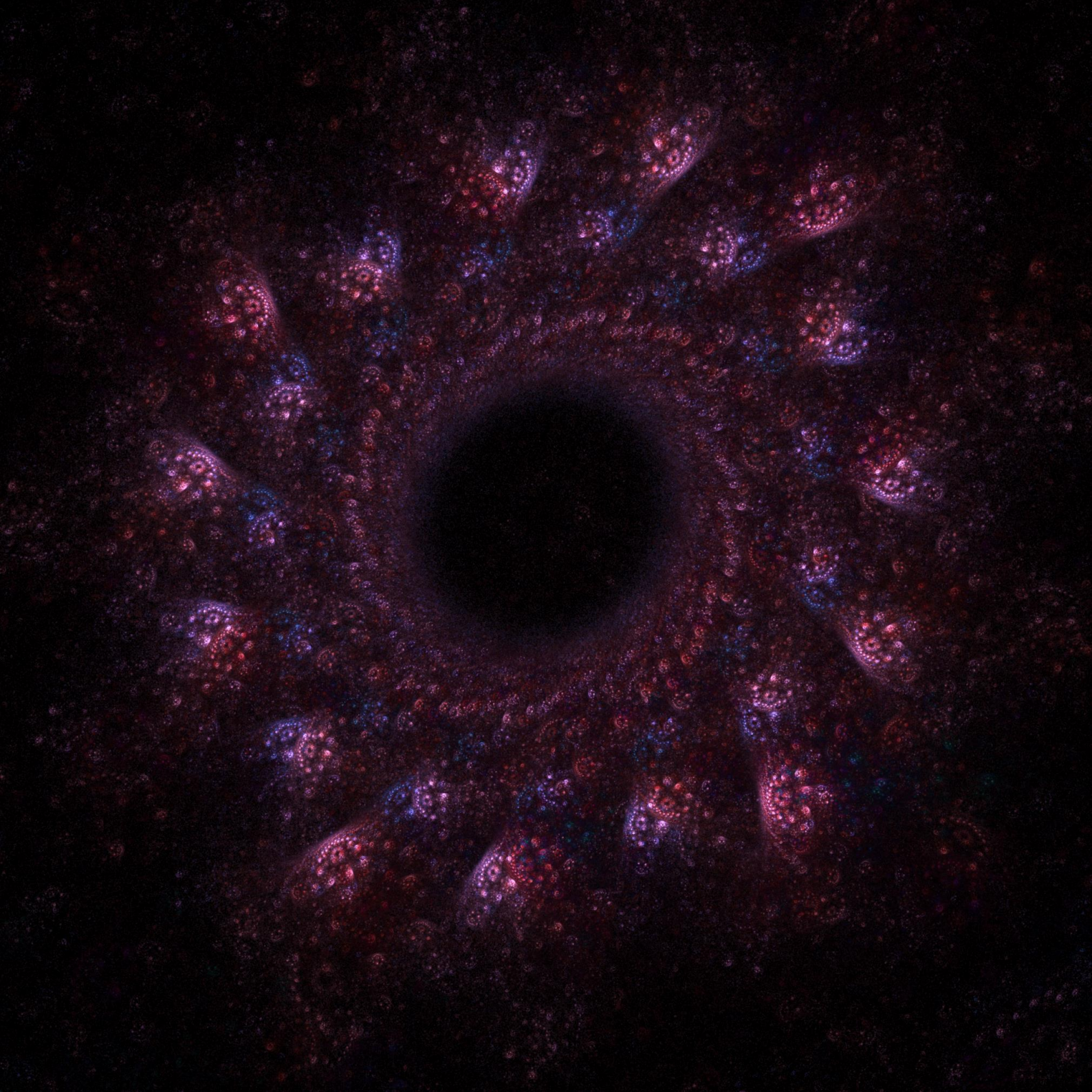
5 – 9 listopada 2020 r.

One more thing, before you go.
Look me in the eyes, just for a while.
Before you will leave me and go.
Tell me you loved me at least for a while.

Nowhere.
Have I ever felt that longing to stay in one place?
Have you ever felt that pressure to avoid my face?
Nowhere.
Both of us at once fell under the spell of lust.
Both of us at once felt that tremendous disgust.

One more thing, before I go.
Look me in the eyes, at least once.
Since you don't want me, I will go.
But I won't say that I loved you. Not even once.

Nowhere.
Have I ever went so far without reason to walk?
Have you ever ran so far to never hear me talk?
Nowhere.
Both of us at once fell under the spell of lust.
Both of us at once felt that tremendous disgust.



Crown Unholy

9 listopada 2020 r.

Down the meadow bathed in summer gold.
Down the paths we made in the soothing grass.
Shining of the sparkling tears falling from the sky,
charmed us with the colours of infinite rainbow.

Loving one another never crossed our minds.
Nature did it for us, jointing the beating of our hearts.
And days were long and filled with shine unending.
And nights were long and filled with silver stars so silent.

Moon gave me wonders born in cosmic space.
Sun gave you wonders born from earthly soil.
And we grew with them, and we knew them all.

It was supposed to be this way, until the end.
Wind was meant to obey my will.
Water was meant to hush your mind.
Fire was meant to blaze my soul.
Earth was meant to bury your lies.

Careless gust of our wishes went astray, never to return.
Careless words from our mouths flew out, creating pain.
What was I thinking, pulling my hand away from you?
What were you thinking, trying to pierce me through?

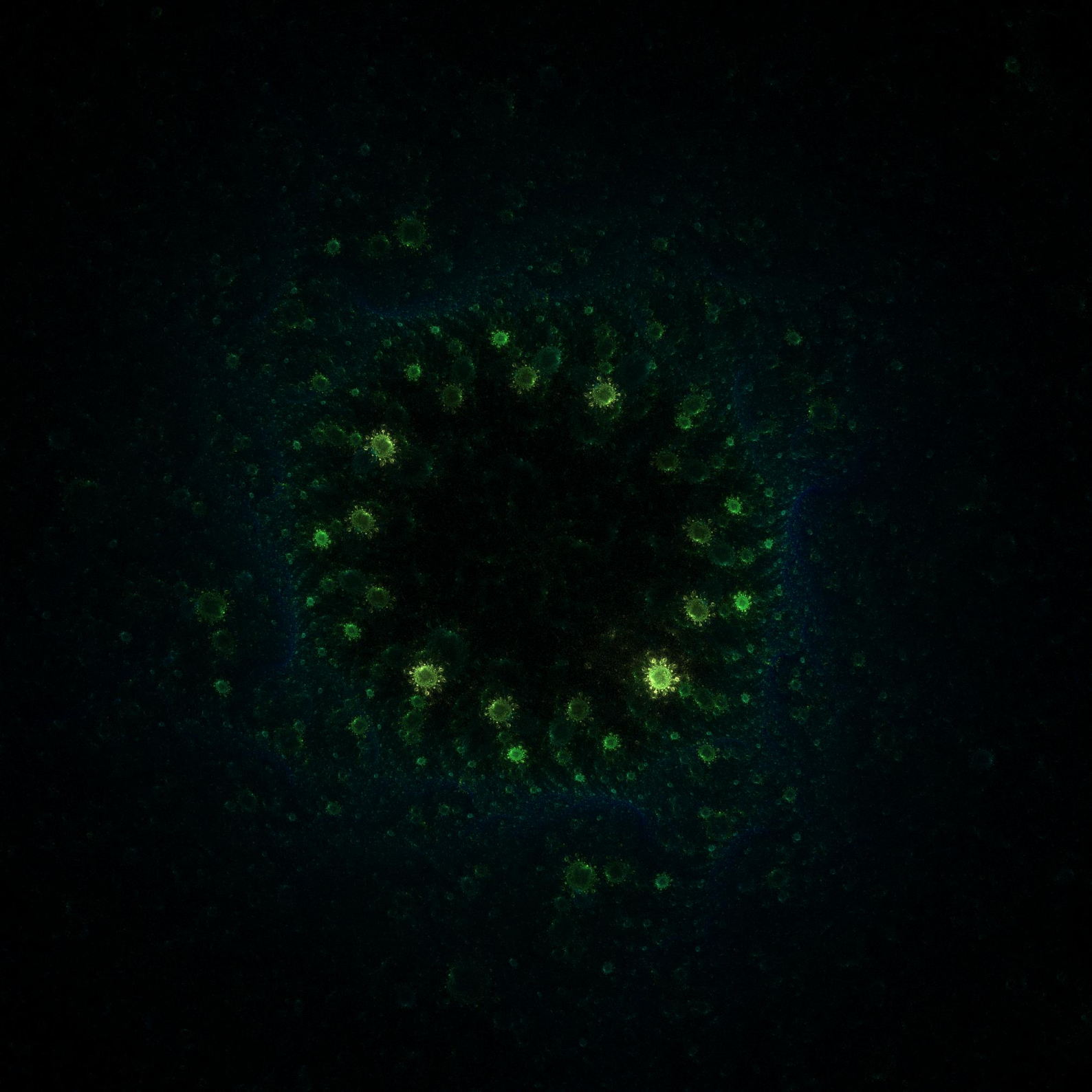
My sinister shade knew how to turn me against you.
My faithless mind knew how to force me to leave you.
Your carnage and toil knew how to get to me.
Your coldness and woe never wanted to leave me be.
Our circle of misdeed.
Our circle of pointless chase.
Our circle of laughter.
Our crown unholy.

Taken For Granted

11 listopada 2020 r.

Kindred softness of yesterday's gestures.
Taken for granted, to be taken with love.
Stillness of the heartless aching in awe.
Taken for granted, to be taken with love.
Tender generosity I lay on your shoulders.
Taken for granted, to be taken with love.

Some may say, abandon your domain.
Some may say, don't recall your name.
Following them will not lift you up to the heavenly status you crave.
Following them won't feed you with warmth of the place where you are safe.
So maybe it's wiser to not fool your fate.
Maybe it's safer to not lose your faith.
Whatever you want,
Whatever you wish for,
Can happen every day.
If only your heart will beat one more day.



Coward

11 listopada 2020 r.

Coward.

I gave you my heart and you gave me an empty tray.

Coward.

I gave you my eyes but you only blinded my way.

Coward.

I straightened your spine and you've broken mine instead.

Coward.

I absolved your sins but you painted mine in red.

Coward.

I gave you my tender lips and you pushed me back again.

Coward.

You slept in my arms but you told me to sleep in a grave.

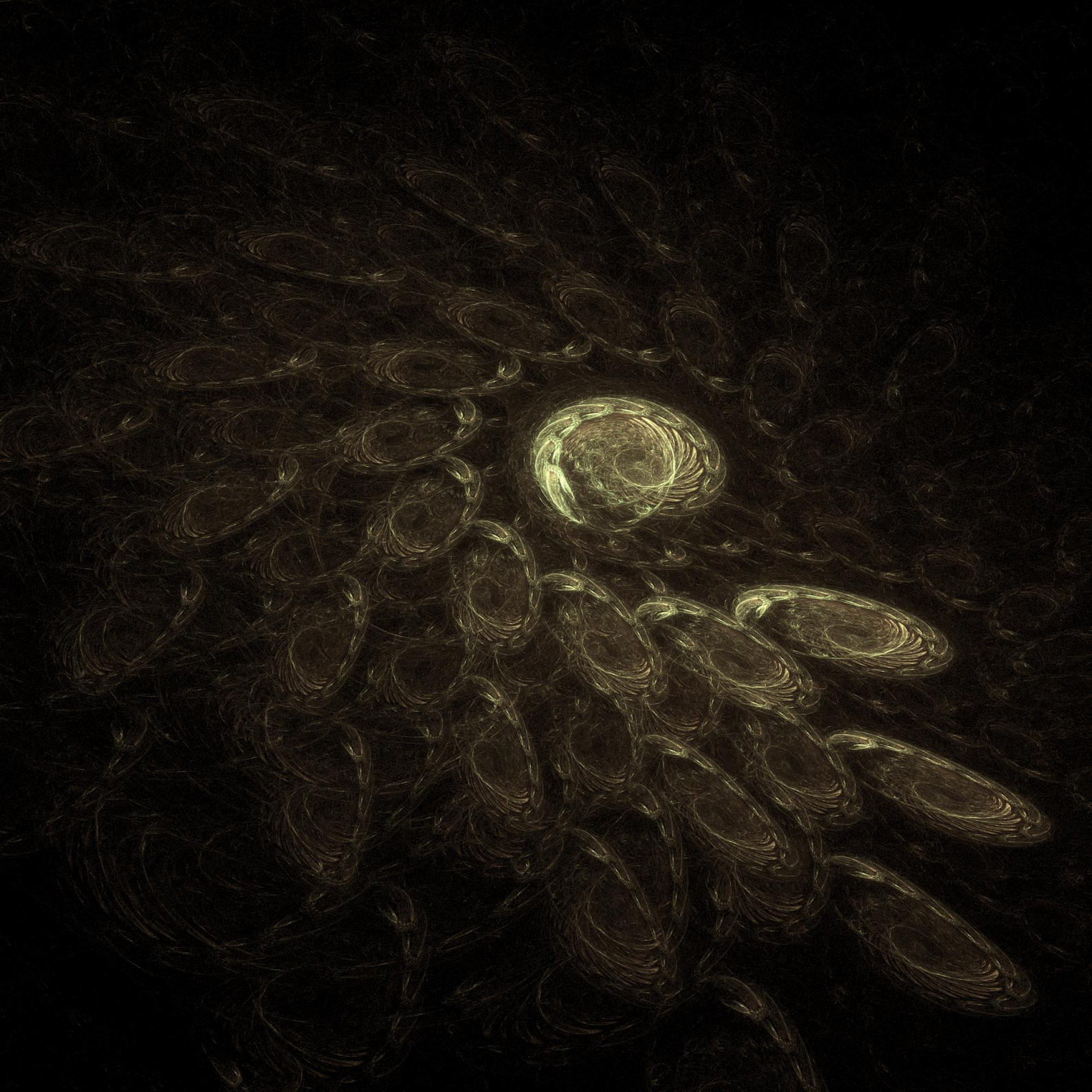
Coward.

I won my life and you stole my lot away.

Coward.

I let you in but you didn't choose to stay.

Coward.



Fool One

26 listopada 2020 r.

Not in me.
Not in me.
You won't find what you are looking for.
You won't find what you crave the most.
Not in me.
Not in me.
Don't you dare to look into my eyes.
Don't you dare to fool me one more time.

Let it be.
Let it be.
I was never meant to breathe your lies.
I was never fast enough to hide.
Let it be.
Let it be.
Don't you dare to crumble into dust.
Don't you dare to dive into my lust.

Carry me.
Carry me.
Through the wildest of your seas.
Through the storm that you awake in me.
Carry me.
Carry me.
Our bonds will never be undone.
Since the day you made me your fool one.

Plated With Gold

27 listopada 2020 r.

Flowing.

Flowing through the nights sparkling with gold.

Calling.

Calling you out from beyond the dawn.

You never thought to seek me out, among the mortal common crowd.

You wanted to see me high above, the brightest star plated with gold.

Glowing.

Glowing of your eyes painted with awe.

Owing.

Owing me your heart, kindred and warm.

You never thought to seek me out, among the mortal common crowd.

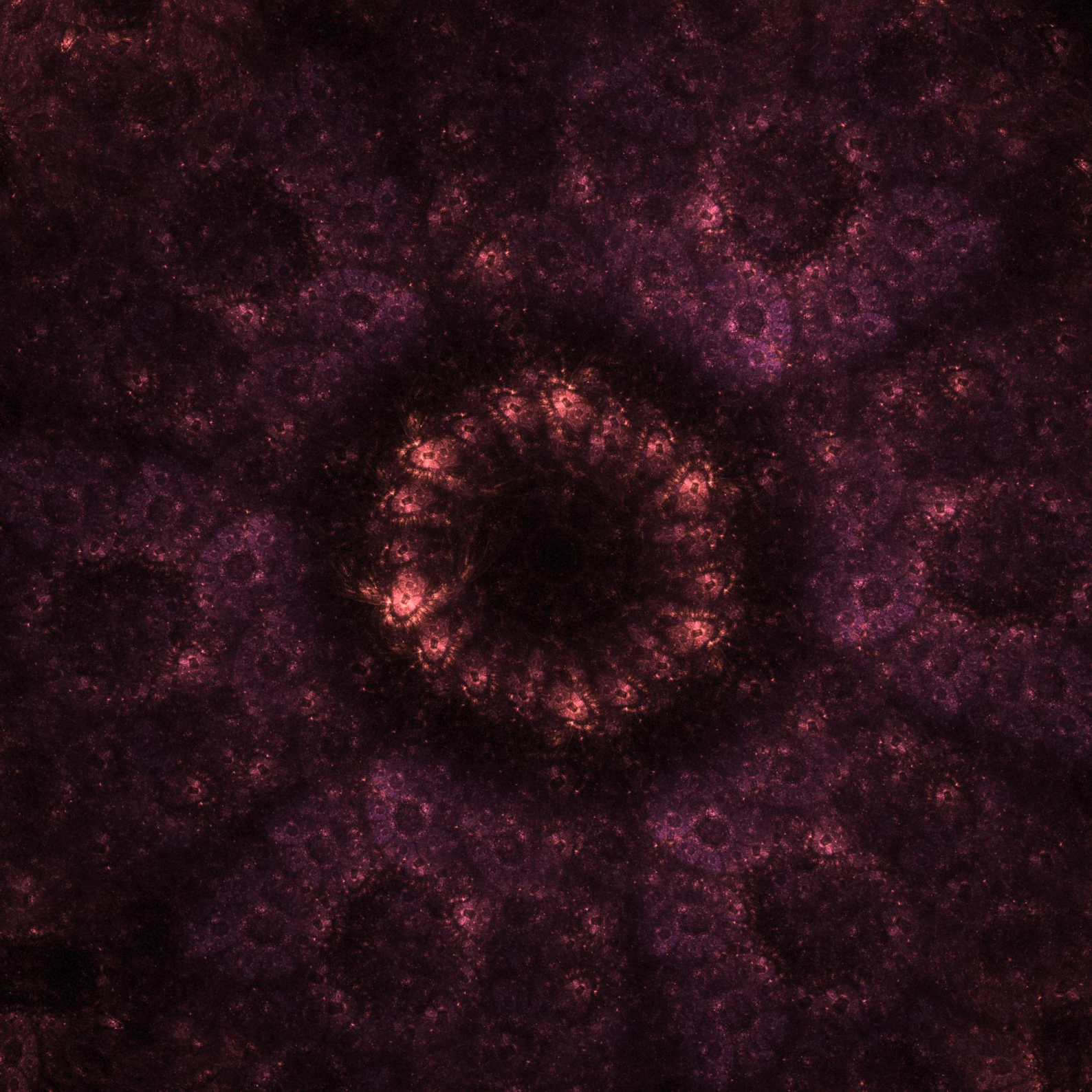
You wanted to see me high above, the brightest star plated with gold.

Flowing.

Flowing on the gentle shine of the moon.

Knowing.

Knowing I'll be there with you soon.



Eden Bloom

9 grudnia 2020 r.

Sun rises in glory.
To begin a brand-new story.
About the chase of the full moon.
Of joyful love, of me and you.
About the day you caught my taste.
About the night I sang your name.

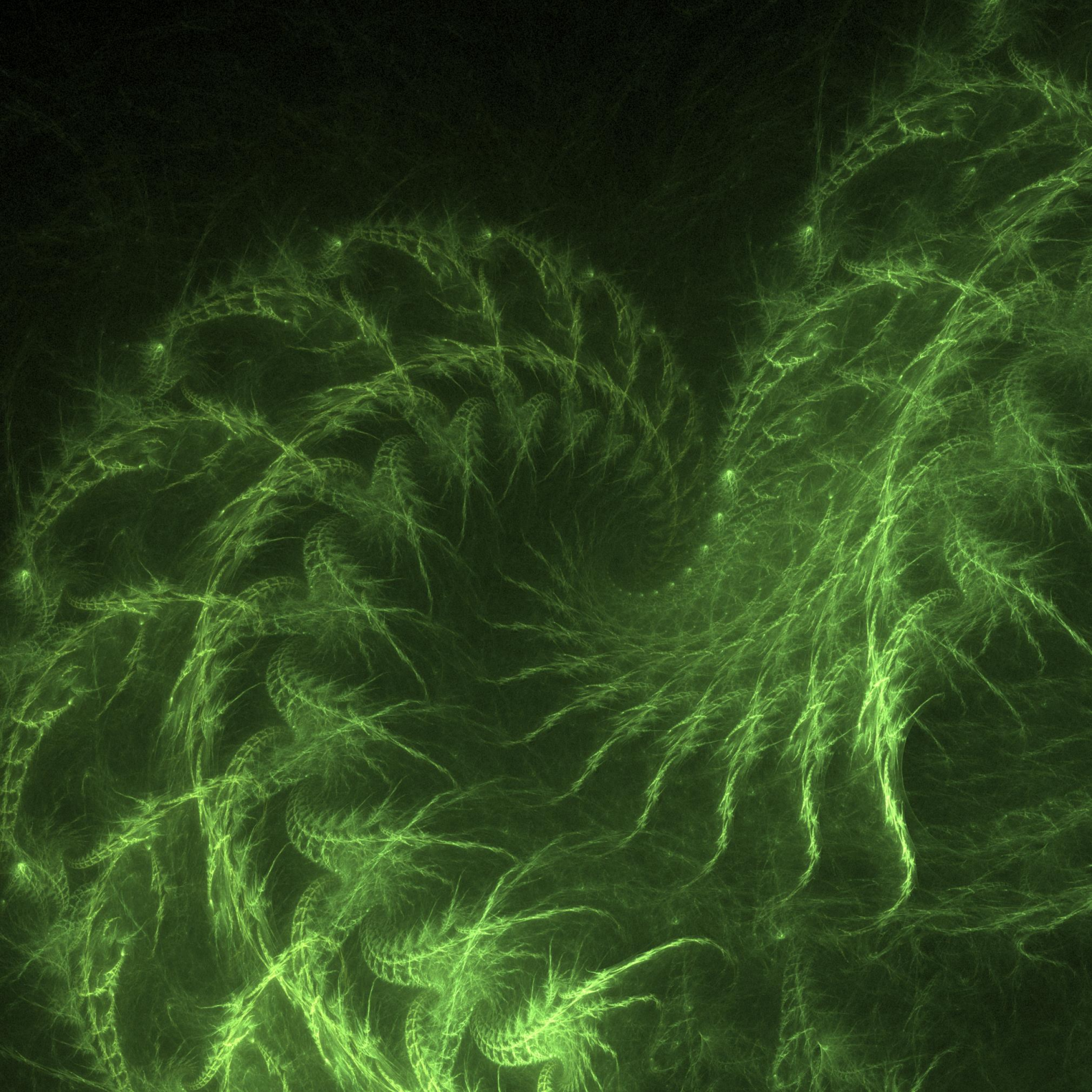
Beauty so tidy, tidy.
Praising us highly, highly.
Strength arose heartily, heartily.
Closing sore eyelids, eyelids.

Home growing so holy.
Weaves without end our story.
About the chase of the crescent moon.
Of blissful love, of me and you.
About the day you gave me your heart.
About the night I gave you mine.

Beauty so tidy, tidy.
Praising us highly, highly.
Strength arose heartily, heartily.
Closing sore eyelids, eyelids.

In Eden Bloom not a single tear will fall.
In Eden Bloom in quiet peace we will grow old.

Beauty so tidy, tidy.
Praising us highly, highly.
Strength arose heartily, heartily.
Closing sore eyelids, eyelids.



Creative

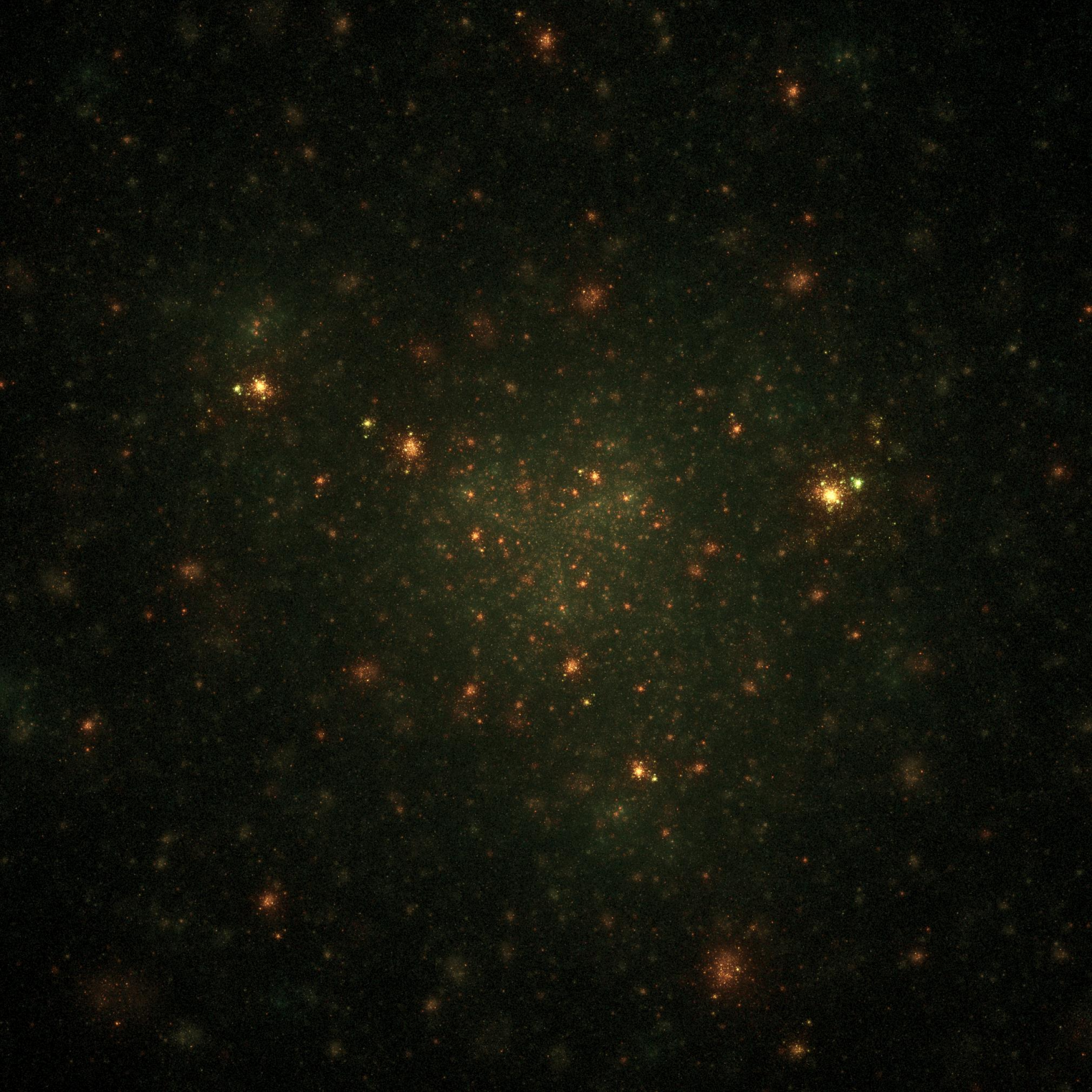
24 grudnia 2020 r.

Divine pressure crashes my mind.
Bringing visions of the strangest realms.
Aches and joys of tales still untold.
Heroes and foes, sunsets and dawns.

Give me thine blessings.
Give me your toils.
Sing to me love songs.
Sing me your woes.
Carry my sight across the veil.
Carry my heart to your true name.

Looking upon stars of alien skies.
Seeing bright tears wetting your eyes.
Following the steps of heroes of old.
Cherishing the wisdom of what they told.

Give me thine blessings.
Give me your toils.
Sing to me love songs.
Sing me your woes.
Carry my sight across the veil.
Carry my heart to your true name.



Time

25 grudnia 2020 r.

Fingers so unwilling to touch the future.
Under empty heavens drowned in silence.
Past no longer cares to be my teacher.
Forgetting strokes of mental violence.
And days have gone to chase the nights.
Nights have passed to chase the sun.
Time never meant to be something real.
So don't make it solid with your fears.
Time never meant to stay or leave.
So don't try to keep it with your fears.

Careless footsteps resound near your throne.
Forsaken ballads still linger in whispers.
Run to the place you called your home.
Don't pity the fallen, whose hearts have withered.
And let the moon chase the golden sun.
Let the sun chase the silver crescent.
Your time is nothing more than life.
It never meant to be eternal.
Your time is nothing more than life.
Don't even try to be immortal.



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