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TOOK ME
A LONG TIME

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A LONG TIME



KRZYSZTOF FISZER

Tytuł: Took Me a Long Time

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Sail Away

18 listopada 2022 r. – 25 lipca 2024 r.

In search for heights and smiles.
In chase of delirious ecstasy.
I traversed hails and storms.
I reached you there, tenderly.

Bubble dreams aroused romance.
Fire burned so bright.
Taming our ebbs and waves.
Starlight burned the night.

Heart of mine won't forget your charming face.
Oh, you thrilled me like no other.
Will you stay a friend of mine once my ship will sail away?
Say you won't forget me, lover.

Smile on your lovely face invites me to stay.
Should I fall for you or bid you farewell?

You Were Never Big Enough

15 lutego 2023 r. – 18 maja 2024 r.

Lovers come and go.
Scars remain the same.
Blood is flowing slow.
Love has changed its name.
Strobe lights pierce the sky.
Stars embrace all fates.
Heart ache makes you cry.
Tears couture your face.

When I loved you, I loved you with half of my heart.
When I hated, I hated you with half of my brain.
You were never big enough.
You were never big enough to fill my base.
To fill my base you were never big enough.
You were never big enough to fill my base.
Come, fill my base.

Loveless rivers flow.
Beasts cannot be tamed.
Eyes begin to glow.
Pain has been renamed.
Red flames scorch the heart.
Passion floods the brain.
Raw flesh turns to art.
Love is what I crave.

When I loved you, I loved you with half of my heart.
When I hated, I hated you with half of my brain.
You were never big enough.
You were never big enough to fill my base.
To fill my base you were never big enough.
You were never big enough to fill my base.
Come, fill my base.

Dancing Among the Stars

15 lutego 2023 r. – 25 lipca 2024 r.

Don't ever go.
Say no goodbyes.
Stop running away.
Bless me with a smile.
Enough second guessing of what you see in my eyes.
Hold me close, darling.
Can't you feel?
We're making love tonight.

I thought I was going to live forever,
Till I died, I died, I died in your arms.
You said we will never be together.
Yet, here we are dancing among the stars.

Keep swaying me throughout the night,
As if the end isn't nigh.
I'll lead you in moon light.
I won't let you down.
The purest love that never dies,
Will lift us up to the sky.
I'll keep you in my heart.
I won't let you down.

I thought I was going to live forever,
Till I died, I died, I died in your arms.
You said we will never be together.
Yet, here we are dancing among the stars.

Dance Myself a Life

21 sierpnia 2023 r. – 25 lipca 2024 r.

Too tired to walk and too tired to sleep.
After just one sip, I dive in too deep.
Dreams are fleeting from my gaze.
Unwilling to stay and amaze me.
No longer I'll wait in vain.
No more idle motion in soft pain.

I'm going to sing it all day, and sing it all night.
Until these words of mine won't disappear from my mind.
I'm gonna dance through the day, and dance through the night.
Until this love of mine brings relief to my weary heart.

No more deceit and no more lies.
I'm going to dance myself a life.
I'm going to fly through the ceiling.
Light my star upon the sky.
I promise me.
It's not a lie.
I'm going to dance my way through life till I die.

Morbid

21 sierpnia 2023 r. – 25 lipca 2024 r.

You look incredibly morbid.
You feel incredibly thin.
There is less of you with each morning.
All seams are bursting within.

Oh, how exaggerated is your trauma.
Oh, how over dramatized is your pain.

You request more morphine.
You reject every sin.
Gasping for breath with each morning.
More seams are bursting within.

Oh, how manipulative are your tears.
Oh, how fictitious your victimhood is.

Nimble

27 sierpnia 2023 r. – 19 czerwca 2024 r.

I thought I was supposed to break myself in half.
To throw my nimble arms around you, and watch you eat my heart.
Truly, I believed my fate was written with your blood.
Then lightning struck my concrete soil and tear my world apart.

Oh, how I wish I would have strength to mend all wounds of war.
To have the will, the grace, the force to gift great peace to all.
Oh, how I wish the time would come when swords are put to rest.
To grant all hearts eternal bliss inside all weary chests.

I thought I was supposed to sing myself a life.
To dance through ache and run through love with a heart made of glass.
Truly, I believed my fate was written in the stars.
Yet, here I am in the sea of tar, paddling with my nimble arms.

Polyamorous

27 lipca 2024 r.

Loved not by one, but by many with the thinnest of hearts.
With no tenderness in their touch.
Without loyalty in their stances.

Mocked not by one, but by many with the loudest of laughs.
With no mercy when they scratch.
Without affection in their glances.

Resorting to screech when possessed by the need to preach.
With no wisdom in their rants.
Love without empathy.
That is what they fancy.

Such dynamic advertised by sluts for sluts can never be real.
It is not love, but shameless orgy.
Without honour.
Without pride.
With no humanity.

Bubble World

27 – 28 lipca 2024 r.

With your backs turned to the outside world.
In shadows where accountability does not exist.
Spouting sounds to echo each other's words.
In righteousness, hearing others out you still resist.

Not knowing what lies beyond a crown made of tin foil.
Without reaching for knowledge that grows in brighter minds.
You invent delusions and plant them in your delirious soil.
Filled to the brim with fictitious rights you are crossing all lines.

Going through life without facing people who disagree with your take.
You build up the courage to face the outside world.
Preaching your rights not through love but by voice coated with hate.
You crank volume up to eleven to shout out each word.

Shock that accompanies the collision of your face with their eyes.
No one ever gave you such dismissive stare nor glance.
In that moment your false belief crumbles and your voice slowly dies.
Looking like a complete fool, with nothing in your defence.

Don't forget to cry your eyes out.
Don't forget to victimize yourselves.
I will be here drinking a Mai Tai.
Feeling somewhat entertained.

Clear Waters

31 lipca 2024 r.

Away with tainted consciousness.
We still resist the fall.
I have counted all our promises.
We couldn't keep them all.

Let us move towards more clarity.
Holding hands, we walk.
We are looking to find us serenity.
Of future and past we talk.

Love cannot be based on fantasies.
Fingertips crave for skin.
Bliss and ache cement all memories.
In you I've found my kin.

Heartily

31 lipca – 1 sierpnia 2024 r.

With years passing by, I grow more indifferent to nuances of human connections.
Peaceful and safe my days go by, and I have no intention to introduce me to chaos.
If I could accumulate all the brains and all the wisdom that can be found in the world;
I still would not have the means with which a lunatic could be saved by my deeds.
Still, I cannot help but wish all the best for every living organism that happens to be.
At least for as long as they stay out of my way when I walk my path from dusk to dawn.
The more of injustice I see, the less respect remains in me for the human right to be free.
If only there would be a way to tell who should be removed and who should always stay.
Tiresome is the delusion which states that all emotion is birthed and governed by a heart.
The brain boils and writhes in my scull knowing how people love to manipulate each other,
Heartily.

