

Painting My Horror

Arcturus

It was a dark night, I couldn't see;
And senses were unbound in ESP

When in dream awake,
I'd paint,
Subconscious, the expanse I saw

The portal to the minds eye, open!
- I contemplated
Who it was that pulled the strings

O those things I saw in dreadful masquerade
Of stark madness went merry round with my head

I passed out, embraced their world
Savoured the poetry of revolt -
Sheer elegy of menace

I have not been the same since,
I took on the profession of a devil
The world I see in grotesque light
Evil perform with the gestures of a clown

Pure I live in blasphemy
Mephisto I am hidden in Madonnas gown
From the code of common sense I'm free
To(o) bad you're not here to partake my strange horror

`Cause here is where or weys will part
I will not exchange their power,
spring of my suffering
I do not envy the conscience pure
of the blind man in his bliss world
I would not be devoid the fruit of guile