

A drop of bright red paint wets the treads of my awareness
A clambering parasitical where my heart beats stronger
Between the torments and at the brink of the woods
The old ascetic knew the shame
And they proved slayers of themselves
Bloom my hope
A new panacea for life's anemia's
An hysterical emulation
Of a random rash of evolution
Dream my son
Don't lose your ardency, uselessly
An asymmetrical execution
Of the authentic entropic harmony
I buried my passions and virtues there ashes under the sunlight
Waiting for there sentence the merciful cry for the weak
Between the crowd's silence the faithful walk now in balance
Finding out beyond the abyss an anemic pale twilight
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