

And Swallowing The Foam Of Fury In The Rage

Astrofaes

Everything around is changing,
Everything is perishing without a trace.
I am damping the day, appealing to the blasphemy of night
To the expanse of heaven like a bloody flourish of a whip,
To the shining distance, to mysterious spheres.
Hiding in thousands of deep caves,
The call of burning centuries is alive with echo.
In the dark the dust was covering blackening temples,
And my thought was being squeezed
And my flesh was being destroyed.
Time is unwinding its reel,
Plaiting miserable knots into the braid.
Around me it is twisting loops of wolves,
Tightening Chaos of Destiny till suffocation.
All-absorbing evil and dungeon's ice Pushes to the Abyss,
Those who stand their knees.
Prophets and philosophers-slaves
Rot under the rags piles in foam of fury.