

In The Fog

Astrofaes

An oppressive and tearing memory...
I like a damp darkness to crawl over.
The heart and the mind will get shrouded in dampness.
There is mud and dampness on dead plains,
The whirlwinds spin there and winds whistle.
My dark friend, running away from the warmth,
Will soar again, spreading his crow's wings.
To make up under rime, in the winter's snow.
Under deserted expanse, in the rotten foliage.
Look at them! in a boundless blackness cattle is crawling,
Like worms through the grave. in a moment the mongrels
Will devour a part of destiny,
Stuck like a bone in the throat.
In the soul there is an endless and boundless whirl,
The space of night is the sleep's deformity,
Which bounded the minutes of waking up.
In the fog monstrous mountains
Of ice began to sparkle black.