

The Catacombs Of Consciousness

Astrofaes

The world suffused by universes overgrown
With fungus of civilizations.
The poisoned blood in the rotten veins of dying age.
Dried wells of wisdom,
Ebandoned burial wounds of mounds of memory.
Bottomless rivers,
Born in the unknown depths of the black woods.
To drown in the dead silt, and swallow the sinking truths
The foaming stream which takes you to abyss.
It crushes your skull against the riffs,
It brakes the ribs of slavery
And unscrew the hands of your weak morals.
Born in the lies, you were fed with these laws.
Only after passing the mists of consciousness
You will open your eyes to the eternal.