

The Solstice

Astrofaes

Summer buried a corpse of Spring
The eye will not touch anymore
Neither to gloomy wave nor to linen of
Smelting shine. And tree without life.
Rumble of subterranean battle
And smell of decay.
The wintering dwelling for so many warriors
Is you our heart.
The thought, which torment of my past,
Blind and singe a black sun.
Oaks, power of silence, autumn of existence.
Under a foot bloodless metals.
The cover of throwing Spring.
And only freezing heaven, his transparent.
The sea smoothness with funeral moon.
Domain of secret sun.
Beyond the interlacement of flesh - darkness.
The roots is motionless, as the bodies,
Raising of silence,
And broad open the eyes.
The leaden vault is bleeding
Of raven scream.
Blood and dew,
Convulsive shine of earth light.