

# The Land Of Sand Of Gold Of Ruin

Ataraxia

Decoding  
hyeroglyphic omens  
astonished  
I feel  
in the opal sphere  
astonished  
astonished  
I feel  
Where do you bring me to die, honey hands...  
where do you bring me to die..?  
Monosyllable  
of perceptions  
dug  
with the fountain-pen end  
on the heart  
dug  
dug  
with the fountain-pen end  
where do you bring me to die, honey hands...  
where do you bring me to die..?  
Your frame  
yeld to the pain  
in your bowels  
silent sons we are  
moulds  
in your moving urn  
moulds  
in your moving urn  
where do you bring me to die, honey hands...  
where do you bring me to die..?

absence, distance, loss...  
solitude, lack, sleep...  
essence, floating, infinity...