

The Underneath

Benighted

I often wondered what could be hidden under
The sleeping thing that the eyes will never see
Lost somewhere in the dark water, silent and quiet
I fear the discharge

Watching
Waiting for your sleep, fear the underneath
Crouching
Waiting for your sleep, fear the underneath
The underneath

The carapace is frail and the peaceful warth of water
Wraps me up
Like a protecting uterus you never want to escape from
[The beast waits]
And receive the freezing [The beast waits] coldness of life
Torture of your first breath
The beast waits for you

Advent of the unknown side
Once born the entity gnaws each cell of the organism
It composed

The carapace is broken and I am swept along by the current
Like a gangrened literus vomiting a lifeless fetus
My feelings are so contradictory
Unconscious dreads it more than all

I felt my body slide slowly in liquid without being able
To prevent it
Sometimes it's better to watch the external world
From the underneath
When you are no more a part of it