

# 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