

Funereal Owlblood

Bethlehem

The night grows pale
as with faint wing stroke
the cradle of decay
emerges from the ruins of reason

the roaring silence
sinks under the new trial
which escapes with speechless ardor
into decline

i tasted the morning dew
on a withered leaf
and forgot the acrimonious unrest
which awoke during the moon-shine

coz' only me is the frame and the blood
and i open your door into autumn