

The Days Of The After And Behind

Cadaveria

I was walking in the dust
Through the half-closed spaces
Incrustations of mud and dew
Resins dripped in the stone.
I discerned a man, alone,
Frightened eyes, red of pain.

I was walking in the pale wintry sun
Through the substrates of the wind
Mosaics of clouds like raging herds.
I discerned a crow, fierce, scanning the horizon...

... vitreous eyes... and silver tears...
notes of a new pentagram,
white pages ready to shelter obscure mysteries.

I was walking in the dust
Through the half-closed spaces
Incrustations of mud and dew
Resins dripped in the stone.
I discerned a man, alone,
Frightened eyes, red of pain.

These are the days of the after and behind,
The days of the present, that rolls by slow and full.

I was walking in the dust
Through the half-closed spaces
Mosaics of clouds like raging herds.
I was walking in the dust
Through the half-closed spaces
Vitreous eyes and silver tears.