

Moth Defect

Decapitated

I'm writhing among my brothers.
Vigilant and distrustful.
Enemy among predators.
Always traced by the others.
Hatching the lifeshel,
that I used to wear,
absorbing paramorphosed reality.

No one will lead the blind!
No one will call the numb!
Follow superior's principles.
No prayers, our silence is out speech.
No bread, our fear is our feed.
No light, our blindness is our hope.
No warmth, our coldness is our force.

God left! There is no Eden.
The sky struggled with ash. Disappeared.
Lungs taste the venomous air.
the curse of cannibalistic breath.
We are existing in phantasmagoric hell.
Limits of human creation,
crossed at every point.

Moral schism, images of decay.
The coma is wrapping me up
cocooning senses in a catatonic shell.
The pallid chamber-extinction stench.

The pallid chamber-extinction stench.
Awakening in Fire-Imago in Death.
We are the burning nation,
the torches of absent light.

In forge of this flame
I hammered out my wings,
spread wide towards the freedom.
Grey wings covered with dust.

God left. There is no Eden.
The sky struggled with ash. Disappeared.
Lungs taste the venomous air.
The coma is wrapping me up
cocooning senses in a catatonic death!