

The Blasphemous Psalm to the Dummy God Creation

Decapitated

Vermin-plundered void inside.
City flash melts the wax soul.
Sewed myself shut in speechless mouth.
Could it be the promised land?

Elysium, Eden - the abandoned search.
Non-essential deific light, eclipsed in vivid world.
The only eternal form: Eternity in formalin.
Couldn't find their own selves, expecting the guide.

Those who shall remain in shadow,
always shine the most.
The mortal visage is more familiar.
Mellifluous whisper sublimates their egos.
The blasphemous psalm to the dummy-god creation.

If it only could melt the inner self,
if it could bring relief,
I would sign in!