

Demons

Eucharist

In a cradle of thousand fires, I burn.
While words of poetry painfully penetrates my mind.
No star will ever shine for you. You will never
see the light of the day again, for the darkness
will be your shelter - forever.

Lick it - be prepared for the departure of a journey within.

Lick a stone, thrown into the sea by the hand of death,
I am falling into the rast of my subconsciousness.
Despite my blindness I witness my past
as I am drowning in beautiful pictures of perverted art.

In the twilight a bestial drama is being enacted.
Her legs are separated as my tears fall on her breasts...
oh, I fuck her...

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