

Fallen

Eucharist

My scarlet visions, like refelections of my subconscious.
Beyond the starlit heaven the horizon burns with flames, so red
.
As my eyes bear witness to this euphoria, this apocalypse,
I hear the gates within my head open silently.
A new world takes form and its attraction tempts me to enter.
I leave my body without farewells, peacefully through violet corridors
painted with beautiful reflections, from my life.
A sunrise beckons beyond the clouds,
so dark, as rivers stream through the air in stillness.
Through the emptiness where thoughts take form,
and into the lands of purgatory.