

'To feel the colour of darkness  
Caressed by this freezing breeze... Nooo!'

No reflections from a waterpool  
Will feed allucinations

Art is left to burn on the stake  
To bestow life into the highest form

Experience  
When meaning is no more possible

A different form, it is needed  
The higher level of perception:  
The unspeakable!

To be dead in an empty page  
ANTICLIMAX  
The negative utopia

No metaphor will heal  
The crisis of words

Which makes the mind ask for more  
When words repeat themselves.

...to eternity  
And meaning is no more possible

A different form, it is needed  
The higher level of perception:  
The unspeakable!

To be DEATH in an empty page  
ANTICLIMAX  
The negative utopia of art.

Still to be written