

Blind Light

Ingrowing

Perverted gleams of waning Moon
Cut mystic motives in bleeding clouds out
Beauty of laces is crushed into dust of phoenixes
Clinging to inspiring shapes of snow flakes

There's no sky ... Blind Light
There's no love ... Blind Light

Masquerade of dying stars'sorrow
In chapped bark of winter trees in zenith
It's mere play in the edge between worlds only
Worlds, which are diffused into stones of eternal megaliths

There's no love ... Blind Light
There's no rules ... Blind Light

Silent whispers of silver blind light's beams
In our parched skulls awake sonic implosions
Of desperate soft hate of broken human race
Kneeling in ominous sands of ruinous Time