

Sigil Rust

Kozeljník

"In depths of the deceased man's dream,
Dare to feel this Nothing which fills ye all?"
Light!... cannot you follow these steps I take,
Sense these, the dreams I dwell in?
The sounds you hear, moaning beats of crying heart,
Far from here... this I call my body...
Where they put me...
I lay frozen beneath the time present
And short glaze of light tends to scratch my Name from the stone...
Old memory, old wound...
And silence awaits, but none has come, none will ever come...
Night, this distant beauty, declares:
"I forbid thy Will of one, I forbid thy all..."
Emerge dust!
Emerge dust!