

# Through The Vast Deathyards

Kozeljnik

In these deserted scarfields  
beneath the poisoned flourishing wisdom  
Within thorns that joyfully spill the dirty blood, day by day..  
.

Rain drops still tear the filth from my skin,  
below the fallen body, ground opens and welcomes....  
I wish I was gone decades ago..

This, now the focus of my delights,  
skies from deep under, dark world closing in..

Oh, these are the vast death yards I step onto  
As seen through the hole, before the birth time,  
as now shown.. they come to me, again...

I am elsewhere, here and forever!  
This is hell... melody of the inside,  
night of lights in mind, it breeds... the hell I know..

!Y(K)OUR(I)SEL(LL)F!