

Almitra's Premonition

Minsk

To dream of death to dream of life.
In the city of despair I found the living.
To dream of life to dream of death.
In the city of the living I found despair.
I see the sun baked earth before me.
The peaks beckon from afar.
Their siren songs reverberate

Plains open before me and yet I wait within the walls of suffocating trepidation.
Unfettered by the prophecy of experiencing death alone.
We try our hand at shielding our faces from our mortality.
We failed the sky and lost the movement and echo of stone.
An ascension reveals unmatched fears as the haunting farce appears.