

Epoch

Secrets of the Moon

Outrageous outputs of enslavement
Nimbuses of nihilism
Like larvaes in the Uruku web
Entering the seven spheres of nonpareils

Who could ever fill this hole?
The first and the last breath lost to this world
Smiling for the drawings of tomorrow
For the air that fills the sky with stench

We face an unknown future
With the permission to leave life deserved