

Mystic Places Of Dawn

Septic Flesh

They lasted as long as a spark shines
but their shining was so bright
that it was caught forever
in the spectre of time.
What was a fact became a legend
what was reality became a faded canvas
in the mausoleum of civilizations.

Landscapes of untold antiquity
unchanged are calling
to an orgy of colours and shapes
in a drunkenness with pure fantasy

Their names cause awe and awake
forgotten senses

The eerie valley of PNATH
The majestic LEMURIA
SARNATH the doomed...
and names that echo
in the labyrinths and the cavernous
depths of chaos
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Maybe we, ourselves want to forget
helping the truth to grow old
and be deformed from the wrinkles
of uncertainty
Afraid where the path backwards will
lead us
we prefer to be protected
under the shelter of ignorance

He who stares back
through the glass of centuries
will also see his reflection.

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