

Psychical Degradation

The Nomad

At the mirror as black as words
Look these drops wash your face
Virus of ecstasy is healing a deep desire
In a red glimmer you are like he

You are climbing on an orbit
You are dead - I don't hear

I'm coming back,
I'm loosing, raising, turning the water
Your astral interior arouses admiration
Mistress of eternity wants that blood

It hurts again
You covers yourself with a mask
I suffer
You melt in the sun
Lifting your eyes up
Cursed like he
I want to see
You give a delight
A face of the future
Devilish breath

I look at the eyes of hate
! feed my world with a carrion
Called beggar I curse you
I drown my pure hands in a mud of dead dream
Go away scoffer crying again

You sleep in the dumb desire
You needed this step
This death means nothing
These wounds are only
Reflection you live in
This path is as blind as they