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 Iike 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