

## Anus Mundi

Vedonist

I still see an army of shadows at the lethal assemblies  
A recollection of people with dead gazes  
I see skin pulled on exhausted despair  
Unceasingly hanged between life and death

I still see a heap of bodies at the dreadful square  
Dummies shrouded in a silent lack of reverence  
I see a smiles af uniformed hatred  
Collecting a toll for the implacable destiny

... and I am still afraid of dreaming

I still hear a scream of metallic deliverance  
Smashing up skulls by the wall of tears  
I hear a thousand sighs of unimportant numbers  
Whose prayers flow with blood among laughter

I still hear steps of countless transports  
While they go into the flaming arms of the unknown  
I hear the last words of convicted temporality  
And a wind dancing with clouds of smoke

... and I am still afraid of dreaming

I still remember belowed faces contorted with pain  
And horryfying masks on triumphal sadism  
I remember cruel ruthlessness of stripped slavery  
In a dishonorable world of reversed Decalogue

I still see, I still hear, I still remember  
Do you?