

# Monologue With The Dust

Vedonist

Greyness of dreams brings eternal longing  
For the colour of hypocrisy  
You have been pushed into the arms of lies  
By terror of your being  
Vain hopes, which are fed with your weakness  
Your fathers' sins hog-tied minds of this world  
Mourn for ignorance and console yourself with faith  
The shield, which protects you against real life  
Take a look through the tears at blackness of your heart  
And pray forgiveness,  
Because in presence of the humankind's crimes  
It is a blasphemy to suspect me of existence

You are dependent on finding solace in your extensive treasure,

The one produced by hundreds of dreams  
And conscious mockeries  
Redness of damnation guards your desires  
But it is just one of the thousand lies  
You renounce yourself to experience redemption  
The new vestment of nonsense, which is hard to believe in  
Faith is yet a sad necessity  
The attempt of burying your eternal loneliness  
In ashes of your pangs of conscience

Time of revelation is the time of death  
End of illusion is our sentence  
You are of the dust,  
And you'll turn to dust again  
I'll follow you