

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