

Arcturus, Nightmare Heaven

The subjects of sleep
Their faces once awake
on sodomy and death
and smoke and laughter
their feet no longer
underground

The snow hides the traces
never set in a first place

This negative kingdom
hey horrible and white
the angels all stone
passing their years
hoping to be saved
from oblivion
...by oblivion

And the miracle is that
nothing has happened
nothing has a history
or a name

Only the voice
of falling snow