

Aura, Cassiopeia To Unravel

Parched with thirst am I
And dying
Raging with hunger am I
And crying

How swiftly time has past in here
Though broken hours I have drawn near
Time has struck its hammer upon me
Driven deeper the nails of fate in me

This my constellation I shall bequeath
Unravel the threads (which lie) underneath

Seasons by the concrete lake
This parchment skin for thee to take
In which to draw these faces still
Awaken emotionless life-fill

Harken! the machines grind their teeth
Serrated, razor-hands clawing
Technology, machinery, observatorium of fear
No place-for estheticism here

This our heritage we shall bequeath
Caught inside the web we weave beneath

The Dystopians were right
The new dawn heralds another night
And the sun does shine no more-
With the flickering life-flames light

Edenfall-winter among the stars
Casseopeia beckons from horizons far
This my constellation I shall bequeath
Sear the flesh of heaven in me