

Cadaveria, Uneven Like Clouds

Earth, warmth, death.
Time wasted in building inconsistent hypothesis
waiting for all is adjusted
trying to justify the difference.
They are asking me to act without being.
Mood sensitive to variations,
To air and fire's vibrations.

Keep your honour and will unshakable
Direct your thought to powerful stars,
towards imposing aims,
towards great concrete spheres.
Why do things happen?
Why is it always so difficult?
Why is it always so complicated?
Perpendicular presences undermine my concentration,
Disturb, interfere,
Generate hysteria and misunderstanding.
Ironical... my regret is my source of energy.
I feel impulse to proceed
I feel impulse to be.
Clouds, clouds, but branches are still dressed with leaves
And for me it is still time of Spring
Undisputed.
Clouds...