

Cemetery Of Scream, Cult

One day I saw a fear
in the eyes of the clown
dancing in the middle of my dream
selling prescribed grief
the short cut of knife
that forbade to breathe
the caravans of life

The marriage of nothingness
and greyness was joy with short
bursts of laugh dying
on the lips of mourners those
trying not to avoid
the path leading to
the unstoppable will of survive

A god's cold face
stone that marks
miles of our life

Fragile like withered leaves
overgrown with the moss
they are trying to imitate a divine
ship a velvet hulk
that is struggling against the wind
and being torn by desires of storm
I saw the face of god
so crumpled like a sheet
which reminds me of the night awake