

# 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