

# Eucharist, Fallen

My scarlet visions,  
like refelections of my subconscious.  
Beyond the starlit heaven the horizon burns  
with flames, so red.  
As my eyes bear witness to this euphoria,  
this apocalypse,  
I hear the gates within my head open silently.  
A new world takes form and its attraction  
tempts me to enter.  
I leave my body without farewells,  
peacefully  
through violet corridors,  
painted with beautiful  
reflections, from my life.  
A sunrise beckons beyond the clouds, so dark,  
as rivers stream through the air in stillness.  
Through the emptiness where  
thoughts take form,  
and into the lands of purgatory.