

Lunarsea, 3 Pieces of Mosaic

To believe is to lie, it seems impossible to tell.
to live is to win, square pieces nailed on skin that fell...
skin that fell down
phosphorescent mosaic points to you, poor you
softly touching slots, indecipherable mounting figure
son of dedition

I was waiting for the right combination
I was crumbling by static boredom
to materialize the events, feat coincides with victory
until the piece will be one, until the piece will be one

one piece on total mosaic, they're not missing, no more,
2 blocks of stellar mosaic and the hard work will be ended
mystic oblivion spins away, human is tired to complain,
see the loneliness dig her own grave, her own grave...

the form vibrates, the roll extends, irregular lines and arid clues
deserve to be humiliated
the esoteric so pagan, the snake and the owl, the two separated
conceptions of forfeiture, after years of severe ordeal

and this will be done

what appears before my way? what's appearing there?
what's the meaning of this glow that slowly overwhelms me
the hard work will be done

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