

Monumentum, Distance

SLICES
SLICES OF MY LIMBS
FALLING
OVER YOUR BEST COLLECTION OF FEELINGS

THEY ARE STARING AND SMILING
AS FROM A PHOTOBOOK

WHERE ALL YOUR BELOVED ONES
DANCE NAKED

STRIPPED OF EVERY SHAME
AND EVERY FEAR OF EVERY DAY

AND THEY ARE DANCING
DANCING AROUND
LOOSING HAIRS
AS TIME GOES BY

LEAVES ARE RAINING
ON THE CORPSES OF THE CHOSEN ONES
WHILE MAGMA AND SNOW ARE DEVOURING
ANY CERTAINTY LEFT FOR US

SLOWLY TURNING PALE
IN YOUR EMBRACE