

Sear Bliss, With Mournful Eyes

A dazed vibration wakes me
From the confluent hiding of time and space
A new world is born in my body
My pain turns to nothing
On its palely diaphanous horizon
This is the last moment excelling the flight of time
And from the shade of fear
I recognize myself
With stabbing flotation
From the mirror of darkness
The past looks back with thousand faces

And from the distance
An icy hand touches me
An all-defeating icecold hand