

Aseidad, Praise Of A Blind Child

I spit in my hands
into a void regret
arms of sorrow torns
in pleasure disconform.

Trought your eyes
sweetness decantation
the secrets that I know
the time it's take corrodes.

I'll describe my pain
you don't stay in my thoughts
fascination
among these tears
find my blind eyes.

Praise of a blind child
praise of a dying flame
I will feel forever
your sweet taste.