

Ataraxia, Sybil

I ran away from the black church on fire
golden and silver trees falling on me
their leaves just like tears of mercy
I reached the lake whose waters changed into ice

they tried to bury me
as a violet light
took me
a wild scream skinned inside

I looked around, myriads myriads of mirrows
all my images went out of their glass
showing me their hands a red cross stamped with
blood
I was the victim of a sacrifice

they tried to bury me
as a violet light
took me
a wild scream skinned inside