

Ataraxia, The Land of Sand of Gold of Ruin

Decoding
hyeroglyphic omens
astonished
I feel
in the opal sphere
astonished
astonished
I feel
Where do you bring me to die, honey hands...
where do you bring me to die..?
Monosyllable
of perceptions
dug
with the fountain-pen end
on the heart
dug
dug
with the fountain-pen end
where do you bring me to die, honey hands...
where do you bring me to die..?
Your frame
yeld to the pain
in your bowels
silent sons we are
moulds
in your moving urn
moulds
in your moving urn
where do you bring me to die, honey hands...
where do you bring me to die..?

absence, distance, loss...
solitude, lack, sleep...
essence, floating, infinity...