

Aura Noir, Caged Wrath

What erased this scenery
So that I could fancy ridicule over pity
And embrace whatever mocked the sky
Two hands made these hearts
That trembles before me
My loss of grace
(Their earthly figure with it's marbled face)
I link the two
In my heretic poetry
Rain falls silently
I am the portal
A layer of dust
A burdened insect that betrayed their lust
I licked their wishes in reverie
And soaked their crystal trust
What screamed so annoyingly
That made you rush through these (strangely) coherent purgatories
Gloves and masks are these eyes
to stare so awfully
At my malignant heresy
A rat conducted the angels,
to sing hysterically,
songs that whipped their wings
and opened walls of gloss
Rain falls abruptly