

Decoryah, Cosmos Silence

Rippling gods have sat down on their
shapeless thrones in the numbness
voids in eternal time of endless space
Deserted prayer wanders away (from)
hopeless mind like my spirit cries
in agonies and stamina

Crawling cosmos silence from
the trones above the clamed cloudes of deep blue sky
I cant hear myself !

Am I really here or do the cosmos mirrors
reflect my forms of cosmos silence.
Am I ?

The cosmos mirror reflect my forms
of cosmos silence...