

Septic Flesh, Chasing The Chimera

My mood is like the weather
it changes with unexpected ways
creating a mosaic
based on the antithesis
of cold and warm colours

If you could read in my eyes
you would discover a shade of grey
when I smile
because even when (I am) collecting
moments of happiness
my mind descends in my shrine
to pray in front of the candle of life.

And its flesh parts are slowly melting
slipping down like white worms.

(The) walls around are decorated
with nailed butterflies.
Each one a happy thought,
pretty but old and lifeless.

The thirst for joy is never gratified
only grows as pain is interrupting
our wishes
and "help" us learn through analphabet
of scars.

[Solo : Sotiris]