

Septic Flesh, Crescent Moon

The sand beneath your feet
a yellow carpetin
the palace of wilderness
Only king and servant is you
searching for the pyramid
that guards the emerald board

It was a crescent moon
when you have been initiated
in the science of the black earth,
And the optimism of youth
pushed you in quests
into the paper worlds
of the libraries of Cairo

Crescent Moon

Two sides of the same coin
The poor in mind are satisfied
with what they see.

Crescent Moon

And they bear the sign of imperfection
because they miss the other side
the invisible.

Crescent Moon

Few words carved with diamond
could draw the curtains
that cover the glassy cage of senses
The warm touch of the starlight
(magnes) will be the proof
and the philosopher's stone your trophy

Grab the golden rope and climb
the imaginary walls of your thoughts
you may fall but at least you'll have tried

[Solo : Sotiris]