

Third Moon, Grotesque Chapter II

Cold the dawn made of morning dew

Relic pictures covered with dust

Black tears flow from cloned eyes

The fall of grace

GROTESQUE ASTRAL BLOOD HURTS MY LIVING

I NEED TO PUNISH MY MIND

MY SALVATION

Tearstained snow embraced in summer

Cosmic utopia arrives

Perrenial odium

The blood on my hands dissolves but

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