

Third Moon, The spirits Wept

On the other side I opened the hand before me
I walked across tears on which angels are nailed
I cut down the weeping face
but the spirits tried to weep again - in my breast
...and through oceans and sheeps
I stare like a philosopher
Constant I crawl across the mud of the aeons ice
and above the nightfall
there lies a symbolic hand
like dewdrops on a withered leave - spirits weeps
The sun leads your cold and dying hand to a dart
and like with other tears you pull it in my heart
Now, come closer to me, so I can put myself away
What do you expect from me,
while standing on my position?
Last words - a play on tears - depature of cosmic God
I dream your dreams - I breathe the different kind
I stay on a small chair, but for you its a serpent world
NOT FAR AWAY
Costal angels on depature not drowned
I am afraid of the outside paradise,
when watching into waters
but with an astral knife I split my heart
My flaming tears will be flattered - by wept spirit tears