

Third Moon, Timeless Dissent

Tearstained this spiritual relief
Mental scars of your precious icon
Obscene medieval monuments, the buried seas
Dark bleeding spectrum, so attractive
My moon, the last I saw is no longer clear
A crimson kaleidoscope, shapeless and shaded
to memories of frozen stars
Whispers, like fragments of silence
The serenade for your scars
Subterreanean portals, the burial tearful tales
Weeps the travelling mirrors of thinity angels
Impaled tears, the fading memories
Stoned flowers across innocence of sapphire lakes
Sombre so cold the loom of midnight cries
My moon, the last I saw is no longer clear
Frozen by the breath of the gloomy dark
I spread my heart
like a rose in the pale autumn lurks
My moon, the last I saw is no longer clear