

# Third Moon, Velvet Thorns

The eerie God  
Fulgent dust the prelude of the drowning sun  
Bloodstained sculptures across amorphous reliefs  
The angelic blaze; ancient their silent choirs  
Torn apart the pure aorta of apathy  
Dissolution of gentle seas, the lost brilliance  
Hateshaped the billow of thorns  
How should I enthrone my pain  
I have no more tears that  
embrace my pure parfum  
seduced my by mournful gale  
the blood will never return  
I have no more weeps that  
caress the stoned heart  
at one with a mournful tear  
Artesian well the aphorism in it is deep  
Aura of aghast bane the disburden of azure  
Diurnal sleep the eerie bloodstained God