

Astrofaes

"Idea. Form. Essence"

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idea. form. essence, stuck in quagmire of darkness. a
part of light, stained with mud, covered with herpes of
the nightmare. in the well of truth that black star finds
its reflection, the star, which sometimes arises over the
ruins of thought. already on the brink of death, at the
altar of perished days the past lighted its memories.
from the pit, where now there is rotting and collapse,
you are drawing with your weak-witted hands. deserted
black world, the disk of sun chocked behind the
reddened
edge.

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