

Astrofaes

"In The Fog"

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an oppressive and tearing memory... i like a damp
darkness to crawl over. the heart and the mind will get
shrouded in dampness. there is mud and dampness on
dead
plains, the whirlwinds spin there and winds whistle. my
dark friend, running away from the warmth, will soar
again, spreading his crows wings. to make up under
rime,
in the winters snow. under deserted expanse, in the
rotten foliage. look at them! in a boundless blackness
cattle is crawling, like worms through the grave. in a
moment the mongrels will devour a part of destiny,
stuck
like a bone in the throat. in the soul there is an
endless and boundless whirl, the space of night is the
sleeps deformity, which bounded the minutes of
waking
up. in the fog monstrous mountains of ice began to
sparkle black.

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