

## Aura

# "Cassiopeia To Unravel"

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Parched with thirst am I  
And dying  
Raging with hunger am I  
And crying

How swiftly time has past in here  
Though broken hours I have drawn near  
Time has struck its hammer upon me  
Driven deeper the nails of fate in me

This my constellation I shall bequeath  
Unravel the threads (which lie) underneath

Seasons by the concrete lake  
This parchment skin for thee to take  
In which to draw these faces still  
Awaken emotionless life-fill

Harken! the machines grind their teeth  
Serrated, razor-hands clawing  
Technology, machinery, observatorium of fear  
No place-for estheticism here  
This our heritage we shall bequeath  
Caught inside the web we weave beneath

The Dystopians were right  
The new dawn heralds another night  
And the sun does shine no more-  
With the flickering life-flames light

Edenfall-winter among the stars  
Casseopeia beckons from horizons far  
This my constellation I shall bequeath  
Sear the flesh of heaven in me

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