

Chaostar "Underworld Act Iii"

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Spoken:

A millenium passed away, small forests
Became jungles, mountains were devoured from sand
Violently exiled from vast deserts with the help of
Hands
Made from storms. It was as if someone wanted
To erase the traces. The triumphant laughs of
Liberation are forgotten. The world that once
Seemed new and vibrant turned pale and old.
Why?
Maybe because of the strange inhabitants were
To eager to forget the path that led them through.

In their journey they were leaving behind
Not only spoken; not only part of their body
But also part of their mind.
And they became so tired,
All they demanded was to rest.
It wasn't difficult.
There was not any apparent changes.
So a strange kind of sleep.
Fell among the lot
The more they cultivated this habbit.
To seek in the deep matters of Lethargy.
The more their environment changed.
It was a curious transformation.
It was as if someone wanted to erase the traces
However there is one trace that will ever remain.
Week as a whisper it can reopen the way.
Just listen
Your Fathers knew these words by heart even
Those that never crossed, the eerie side.

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