

Comatose Vigil

"Fuimus Non Sumus"

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Impressions... psychotic and cruel
Bitter fruits of uncovered reality
When life becomes pointless it seems to be so derisive
Leprous thoughts are so shameful
Like a tiny worm within
Sudden pain breaking a fragile inner balance... a
departure

One minute's silence in remembrance of carnal desires
and chastity
Withered flowers shall never rise from their lethargic
sleep
Static torpor... fall into oblivion
To the sound of a weeping bell
Where words are devoted to those who keeps (sic)
silence eternally

We die therefore we are
We are no more
As we were

There is no hope for tomorrow
There is no god in the empty sky

Exhausted days and years engaged with nothing
Burnt moments of the past... at last

Desperation comes with the phobia of mental
impairment
and loneliness
Sultry nights spent in expectation of the inevitable
gallows

Hollow puppets... mythical progeny
What shall remain after all?
Only pages can keep and remind
Until they are reduced to ashes

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