

## Compos Mentis "Arusia"

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Arusia, Arusia  
Bones and skulls jut out of your forest floor  
Arusia, oh Arusia  
The foul signs of times seep through the pavement

Far, far away where the peninsular land  
Slopes down and assembles brook and town  
Behind it's smile, inside the bowels of Arusia  
I'm led into your swirling web  
Your ramparts hid like the threshold to the core  
Beneath the striving for the metropolitan likes  
Seed that will never be able to take root  
Not even penetrate your daytime or night

I remember eruption around the river's mouth  
And footsteps on the eastern shore of Albion afar

And now, once again I tumbled and fell down  
On the muddy streets of November  
Clear vision bruised, heady dream confused  
As it slipped from my grasp

Now, the Arusian night has crept upon us  
Like a calming blanket over the tired town  
Hear the tower bells, conspiringly they toll:  
In vernalis temporis - do you know what you miss?

While gazing at the stars with an earnest glare  
And my cheeks smeared by the gutter  
A cool wind blows like foreign memories  
An ancient tale of time unveiling  
Yet my heart is filled with the strangest zest  
To follow you through the wet and the glinting streets  
Oh sister, the end is coming fairly soon  
And I will either be forgotten or insult oblivion  
With tales and stories about a distant time and space  
With tales of a distant time

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