

Dark Millennium

"Inside The Sunburnt Thought Of Frost"

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The deed is not the sin but the thought.

Slide in the aesthetics of the tempting white
Trapped beneath the laughter, insanity in disguise.
Eyes controlling hands craving life - Reality.
Infection injects injunction in the brains orientation...

Herdsmen, hear the call of the wolves
Desultory smile of a blood-spitting mouth
Heterodoxy of a wizard's creation pray to the sands.

Have we fructified the frost with the pride?
We have failed.
We have played with the totem of gods.
Have we scented?

I wonder why I
Wonder
Still my "guilty"
Let's me know
I am left.

Left to leave.

Give me disease; paranoia lives within my soul.
Grotesque gentility; from the depths of isolation...
...Comes the speech of the tunnel's exit - Devilish.
Honesty; my only wish.

Masses of pus overcome my mind and... grin.
They grin.
Discerning the fascination of a wound.
They grin.
Formed from the mornings and the sin.
Hiding in the shadows of the sun.
...And grin.

Sheets of ice cover the nature
And the fires freeze to dust.
Antarctic dreams, hieroglyphics
Scrawled into the sky. No wrath

Within my heart I know my fault
I won't survive the loss
And the paroxysm leads me into
The
Sunburnt thoughts of frost...

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