

Decameron

"Day 69"

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The shaft of daylight melts dirty panes.
The stench of life pulls them out from their dreams.
Those living wastes on the streets outside.
Woken up again with no place to hide!

Daily food like shit and beer, and this taste is stronger
than heroin!
I open cardboard to see (Waclaw Kieltyka - Guitar Solo)

As a river of shit pours over me.
The secretions of city mass machine.
Sewers running through my veins. (Witold Kieltyka -
Drum Solo)

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