

Decameron

"Perfect Dehumanisation"

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Rise! And look at your face
Centre of existence leans toward the end
One visage of earth
Cold flame under the mask
Cracked face of dying spaces
Millions of lonely splinters disappear
Uniting flame start fading
Universe enters the new cycle
Outlines of uncountable entity growing grew
Morbidly dependent sons of error
Great dance comes to an end
Spheres of existence reaching the center
Forms of existence wash away
Resemblance becomes a curse
Ultimate justice in nothingness
Last error is no more

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