

Dreamscapes Of The Perverse "The Sickness Dominion"

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Blind eyes turned in search
Beyond this defiled graveland
Tainted memories sleep in sweet repose
Dissonant nightchoirs sing in the moonlight
Mourning heartsongs which leave me yearning
To hear once again those hymns
To which the dead arose

I taste the world's noxious tears
Upon my severed tongue
The alluring sweet breath of death
Through my broken nose I breathe
As the bastard progeny of hope lies stillborn
While the debauched weeping mother
Seeks refuge from passion's spectre
And yearns for these haunting visions to fade

I do not see the sharpened glares of the jaded
Whilst the whirlwind of gathering voices I evade
As the envious ghosts wish to strip this blind man
From the sheltered world he has made

Mannequins lie smashed
Among the ruins of this world
I see them as the corpses of those
Who I once held dear
But they were all decoys
From the very beginning of my life
My vision is warped and clouded
By a parturient film of fear

Never have I shorn my aversion to nightmares
Since the morning I awoke to the horror
And realization of being hopelessly transfixed
By macabre demons astride their broken masters

Swirling amidst the fragile illusion
Of awareness are the turbulent currents of resolve
Blessedly never arriving to fulfill
Their promise to the fates that have turned away

