

Dusk

"Hidden From Senses"

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Father sky your ruthlessness is ancient
Unbearable to the legions of grace
The broken glass in the corridor of centuries
Is the only witness to the funeral of the world
This existence runs on whispered machines
Feeding grief to a heart that drowned years ago
The bride cries lucid hidden from senses
Bring forth thy requiem that states the future
Unbounded by sexual intellect and reflections
The bride cries undercover hidden from senses
Fortunate is the season gray - Solitude is sterile.
Abstraction paints a portrait - Hidden from senses.
Like armies blinded by deceptions once unknown
You and I will die another morning
This passing moment is damned by the season of
communion
That confirms my insanity
Abstraction paints a portrait - Hidden from senses

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