

Ephel Duath "I Killed Rebecca"

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Two hands remain,
Two eyes I've embraced.

When confusion seems to have your face,
It could be more simple to disfigure,
And I'm sure,
I'm sure that it will be the greatest pleasure.

Look,
This wall has no longer the same traits:
Images take a shape when you turn them over.

Here,
Our refused smiles levitate in the air
Like this chair with no legs.
Acid clouds become our secret prompters.

We'll enter this room
Where noise walks solemnly,
Words have precious trailings
And glances are a blinding tune.

Two hands remain,
Two eyes I've embraced.

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