

Ephel Duath

"The Passage"

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I've a thousand ways to ruin all,
But I'm walking to poor choices
A negative pulse will be searching for me.
Immobilised in the cerebral cell
I'm observing my steps...in vain...
Are you coming to poison my remarks?
This grating
Offers
Protective trees and feeble barriers,
But is too distant,
The innocence's round dance.
My various eyes are melting,
'cause the past is kidding me with the same
Consoling mask,
(But) I'm coming to The Passage,
The exit from this opaque, filthy case.....
Come to listen....it's so refined the whisper of my rise
(I'm) coming to the passage!

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