

## **Exhumator**

### **"Illusions Of Burial"**

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Life is like dome of  
Many colored glass.  
Rising above shining and flashing  
Until death does not chopping  
It's turned into remains those, what before  
Was supreme creation of god  
Didn't touched the only one  
What is intractable to alteration in time  
Does not turning to ashes  
And completely belongs to creator  
Our soul, it's like a mirror  
Mirror the lighted photo of soul  
The souls are moving as mirrors  
Along the burning conveyor of life  
Going away into immortality  
To raise new dome  
And repeat all circles again  
The illusion of burial  
Loosed the irrevocable your mind  
Can't understand more,  
Recalling about past  
You're transferring into present  
With still large sufferings about future.  
Wiping all sides and destroying the obstacles  
Standing out of you charge of energy  
Called life  
Is great and capable  
Turned into dust  
If death on it's path...

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