

Mar De Grises

"A Sea Of Dead Comets"

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A procession towards the sea
Made of light years
With hurt and discarded gods as raindrops.

A celestial graveyard,
A sea of dead comets.
Drops of chaos he released
Before dying out
Drowning all his promises
Stained and empty.

My karma he unleashed
And with my dyed soul
With suffocating illusion
I had to pay.

Your truths I have dreamed of
But my dreams have prevailed.

The cycle ends
My constellation bursts,
A sea of dead comets
Now we are light.

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