

Minsk

"The Shore Of Transcendence"

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Through the waxing through the waning.
Amidst blackness a spark emerged.
And we heaved death's branches upon the skyward
flames.
A haunting memory left as bile on the sand.
Feeding this fire on shores of desire this blissful
painful night.
Winter's fangs may find me again but it won't be
tonight.
Illusion and shame will haunt me again but it won't be
tonight.
We will meet at mornings early slain by grievance
shore.
And crowned and crucified as the sea calls once more.
Alive in the tide from whence the wind came.
And crowned and crucified and stretched by shelter's
grave.

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