Mirrorthrone "Dismay"

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Once a man built a large and grotesque wall
Of cracked stones, dead hopes and bruised limbs.
He wanted it to protect himself against a deep growl
Of a storm carrying remorse and memories of sins.
Below the faded sun, he spent his entire lifetime
In hiding from any truth, in masking his crime
In an attempt to castrate his already sexless flesh,
Blindly fleeing from any recollection of thresh.

Thus this pathetic living corpse was joined By other insipid souls in this work for them purloined. And generations massively adopted the habit Instituted by this mad man drowning in his vomit. Gathered they were, each saying no to life With such ignorance, overabundant and rife, But still firmly meaning what they could only ignore Chained themselves under a sky to love and implore.

But what can he, who has not pierced eyes, do When he discovers such a wretched view: Impotent armies of degenerated and naked warriors Brandishing a banner where it is with gold thread knitted "ERROR".

There were so many of them at the bottom of the wall That even in one hundred years you couldn't count them all

Though weak, their number was doing that one man alone

Couldn't make them fall and destroy their throne.

Giving up all phantasms of grandeur, there is no boiling war to be declared;

Just frozen and wild fancies, orgasmic visions of excruciated traitors immolated.

Glaring at nothing but my own rage, feeding from my overwhelming hate

Without melancholy but fury, I collapse in my engrieved fate.

Of the two available roads one leads to starvation, and the other one to prostitution.

The first one embraced me, as I choose death and self-

abnegation.

Now the memories of their distorted faces is slowly fading away,

Even refusing to follow me as I sink into merciless dismay.

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