

## Mythopoeia

### "The Eggs Of Melancholy"

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The desertic summer fades, the black curtains opens  
on a depressive autumn.  
The ground gave rotten fruits this season.  
The black wings of melancholy above the superstitious  
mortals.  
The dogs bark at the moon, children wake at night.  
Since the appearance of those weird black eggs,  
No chance for an exorcism in this place forgotten by  
god  
Some of them speak of witchcraft but no scapegoat to  
crucify.  
Peasants in starvation and fear, epidemics over  
animals.  
Each day opens on new victims, cursed by a strange  
evil.  
No one to bless the funeral, the priest was buried one  
week ago.  
Fields are changing to mass graves.  
People dwell in the church which has turned weird and  
dark.  
Ignoring the chapel is the nest, they get close to Evil.  
Curse spreads over the villages around as a magnetic  
wave of sadness.  
The wind carries the carrion's stench, the eggs of  
melancholy.

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