

## Nefarium

# "Doctrina Haereticorum"

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The farthest signal and the most  
Silent and pleasing message  
Are being transformed through the passing  
Of every minute,  
Between a heartbeat  
And a still slow sigh,  
Long shadows  
Hide themselves behind a solid stillness,  
Transporting pain and hate  
In heavy backpacks  
The pupils of the eyes  
Are pierced by lamps of terror.  
... like high flames  
Which dance,  
Suffocating oxygen  
And every doubt becomes reality.  
From the old well from which it comes...  
Trough the obsession  
Destiny will soon cry out  
Covering another light veil in the air with mud  
A face is mirrored in the water  
Trough the obsession  
To tear down the pillars of craziness.  
Caresses touch the air  
And sighs cry out in the wind  
Where wisdom runs away  
And the transparencies die in the thick obscurity,  
I am obsessed,  
And every ray of the sun  
Becomes a sharp wire  
Ready to strangle and every cloud becomes lead on  
the heart  
To kidnap breath and words,  
Streams of wax covering another light veil in the air  
With mud full of useless junctures, between the dusk of  
a soul and the dawn of a cadaver.

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