

Nefarium

"Thirty Coins Of Judas"

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Freezing
Breath which slowly obscures
The mirror
In the refuge of the spirit, silent
Wind which dries sweat? drops
That escaped from ingenuity
And then were hidden by astuteness,
Tear my look which is too near
And too severe today.
The confused images
Bounce on moving walls,
While every expression suddenly comes back
Without a new sender and the crowd is dispersed
And the figures
Are deformed through luxurious empty rooms.
Now the feet sink in the solitude
Beasts marked with the fire
Ignorance is vanishing
And conviction vacillates
Along the brim line of your tomorrow
While only one blow will make the pillars
Which sustain it tremble.
This is our body, we are not the messiah and
We are not looking for prayers,
This is our blood,
Freezing
Breath which slowly obscures
And in the humid warmth,
We will patiently wait for the union
Of dawn and dusk,
Digging with bare hands
We are alone
To nourish the desire of useless eyelids
On faces of ceramic.
Beasts marked with the fire

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