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The Age Of Rockets "Martyr Art"

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Awaken, as from a tormented sleep with eyes anxiously looking to creep beyond this twisted dementia displayed on the walls. Mysterious mindsets and ink-droplets fall. Muses take flight in an all out war. Shall I catch it with open hand? Or let it fall and start again? Such words burn the skin. So, enter stage right, mic in hand. Before the micro-cosm, stand. Display my efforts, after all, don't expect them recognized. Hourly torture, chaos ignite! Beauty and art give a sign of life. But, as Balzac and Hardy profess, the martyr will burn for her canvas. Elusive horizon. I'm not a threat. You see, I'm for some reason always on trial. Object of destination -- always on trial. O. Solitude! With thee I dwell! With thee I dwell is our assiduous, gated hell. Trivial -- this mind and spirit world. You can't compare their worth to what is real. At it's best, all critics must confess, this work can outlive death -- so what is real? Because I can't describe half the shit I feel inside your crimes. Targeted intent eviscerating innocence. I swear I'm not a threat. Put down your defense. All I can do is watch in awe... feet raking the sand, hands bound by molten ire. As the broad guillotine blade sinks into the horizon, streams of burning gold burst forth from ultramarine expansive veins and reach towards me, lending heat to the air, as the Earth is sliced in half and the dividing line approaches. For every stage turned wonderland, for every sound turned song, for every song turned experience, for every hour turned long.

Accabl?es de mis?re en d?cembre, les muses se baignent en flammes. Noy?es dans l'ombre elles disparaissent, attendant le divin pientre de l'Univers, le Soliel

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