Secrets Of The Moon "Miasma"

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Let them have their final martyrium Let them come with spear and lance Let them impale When all is gone anyway Let them come with a greater smile When all is over anyway

Hail miasma Reigning and raging and raining Leaving reality behind Everywhere

There once was a colour In galaxies blinding

Giving them a chance to foresee

There once was a circle Behaving like insects in webs Possessed by will Not dead yet

There once was a field In a desolate nation A field with space for millions to come

There once was a funeral With a guidance to understand

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