

Thirdmoon "Velvet Thorns"

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The eerie God
Fulgent dust the prelude of the drowing sun
Bloodstained sculptures across amorphous reliefs
The angelic blaze; ancient their silent choirs
Torn apart the pure aorta of apathy
Dissolution of gentle seas, the lost brilliance
Hateshaped the billow of thorns
How should I enthrone my pain
I have no more tears that
Embrace my pure perfume
Seduced by my mornful gale
The blood will never return
I have no more weeps that
Caress the stoned heart
At one with a mornful tear
Artesian well the aphorism in it is deep
Aura of aghast bane the disburden of azure
Diurnal sleep the eerie bloodstained God
(Ref.)

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