

Vesania "Insomnia Noctiferi"

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I light the candles on my own grave
Deep flames are burning and bleeding

Night
Hundreds of eyes without life
Surround me
They have darkened dead ones
Everyone nailed with a golden cross
To the rocks

Somewhere
Surrounded by the dry trees
On the truncated stump
Senile from the tears of rain
Stands a sun-dial
But there is no sun
Its face gleams in time with Thunders
Thunders strike the hours

Woman among the trees
Has a Black Ring
She is going to stand in a Magic Circle
Rises Her hands
Tight hand with Ring slowly spreads

Goddess
Freezed in immobility
Fingers are growing longer
They are creating a thicket
Of branches

Her statuesque body
Becomes a dry trunk
Now in this place stands a tree
Dry as others
But in the place of Ring
Blossoms a Black Flower

She was crying
Now tears fo rain are flowing slowly on Her bark
She was breathing
Now wind tangles in Her branches

The candles on my grave are burning for Her
They died out
They succumbed to the breath of wind...

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