

Vii Arcano "Streams Of Paranoia"

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Streams of decadence swing and enclose the vital flux
Epitaphs carved inside the mind of time, hibernated
and waiting
In this livid day seconds flow without breath, without
lymph
In need to receive this baptism alternated with
suspended pieces of void

Dislocated projections, blind moments of lucidity,
perceptions...

Never asked for eternity, is immortality my
condemnation?
Earth. Chaos. Order is prefixed, stagnating illogicality
Trapped with feelings, means of self-control deprived
of their basis

Dislocated projections, blind moments of lucidity,
perceptions of existence

I knew what was behind the doors and I choose the
labyrinth of paradoxes
Repentine creations of the grotesque, even and boiling
grey
Non-abyss, non-infinite, a simple gurgling of motherly
death
Born from the ashes of the wall of sleep, orgasm of the
non-awakening

Dislocated projections, blind moments of lucidity,
perceptions of existence

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