

## Ensoph

# "In The Blossom Of Inertness"

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A throb in the skin  
At flicker touch of Mida's breed Cut the dash  
With sparks of Eves long less then a while.  
In the glint of a splintered nerve  
The rape of the sacred in the sow of the poisons.  
Learning the lines In the grains of tiredness weath  
Burning lies, the same flesh swallows the flames  
the same skin empty the breath  
And no one shall remould this ashes for us  
With brittle spittle sparks.

Just keep follow the silence in the wind  
Amid deathless concept acclaims  
shed the shadows from your eyes  
like tears of wax to soil the heart

A new livid , a new while, a new scar, a seventh warm  
Frying shiver the canvans and hot whitters the skin.

Through the remains The soul still cast shadows kiss  
No shade to perceive Broken , entrapturous at my feet  
Is this what u promised me?  
The void intertwining us in the harvest of the passions.  
In the frames of the cells  
The echoes is shattered through tha ashes of the  
thuths.

Bribes of affections like a violent caress  
Amtil the crawler oration calls the shadow dancers

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